

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

MARCH 1, 1825.

ON THE PROFESSION OF THE BAR.

THERE is no pursuit in life which appears more captivating at a distance than the profession of the bar, as it is followed and rewarded in English Courts of Justice. It is the great avenue to political influence and reputation ; its honours are among the most splendid which can be attained in a free state ; and its emoluments and privileges are exhibited as prizes, to be contested freely by all its members. Its annals celebrate many individuals who have risen from the lowest ranks of the people, by fortunate coincidence, or by patient labour, to wealth and station, and have become the founders of honourable families. If the young aspirant perceives, even in his hasty and sanguine glance, that something depends on fortuitous circumstances, the conviction only renders the pursuit more inviting, by adding the fascinations of a game of chance to those of a trial of skill. If he is forced to confess that a sacrifice of principle is occasionally required of the candidate for its most lucrative situations, he glories in the pride of untempted virtue, and pictures himself generously resisting the bribe which would give him riches and authority, in exchange for conscious rectitude and the approbation of the good and wise. While he sees nothing in the distance, but glorious success or more glorious self-denial, he feels braced for the severest exertion, nerved for the fiercest struggle ; and regards every throb of an impatient spirit as a presage of victory.

Not only do the high offices of the profession wear an inviting aspect, but its level course has much to charm the inexperienced observer. It affords perpetual excitement ; keeps the faculties in unceasing play ; and constantly applies research, ingenuity, and eloquence, to the actual business of life. A Court of Nisi Prius is a sort of epitome of human concerns, in which advocates are the representatives of the hopes and fears, the prejudices, the affections, and the hatreds of others, which

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stir their blood, yet do not endanger their fortune or their peace. The most important interests are committed to their discretion, and the most susceptible feelings to their forbearance. They enjoy a fearful latitude of sarcasm and invective, with an audience ready to admire their sallies, and reporters eager to circulate them throughout the land. Their professional dress, ludicrous in itself, becomes formidable as the symbol of power ; for, with it, they assume the privilege of denouncing their adversaries, confounding witnesses, and withstanding the judge. If the matter on which they expatiate is not often of dignified nature or productive of large consequences, it is always of real importance ; not a mere theme for display, or a parliamentary shadow. The men whom they address are usually open to receive impressions, either from declamation or reasoning, unlike other audiences who are guarded by system, by party, or by interest, against the access of conviction. They are not confined to rigid logic, or to scholastic sophistry, but may appeal to every prejudice, habit, and feeling, which can aid their cause or adorn their harangue ; and possess a large store of popular topics always ready for their use. They do not contend for distant objects, nor vainly seek to awaken an interest for futurity, but struggle for palpable results which immediately follow their exertions. They play an animating game for verdicts with the resources of others, in which success is full of pleasure, and defeat is rarely attended with personal disgrace or injury. This is their ordinary vocation ; but they have, or seem to have, a chance of putting forth all the energies of their mind on some high issue ; and of vindicating their moral courage, perchance by rescuing an innocent man from dishonour and the grave, or by standing, in a tumultuous season, between the frenzy of the people and the encroachments of their enemies, and protecting the constitutional rights of their fellows with the sacred weapons of the laws. What fancy is more inspiring to a youth of sanguine temperament than that of conducting the defence of a man prosecuted by the whole force of the state ? He runs over in thought the hurried and feverish labour of preparation ; the agitations of the heart quelled by the very magnitude of the endeavour and the peril ; and imagines himself settled and bent up to his own part in the day of trial—the low tremulous beginning, the gradually strengthening assurance ; the dawning recognition of sympathy excited in the men on whose lips the issue hangs, till the whole world of thought and feeling seems to open full of irresistible arguments and happy illustrations ; till his reasonings become steeped in passion, and he feels his cause and his triumph secure. To every enthusiastic boy, flattered by the prophecies of friends, such an event appears possible ; and, in the contemplation, wealth, honour, and long life, seem as of little value.

But the state of anticipation cannot last for ever. The day arrives, when the candidate for forensic opportunities and honours must assume the gown amidst the congratulations of his friends, and attempt to realize their wishes. The hour is, no doubt, happy, in spite of some

intruding thoughts ; its festivities are not less joyous, because they wear a colouring of solemnity ; it is one more season of hope snatched from fate, inviting the mind to bright remembrance, and rich in the honest assurances of affection and sympathy. It passes, however, as rapidly as its predecessors, and the morrow sees the youth at Westminster, pressing a wig upon aching temples, and taking a fearful survey of the awful bench where the judges sit, and the more awful benches crowded with competitors who have set out with as good hopes, who have been encouraged by as enthusiastic friends, and who have as valid claims to success as he. Now then, having allowed him to enjoy the foretastes of prosperity, let us investigate what are the probabilities that he will realize them. Are they, in any degree, proportioned to his intellectual powers and accomplishments ? Is the possession of some share of the highest faculties of the mind, which has given him confidence, really in his favour ? These questions we will try to solve. We may, perhaps, explain to the misjudging friends of some promising aspirant, who has not attained the eminence they expected, why their prophecies have been unfulfilled. They think that, with such powers as they know him to possess, there must be some fault which they did not perceive ; some want of industry, or perseverance ; but there was probably none ; and they may rather seek for the cause of failure in the delicacy of feeling which won their sympathy, or in the genius which they were accustomed to admire.

Men who take a cursory view of the profession are liable to forget how peculiarly it is situated in relation to those who distribute its business. These are not the people at large ; not even the factitious assemblage called the public ; not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply *attornies*. In this class of men are, of course, comprised infinite varieties of knowledge and of worth ; many men of sound learning and honourable character ; many who are tolerably honest and decorously dull ; some who are acute and knavish ; and more who are knavish without being acute. Respectable as is the station of *attornies*, they are, as a body, greatly inferior to the bar in education and endowments ; and yet on their opinion, without appeal, the fate of the members of the profession depends. It can scarcely be matter of surprise that they do not always perceive, as by intuition, the accurate thinking, the delicate satire, the playful fancy, or the lucid eloquence, which have charmed a domestic circle, and obtained the applause of a college, even if these were exactly the qualities adapted to their purposes. They will never, indeed, continue to retain men who are obviously unequal to their duty ; but they have a large portion of business to scatter, which numbers, greatly differing in real power, can do equally well ; and some junior business, which hardly requires any talent at all. In some cases, therefore, they are virtually not only judges but patrons, who, by employing young men early, give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to

others. From this extraordinary position arises the necessity of the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honour in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class. But for that barrier of rule and personal behaviour, solicitors would be enabled to assume the language and manner of dictators ; and no barrister could retain at once prosperity and self-respect, except the few, whose reputations for peculiar skill are so well established, as to render it indispensable to obtain their services. It is no small proof of the spirit and intelligence of the profession as a body, that these qualities are able to preserve them in a station of visible superiority to those on whom they virtually depend. They frequent the places of business ; they follow the judges from town to town, and appear ready to undertake any side of any cause ; they sit to be looked at, and chosen, day after day, and year after year ; and yet, by force of professional honour and gentlemanly accomplishments, and by these alone, they continue to be respected by the men who are to decide their destiny. But no rule of etiquette, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent a man, who has connexions among attornies, from possessing a great advantage over his equals who have none. It is natural that his friends should think highly of him, and desire to assist him, and it would be absurd to expect that he should disappoint them by refusing their briefs, when conscious of ability to do them justice. Hence a youth, born and educated in the middle ranks of life, who is able to struggle to the bar, has often a far better chance of speedy success than a gentleman of rank and family. This consideration may lessen the wonder, so often expressed, at the number of men who have risen to eminence in the law from comparatively humble stations. Without industry and talent, they could have done little ; but, perhaps, with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favourite object, and whose zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus which to more elevated adventurers are wanting.

Let us now examine a little the *kind of talent* by which success at the bar will most probably be obtained ; as, from want of attention to this point, much disappointment frequently springs. We will first refer to the lower order of business—that by which a young man usually becomes known—and then take a glance at the Court of Nisi Prius, as it affords scope to the powers of leaders. We pass over at present that class of men who begin to practise as special pleaders, and after acquiring reputation, are called late in life with a number of clients who have learned to value them as they deserve. These have chosen a safe and honourable course ; but the general reader would find little to excite his interest in a view of their silent and laborious progress. We speak rather of the business of criminal courts and of sessions, in which young men generally make first trial of their powers, and of the more trivial and showy order of causes which it may sometimes be their good or ill fortune to lead.

In this description of business, it must be obvious to every one that there is no scope for the higher powers and more elegant accomplishments of the mind. But it is not so obvious, though not less true, that these are often incumbrances in the way of the advocate. This will appear, if we glance at the kind of work he has to perform, the jury whom he is to influence, or the audience by whom he is surrounded. Even if the successful performance of his duty, without regard to appearances, be his only aim, he will often find it necessary to do something more painful than merely to lay aside his most refined tastes. To succeed with the jury, he must rectify his understanding to the level of theirs : to succeed with the audience, he must necessarily go still lower ; because, although there are great common themes on which an advocate may raise almost any assembly to his own level, and there are occasions in which he may touch on universal sympathies, these rarely, if ever, arise in the beginning of his professional life. On those whom he has to impress, the fine allusion, the happy conceit, the graceful sophistry, which will naturally occur to his mind, would be worse than lost. But though he may abstain from these, how is he to find, on the inspiration of the instant, the matter which ought to supply their place ? Can he, accustomed to enjoy the most felicitous turns of expression, the airiest wit, the keenest satire, think in a moment of a joke sufficiently broad and stale to set the jury box and the galleries in a roar ? Has he an instinctive sense of what they will admire ? If not, he is wrong to wonder that he makes less impression than others, who may be better able to sacrifice the refinements which he prizes, and ought not to grudge them the success which fairly and naturally follows their exertions.

The chief duties of a junior are to examine witnesses ; to raise legal objections ; and, in smaller cases, to address juries. We will show in each of these instances how much a man of accurate perceptions and fastidious tastes must overcome before he can hope for prosperity.

The examination of witnesses, *in chief*, generally requires little more than a clear voice, a tolerable degree of self possession, a superficial knowledge of the law of evidence, and an acquaintance with the matter to which the witnesses are expected to speak. There are critical cases, it is true, in which it is one of the most important duties which an advocate can perform, and requires all the dexterity and address of which he is master. But the more popular work, and that which most dazzles by-standers, is *cross-examination*, to which some men attribute the talismanic property of bringing falsehood out of truth. In most cases, before an intelligent jury, it is mere show. When it is not founded on materials of contradiction, or directed to obtain some information which the witness will probably give, it proceeds on the assumption that the party interrogated has sworn an untruth, which he may be induced to vary. But, in the great majority of cases, the contrary is the fact, and therefore the usual consequence of speculative cross-examining is the production of a more minute and distinct story than was originally told. Still a jury may be

puzzled ; an effect may be produced ; and as, in cases of felony, an advocate is not permitted to make a speech, he must either cross-examine or do nothing. Here then, taste, feeling, and judgment, are sometimes no trifling hindrances. A man who has a vivid perception of the true relations of things cannot, without difficulty, force himself to occupy the attention of the court for an hour with questions which he feels have no bearing on the matter substantially in issue. Even when he might confound the transaction, the clearness of his own head will scarcely permit him to do the business well. He finds it hard to apply his mind to the elaborate scrutiny of a labourer's dinner or dress, the soundness of his sleep, or the slowness of his cottage time-piece ; and he hesitates to place himself exactly on a level with the witness who comes to detail them. His discretion may sometimes restrain him from imitating the popular cross-examiners of the day, but his incapacity will prevent him still oftener, until, like them, he has become thoroughly habituated to the intellectual atmosphere of the court in which he practises.

In starting and arguing points of law, a deep knowledge of law, and a faculty of clear and cogent reasoning, might seem qualities of the highest value. At *Nisi Prius*, before a Judge, they are so, or rather would be if the modern course of transacting business left a junior any opportunity to use them. But they are very far from producing unmingled advantage before inferior tribunals. As the bench is not often filled with magistrates profoundly learned, futile objections are almost as likely to succeed as good ones, and sometimes more so, because those to whom they are addressed have a vague notion of law as something full of mere arbitrary quiddities, and therefore likely to be found in direct opposition to common sense. Now, a man who is himself ignorant of a science is obviously better fitted to hit the fancies of the respectable gentlemen who entertain such a notion, than one who thoroughly understands its rules. The first will raise objections where the last would be silent ; or will defend them with the warmth of honest conviction, where the lawyer would introduce them with hesitation and abandon them without a struggle. When a man has nothing really to say he is assisted greatly by confusion of language, and a total want of arrangement and grammar. Mere stupidity, accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables its possessor to protract the contest long after he is beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments by which he has been answered. It is a weapon of defence, behind which he obtains protection, not only from his adversaries, but from the judge. If the learned person who presides, wearied out with endless irrelevancies, should attempt to stop him, he will insist on his privilege to be dull, and obtain the admiration of the audience by his firmness in supporting the rights of the bar. In these points, a sensitive and acute advocate has no chance of rivalling him in the estimation of the by-standers. A young man may, indeed, display correctness of thought, depth of research, and elegant perspicuity

in an argument on a special case, in the Court of King's Bench ; but few will hear and fewer listen to him ; and he will see the proceedings of the day shortly characterised in the newspapers of the morrow " as totally destitute of public interest," while the opposite column will be filled with an elaborate report of a case of assault at Clerkenwell, or a picturesque account of a squabble between a pawnbroker and an alderman !

To address a jury, even in cases of minor importance, seems at first to require talents and acquirements of a superior kind. It really requires a certain degree of nerve, a readiness of utterance, and a sufficient acquaintance with the ordinary line of illustration used and approved on similar occasions. A power of stating facts, indeed, distinctly and concisely is often important to the real issue of the cause ; but it is not one which the audience are likely to appreciate. The man who would please them best should omit all the facts of his case, and luxuriate in the common places which he can connect with it, unless he is able to embellish his statement, and invest the circumstances he relates with adventitious importance and dignity. An advocate of accurate perceptions, accustomed to rate things according to their true value, will find great difficulty in doing either. Most of the subject matter of flourish, which is quite as real to the superficial orator as any thing in the world, is thrown far back from his habitual thoughts, and hardly retains a place among the lumber of his memory. Grant him time for preparation, and a disposition to do violence to his own tastes, in order to acquire popularity, and he may approach a genuine artist in the factitious ; but, after all, he will run great risk of being detected as a pretender. A single touch of real feeling, a single piece of concise logical reasoning, will ruin the effect of the whole, and disturb the well-attuned minds of an enlightened jury. Even the *topics* which must be dilated on are often such as would not weigh a feather with an intelligent man, *out of court*, and still oftener give occasion to watery amplifications of ideas, which may be fairly and fully expressed in a few words. It is obvious, therefore, that the more an advocate's mind is furnished with topics rather than with opinions or thoughts, the more easy will he find the task of addressing a jury. A sense of truth is ever in his way. It breaks the fine, flimsy, gossamer tissue of his eloquence, which, but for this sturdy obstacle, might hang suspended on slender props to glitter in the view of fascinated juries. If he has been accustomed to recognise a proportion between words and things, he will, with difficulty, screw himself up to describe a petty affray in the style of Gibbon, though to his client the battle of Holywell-lane may seem more important than the fall of the Roman Empire. If he would enrapture the audience when entrusted to open a criminal case of importance, he should begin with the first murder ; pass a well-rounded eulogy on the social system ; quote Blackstone, and the Precepts of Noah ; and dilate on crime, conscience, and the trial by jury ; before he begins to state the particular facts which he expects to prove. He

disdains to do this—or the favourite topics never occur to his mind even to be rejected ; and, instead of winning the admiration of a county, he only obtains a conviction ! In addition to an inward repugnance to solemn fooling, men of sterling sense have also to overcome the dread of the criticism of others whose opinion they value, before they can descend to the blandishments of popular eloquence. It is seldom, therefore, that a young barrister can employ the most efficacious mode of delighting his audience, unless he is nearly on a par with them, and thinks, in honest stupidity, that he is pouring forth pathos and wisdom. There is, indeed, an excessive proneness to adopt the tone of the moment, an easiness of temperament, which sometimes may enable him to make a display in a trifling matter without conscious degradation ; but he is ashamed of his own success when he grows cool, and was reduced by excessive sympathy to the level of his hearers only for the hour. Let no one, therefore, hastily conclude that the failure of a youth, to whom early opportunities are given, is a proof of essential inferiority to successful rivals. It may be, indeed, that he is below his business ; for want of words does not necessarily imply plenitude of ideas, nor is abstinence from lofty prosings and stale jests conclusive evidence of wit and knowledge ; but he is more probably superior to his vocation—too clear in his own perceptions to perplex others ; too much accustomed to think to make a show without thought ; and too deeply impressed with admiration of the venerable and the affecting readily to apply their attributes to the miserable facts he is retained to embellish.

Let us now take a glance at that higher sphere in which a barrister moves when he has overcome the difficulties of his profession, and has obtained a share of leading business in the superior courts. Here it must at once be conceded that considerable powers are necessary, and that the deficiencies which aided the aspiring junior will no longer prevail. The learning and authority of the judge, and the acuteness of established rivals, not only prevent the success of those experiments, which ignorance only can hazard, but generally stifle them in the birth. The number and variety of causes, and the business-like manner in which they are conducted, restrain the use of fine spun rhetoric to a few special occasions. A man who would keep any large portion of general practice must have industry and retentive memory ; clearness of mind enough to state facts with distinctness, and to arrange them in lucid order ; a knowledge of law sufficient for the discovery of any point in his own favour, and for the supply of a ready evasion of any suggested by his opponent ; quickness and comprehension of intellect to see the whole case on both sides at one view ; and complete self-possession and coolness, without which all other capacities will be useless. These are essentials for *Nisi Prius* practice ; but does it give scope to no higher faculties ? Is there nothing in human intellect which may be allowed to adorn, to lighten, and to inspire the dull mass of facts and reasonings ? Was Erskine no more than a distinct narrator, a tolerable lawyer, and a power-

ful reasoner on opposing facts? Can no higher praise be given to Scarlett, who sways the Court of King's Bench like a monarch, and to Brougham whose eloquence sheds terror into the enemies of freedom throughout the world? We will answer these questions as well as we are able.

For the highest powers of the mind which can be developed in eloquence even a superior court rarely affords room. Some have ascribed their absence to a chilling spirit of criticism in the legal auditors; but it is really attributable to the want of fitness in the subjects, and in the occasions. The noble faculty of imagination may, indeed, sometimes be excited to produce sublime creations, in the fervour of a speech, as justly as in the rage or sorrow of a tragedy; but in both the passion must enkindle the imagination, not the imagination create the passion. The distinction of eloquence from other modes of prose composition is that it is primarily inspired by passion, and that it is either solely addressed to the feelings, or sways the understanding through the medium of the affections. It is only true when it is proportioned to the subject out of which it arises, because otherwise the passion is but fantastical and belongs to the mock heroic. In its course, it may edge the most subtle reasonings, point the keenest satire, and excite the imagination to embody truth in living images of grandeur and beauty; but its spring and instinct must be passion. Nor is this all; it must not only be proportioned to the feeling in its author's mind, but to the feeling and intellect of those to whom it is addressed. A man of ardent temperament may work himself into a state of excitation by contemplating things which are remote and visionary; he may learn to take an enthusiastic interest in the objects of his own solitary musings; but if he brings into court the passionate dreams of his study, he will invite scorn and make failure certain. Not only is there rarely a subject which can worthily enkindle such passion as may excite imagination, but still more rarely an audience who can justify it by receiving it into their hearts. On some few occasions, as of great political trials, a burning indignation can be felt and reflected; the thoughts which the jury themselves swell with may be imaged in shapes of fire; and the orator may, while clothing mighty principles in noble yet familiar shapes, by a felicitous compromise, bring grandeur and beauty half way to the audience, and raise the audience to a station where they can feel their influence. But he must take care that he does not deceive himself by his own emotions; and mistake the inspiration of the study for that of the court. He is safe only while he is impelled by the feeling of those whom he addresses, and while he keeps fully within their view. In ordinary causes, imagination would not only be out of place, but it cannot enter; because its own essence is truth, and because it never has part in genuine eloquence unless inspired by adequate emotion. The flowers of oratory which are withheld by fear of contempt, or regarded as mere ornaments if produced, are not those which grow out of the subject, and are streaked and coloured by the feeling of the time; but gaudy exotics, leisurely gathered and stuck in

out of season, and destitute of root. These fantastical decorations do not prove the existence of fervour or of imagination, but the want of both; and it is well if they are kept back by the good sense of the speaker, or his reasonable fears. But while a man, endowed with high faculties, cautiously abstains from displaying them on inadequate occasions, he will find them too often an impediment and a burthen. He is in danger of timidity from a consciousness of power yet unascertained even by himself, and from an apprehension lest he should profane his long-cherished thoughts by a needless exposure. He is liable to be posed by the recurrence of some delicate association which he feels will not be understood, and modestly hesitates on the verge of the profound. He is, therefore, less fitted for ordinary business than another who can survey his own mental resources at a glance, as a well-ordered armoury, and select, without hesitation, the weapon best adapted for the struggle.

Pathos, much oftener than imagination, falls within the province of the advocate. But the art of exciting pity holds no elevated rank in the scale of intellectual power. As employed at the bar in actions for adultery, seduction, and breach of promise of marriage, ostensibly as a means of effecting a transfer of money from the purse of the culprit to that of the sufferer, it sinks yet lower than its natural place, and robs the sorrows on which it expatiates of all their dignity. The first of these actions is a disgrace to the English character; for the plaintiff, who asks for money, has sustained no pecuniary loss; and what money does *he* deserve who seeks it as a compensation for domestic comfort, at the price of exposing to the greedy public all the shameful particulars of his wife's crime and of his own disgrace? In the other cases, where the party has been injured, not only in feeling, but in property or property's value, it is right that redress should be given; and that redress, even when sought in the form of damages, may be demanded in a tone of eloquent reprobation of villany; but the moment the advocate recounts the miseries of his client, in order to show how much money ought to be awarded, his task is degrading and irksome. He speaks of modesty destroyed, of love turned to bitterness, of youth blasted in its prime, and of age brought down by sorrow to the grave; and he asks for *money*! He hawks the wrongs of the inmost spirit, "as beggars do their sores," and unveils the sacred agonies of the heart, that the jury may estimate the value of their palpitations! It is in vain that he urges the specious plea, that no money can compensate the sufferer, to sustain the inference that the jury must give the whole sum laid in the declaration; for the inference does not follow. Money will not compensate, not because it is insufficient in degree but in kind; and, therefore, the consequence is—not that great damages should be given, but that none should be claimed. When once money is connected with the idea of mental grief, by the advocate who represents the sufferer, all respect for both is gone. Subjects, therefore, of this kind are never susceptible in a court of law of the truest pathetic; and the topics to which they give occasion are somewhat musty.

If, however, the highest powers of the mind are rarely brought into action in a Court of *Nisi Prius*, its more ordinary faculties are required in full perfection, and readiness for use. To an uninitiated spectator, the course of a leader in considerable business seems little less than a miracle. He opens his brief with apparent unconcern; states complicated facts and dates with marvellous accuracy; conducts his cause with zeal and caution through all its dangers; replies on the instant, dexterously placing the adverse features of each side in the most favourable position for his client; and, having won or lost the verdict for which he has struggled, as if his fortune depended on the issue, dismisses it from his mind like one of the spectators. The next cause is called on; the jury are sworn; he unfolds another brief and another tale, and is instantly inspired with a new zeal, and possessed by a new set of feelings; and so he goes on till the court rises, finding time in the intervals of actual exertion to read the newspaper, and talk over all the scandal of the day! This is curious work; it obviously requires all the powers to which we have referred as essential; and the complete absorption of the mind in each successive case. Besides these, there are two qualities essential to splendid success—a pliable temperament, and that compound quality, or result of several qualities, called *tact* in the management of a cause.

To the first of these we have already alluded, in its excessive degree, as supplying a young barrister with the capability of making a display on trivial occasions; but, when chastened by time, it is a most important means of success in the higher departments of the profession. An advocate should not only throw his mind into the cause, but his heart also. It is not enough that the ingenuity is engaged to elicit strength, or conceal weakness, unless the sympathies are fairly enlisted on the same side. To men of lofty habits of thinking, or of cold constitution, this is impossible, unless the case is of intrinsic magnitude, or the client has been wise enough to supply an artificial stimulus in the endorsement on the brief. Such men, therefore, are only excellent in peculiar cases, where their sluggish natures are quickened, and their pride gratified or disarmed by a high issue, or a splendid fee. Persons, on the other hand, who are prevented from saying “no,” not by cowardice, but by sympathy; whose hearts open to all who happen to be their companions; whose prejudices vanish with a cordial grasp of the hand, or melt before a word of judicious flattery; who have a spare fund of warmth and kindness to bestow on whoever seeks it; and who, energetic in action, are wavering in opinion, and infirm of purpose—will be delightful advocates, if they happen also to possess industry and nerve. The statement in their brief is enough to convert them into partisans, ready to triumph in the cause if it is good, and to cling to it if it is hopeless as to a friend in misfortune. By this instinct of sociality, they are enabled not only to throw life into its details, and energy into its struggles, but to create for themselves a personal interest with the jury, which they turn to the

advantage of their clients. It has often been alleged that the practice of the law prepares men to abandon their principles in the hour of temptation; but it will often appear, on an attentive survey of their character, that the extent of their practice was the effect rather than the cause of their inconstancy. They are not unstable because they were successful barristers, but became successful barristers by virtue of the very qualities which render them unstable. They do not yield on a base calculation of honour or gain, but because they cannot resist a decisive compliment paid to their talents by the advisers of the crown. They are undone by the very trick of sympathy which has often moulded them to the purposes of their clients and swayed juries to their own.

But the great power of a *Nisi Prius* Advocate consists of *tact* in the management of a cause. Of this a by-stander sees but little; if the art be consummate, nothing; and he is, with difficulty, made to comprehend its full value. He hears the cause tried fairly out; observes perhaps witnesses on both sides examined; and thinking the whole merits have been necessarily disclosed, he sees no room for peculiar skill, except in the choice of topics to address to the jury. But a trial is not a hearing of all the matters capable of discovery which are relevant to the issue, or which would assist an impartial mind in forming a just decision. It is an artificial mode of determination, bounded by narrow limits, governed by artificial rules, and allowing each party to present to the court as much or as little of his own case as he pleases. A leader, then, has often, on the instant, to select out of a variety of matters, precisely those which will make the best show, and be least exposed to observation and answer; to estimate the probable case which lies hid in his adversary's brief, and prepare his own to elude its force; to decide between the advantage of producing a witness and the danger of exposing him; or, if he represents the defendant, to apply evidence to a case new in many of its aspects, or take the grave responsibility of offering none. Besides the opportunity which the forms and mode of trial give to the exercise of skill, the laws of evidence afford still greater play for ingenuity, and ground for caution. Some of these are founded on principle; some on mere precedent; some on caprice; some on a desire to swell the revenue; and all serve to perplex the game of *Nisi Prius*, and give advantages to its masters. The power which they exhibit among its intricacies is really admirable, and may almost be considered as a lower order of genius. Its efforts must be immediate; for the exigency presses, and the lawyer, like the woman, "who deliberates is lost." He cannot stop to recollect a precedent, or to estimate all the consequences of a single step; yet he decides boldly and justly. His *tact* is, in truth, the result of a great number of impressions, of which he is now unconscious, which gives him a kind of intuitive power to arrive at once at the right conclusion. Its effects do not make a show in the newspapers; but they are very eloquent in the Sheriff's Office, and in the Rolls of the Court.

Besides exerting these qualities, a leader may render his statements not only perspicuous but elegant ; relieve the dulness of a cause by wit not too subtle ; and sometimes enliven the court by a momentary play of fancy. To describe Mr. Erskine, when at the bar, is to ascertain the highest intellectual eminence to which a barrister, under the most favourable circumstances, may safely aspire. He had no imaginative power, no originality of thought, no great comprehension of intellect, to encumber his progress. Inimitable as pleadings, his corrected speeches supply nothing which, taken apart from its context and the occasion, is worthy of a place in the memory. Their most brilliant passages are but common places exquisitely wrought, and curiously adapted to his design. Had his mind been pregnant with greater things, teeming with beautiful images, or, indued with deep wisdom, he would have been less fitted to shed lustre on the ordinary feelings and transactions of life. If he had been able to answer Pitt without fainting, or to support Fox without sinking into insignificance, he would not have been the delight of special juries, and the glory of the Court of King's Bench. For that sphere, his powers, his acquisitions, and his temperament, were exactly framed. He brought into it, indeed, accomplishments never displayed there before in equal perfection—glancing wit, rich humour, infinite grace of action, singular felicity of language, and a memory elegantly stored, yet not crowded with subjects of classical and fanciful illustration. Above his audience, he was not beyond their sight, and he possessed rare facilities of raising them to his own level. In this purpose, he was aided by his connexion with a noble family, by a musical voice, and by an eloquent eye, which enticed men to forgive, and even to admire his natural polish and refined allusions. But his moral qualities tended even more to win them. Who could resist a disposition overflowing with kindness, animal spirits as elastic as those of a school boy, and a love of gaiety and pleasure which shone out amidst the most anxious labours? His very weaknesses became instruments of fascination. His egotism, his vanity, his personal frailties, were all genial, and gave him an irresistible claim to sympathy. His warmest colours were drawn not from the fancy but the affections. If he touched on the romantic, it was on the little chapter of romance which belongs to the most hurried and feverish life. The unlettered clown, and the assiduous tradesman, understood him when he revived some bright recollection of childhood, or brought back on the heart the enjoyments of old friendship, or touched the chord of domestic love and sorrow. He wielded with skill and power the weapons which precedent supplied, but he rarely sought for others. When he defended the rights of the subject, it was not by abstract disquisition, but by freshening up anew the venerable customs and immunities which he found sanctioned by courts and parliaments, and infusing into them new energy. He entrenched himself within the forms of pleading, even when he ventured to glance into literature and history. These forms he rendered dignified as a fence against oppression, and cast on them sometimes the playful hues of his fancy. His powers were not only adapted to his

sphere, but directed by admirable discretion and taste. In small causes he was never betrayed into exaggeration, but contrived to give an interest to their details, and to conduct them at once with dexterity and grace. His jests told for arguments; his digressions only threw the jury off their guard that he might strike a decisive blow; his audacity was always wise. His firmness was no less under right direction than his weaknesses. He withstood the bench, and rendered the bar immortal service; not so much by the courage of the resistance, as by the happy selection of its time, and the exact propriety of its manner. He was, in short, the most consummate advocate of whom we have any trace; he left his profession higher than he found it; and yet, beyond its pale, he was only an incomparable companion, a lively pamphleteer, and a weak and superficial debater!

Mr. Scarlett, the present leader of the Court of King's Bench, has less brilliancy than his predecessor, but is not perhaps essentially inferior to him in the management of causes. He studiously disclaims imagination; he rarely addresses the passions; but he now and then gives indications which prove that he has disciplined a mind of considerable elegance and strength to *Nisi Prius* uses. In the fine *tact* of which we have already spoken, the intuitive power of common sense sharpened within a peculiar circle; he has no superior, and perhaps no equal. He never betrays anxiety in the crisis of a cause, but instantly decides among complicated difficulties, and is almost always right. He can bridge over a nonsuit with insignificant facts, and tread upon the gulf steadily but warily to its end. What Johnson said of Burke's manner of treating a subject is true of his management of a cause, "he winds himself into it like a great serpent." He does not take a single view of it, or desert it when it begins to fail, but throws himself into all its windings, and struggles in it while it has life. There is a lucid arrangement, and sometimes a light vein of pleasantry and feeling in his opening speeches; but his greatest *visible* triumph is in his replies. These do not consist of a mere series of ingenious remarks on conflicting evidence; still less of a tiresome examination of the testimony of each witness singly; but are as finely arranged on the instant, and thrown into as noble and decisive masses, as if they had been prepared in the study. By a vigorous grasp of thought, he forms a plan and an outline, which he first distinctly marks, and then proceeds to fill up with masterly touches. When a case has been spread over half a day, and apparently shattered by the speech and witnesses of his adversary, he will gather it up, condense, concentrate, and render it conclusive. He imparts a weight and solidity to all that he touches. Vague suspicions become certainties, as he exhibits them; and circumstances light, valueless, and unconnected till then, are united together, and come down in wedges which drive conviction into the mind. Of this extraordinary power, his reply on the first trial of "The King v. Collins," where he gained the verdict against evidence and justice, was a wonderful specimen. If such a speech is not an effort of genius, it is so much more complete than many works which have a

portion of that higher faculty, that we almost hesitate to place it below them. Mr. Scarlett, in the debate on the motion relative to the Chancellor's attack on Mr. Abercrombie, showed that he has felt it necessary to bend his mind considerably to the routine of his practice. He was then surprised into his own original nature; and forgetting the measured compass of his long adopted voice and manner, spoke out in a broad northern dialect, and told daring truths which astonished the house. It is not thus, however, that he wins verdicts and compels the court to grant 'rules to show cause!'

Mr. Brougham may, at first, appear to form an exception to the doctrines we have endeavoured to establish; but, on attentive consideration, will be found their most striking example. True it is, that this extraordinary man, who, without high birth, splendid fortune, or aristocratic connexion, has, by mere intellectual power, become the parliamentary leader of the whigs of England, is at last beginning to succeed in the profession he has condescended to follow. But, stupendous as his abilities, and various as his acquisitions are, he does not possess that one presiding faculty—imagination, which, as it concentrates all others, chiefly renders them unavailing for inferior uses. Mr. Brougham's powers are not thus united and rendered unwieldy and prodigious, but remain apart, and neither assist nor impede each other. The same speech, indeed, may give scope to several talents; to lucid narration, to brilliant wit, to irresistible reasoning, and even to heart-touching pathos; but these will be found in parcels, not blended and interfused in one superhuman burst of passionate eloquence. The single power in which he excels all others is sarcasm, and his deepest inspiration—Scorn. Hence he can awaken terror and shame far better than he can melt, agitate, and raise. Animated by this blasting spirit, he can "bare the mean hearts" which "lurk beneath" a hundred "stars," and smite a majority of lordly persecutors into the dust! His power is all directed to the practical and earthy. It is rather that of a giant than a magician; of Briareus than of Prospero. He can do a hundred things well, and almost at once; but he cannot do the one highest thing; he cannot, by a single touch, reveal the hidden treasures of the soul, and astonish the world with truth and beauty unknown till disclosed at his bidding. Over his vast domain he ranges with amazing activity, and is a different man in each province which he occupies. He is not one, but Legion. At three in the morning he will make a reply in parliament, which shall blanch the cheeks and appal the hearts of his enemies; and at half past nine he will be found in his place in court, working out a case in which a bill of five pounds is disputed with all the plodding care of the most laborious junior. This multiplicity of avocation, and division of talent, suit the temper of his constitution and mind. Not only does he accomplish a greater variety of purposes than any other man—not only does he give anxious attention to every petty cause, while he is fighting a great political battle and weighing the relative interests of nations—not only does

he write an article for the Edinburgh Review while contesting a county, and prepare complicated arguments on Scotch appeals by way of rest from his generous endeavours to educate a people—but he does all this as if it were perfectly natural to him, in a manner so unpretending and quiet, that a stranger would think him a merry gentleman who had nothing to do but enjoy himself and fascinate others. The fire which burns in the tough fibres of his intellect does not quicken his pulse, or kindle his blood to more than a genial warmth. He, therefore, is one man in the senate, another in the study, another in a committee room, and another in a petty cause ; and consequently is never above the work which he has to perform. His powers are all as distinct and as ready for use as those of the most accomplished of Old Bailey practitioners. His most remarkable faculty, taken singly, the power of sarcasm, can be understood even by a Lancaster jury. And yet, though worthy to rank with statesmen before whom Erskine sunk into insignificance, and though following his profession with zeal and perseverance almost unequalled, he has hardly been able to conquer the impediment of that splendid reputation, which to any other man must have been fatal !

These great examples are sufficient for our purpose, and it would be invidious to add more. Without particularizing any, we may safely affirm that if the majority of successful advocates are not men of genius, they are men of very active and penetrating intellect, disciplined by the peculiar necessity of their profession to the strictest honour, and taught by their intimate and near acquaintance with all the casualties of human life, and the varieties of human nature, indulgence to frailty and generosity to misfortune. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of such a body of men, aspiring, charitable, and acute ; who, sprung from the people, naturally sympathize with their interests ; who, being permitted to grasp at the honours of the state, are supplied with high motives to preserve its constitution ; and who, if not very eager for improving the laws, at least keep unceasing watch over every attempt to infringe on the rights they sustain, or to pervert them to purposes of oppression. If they are too prone to change their party as they rise, they seldom do so from base or sordid motives, and often infuse a better spirit into those whose favours they consent to receive.

Let no one of those who, with a consciousness of fine talents, has failed in his profession, abate his self-esteem, or repine at his fortune. A life of success, though a life of excitement, is also a life of constant toil, in which the pleasures of contemplation and of society are sparingly felt, and which sometimes tend to a melancholy close. Besides, the best part of our days is past before the struggle begins. Success itself has nothing here so sweet as the anticipations of boyish ambition and the partial love by which they were fostered. A barrister can scarcely hope to begin a career of anxious prosperity till after thirty ; and surely he who has attained that age, after a youth of robust study and manly pleasure, with firm friends, and an unspotted character, has no right to complain of the world !

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. III.

Paris, Feb. 18, 1825.

I AM very much afraid, my dear friend, that you grave Englishmen may have thought my last letter too light and frivolous.

To expiate my offence I am going to give you *the history of the progress of good sense* in France. Instead of aiming at originality and invention, I shall stick to the convenient character of a sober historian. In my first letter I described to you the two sects into which all those of our young literati, who wish to *get on* in the world, and who think it a better thing to be in fashion now than to be illustrious hereafter, are divided.

The party of the *Globe* who profess the Kantian philosophy mitigated by M. Cousin, have just struck a great blow at the *Constitutionnel*, whose *rédacteurs*, Messrs. Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, Thiers, &c. are disciples of the philosophy of Voltaire. They have passed sentence upon them. This is a vast triumph among a nation of Dandins,* whose strongest passion is that of sitting in judgment on each other.

Messrs. Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, and the other oracles of the *Constitutionnel*, are utterly incapable of understanding any of the philosophical works which, since Voltaire's time, have advanced the science of good sense in France. To confess the whole truth, the frivolity and shallowness of these gentlemen is almost equal to the pedantry and conceit of their adversaries, the young Cousinists.

You tell me that I ascribe too much importance to this latter sect. I must acknowledge that their paper, the *Globe*, has but few subscribers, and is too dull to be very successful at Paris; but it is, for all that, the representative of the most estimable part of the young men of France; I mean those who are not obliged to work for a subsistence, and whose fathers have from eight thousand to twenty thousand francs a year.

The sons of wealthier families are in general trained to hypocrisy; their principal aim is to please the Jesuits, and through the instrumentality of the *good fathers*, to obtain a place under government.

There is a stubborn and discourteous pride, an ill-suppressed conceit, worthy of the *Pedans* of Moliere, in the manner in which the *Globe* has assumed and exercised the right of judging its opponents. I shall take the great liberty of judging both; my sentence will be pronounced in an historical form; and will be included in the *history of good sense* in France.

It appears to me that nature has denied the spirit of investigation (i. e. the art of coolly examining a thing, and of seeing it as it really is) both to the French and to the English. She has reserved it for the Germans,

* The Dandin in Racine's *Plaideurs*, who had a great rage for judging.

and it is by means of this spirit of investigation that they have achieved the only great action they have to boast. This is, however, the greatest action of modern times—I mean of course Luther's Reformation.

In France the first necessity of life has always been to be in the fashion. It is the sole passion of the nation. I can adduce historical proofs extracted from the *Memoires* of d'Aubigné, Montluc, l'Etoisle, that this passion was despotic even so long ago as the year 1600. Before the eighteenth century the intellectual world of Paris—the provinces, not being able to set a fashion, never reckoned for any thing in intellectual affairs) was divided into perfectly distinct kingdoms. Each of these kingdoms had its inhabitants, its language, its revenues. Each had its representatives at the Sorbonne, and at the university of Paris, which might be regarded as the *permanent congress* of the federation of the sciences. Each science, law, theology, medicine, was governed by laws independent of all the others and of public opinion. The Grands Seigneurs, as we see in the extremely instructive *Memoirs* of Bassompierre and Gourville, rode on horseback and made love. To write five lines, or to read a page, would have been an insupportable toil to these illustrious nobles.

The provincial, or lesser nobility, went gaily to the wars, and literally could not read. Would you believe that the letters of Montesquieu,* written about the year 1740, are full of the grossest orthographical blunders?

The only occupations of the *bourgeois* of old France were to get money in the day, and to get drunk at night. About the year 1600, these three classes, the great lords, the provincial *noblesse*, or gentry, as you would call them, and the *bourgeois*, or merchants, and shopkeepers, according to all the information I can find concerning their state, had the most profound admiration for the Sorbonne and for the University of Paris, and received as absolute decrees whatever these learned bodies deigned to communicate to the public. The law students of Paris, who were called *le corps de la Basoche*, were in those days very much what the *Burschen*, or students of the German universities, so formidable to the Emperor Alexander, are now. They got drunk every night; every day fought duels, in which nobody was ever killed; their principal business at Paris in 1600 was, as it is at Jena in 1825, to frighten the citizens.

At the end of the seventeenth century a total change took place in the intellectual world. The daring speculations of Bayle, unquestionably in order of time, and perhaps in that of merit, the first philosopher of France; the innovations remarkable alike for discretion and for genius, which Pascal introduced into the regions of theology; the jokes of Moliere upon the state of medicine; all combined to set the dangerous example of giving the public a voice in learned matters.

* Private letters to his friends by Montesquieu. I have lately seen thirteen.

The prudent administration of Colbert had diffused general prosperity throughout the kingdom, which gave the *bourgeois* leisure for thought. This may be regarded as the date of the commencement of that political revolution which broke out in 1789.

Fontenelle flattered the vanity of women and of lords, by accommodating the science of astronomy to their capacities. This, from the relation it has the honour to bear to astrology, was at that time the most respectable of the sciences in the eyes of people of rank. I am sorry to confess the fact, that there are even now more people in Paris who believe in Mademoiselle le Normand than in the Pope.

La Bruyère, by bringing before the eyes of the *bourgeois* the absurdities of the nobles, shook the respect the people had always entertained for those about the Court. Montesquieu published his immortal *Lettres Persanes*, as bold as they are amusing. Lastly, Voltaire from being a mere *bel-esprit*, about the year 1740 turned philosopher, and all was lost.

The delicious memoirs of Madame du Hausset, which at this moment divide the attention of Paris, with Count de Segur's Retreat of Moscow, inform us, that the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVIII. would have thrown Voltaire into prison for life, if he had been able.

Such a step would certainly have been for the interest of *power* in the form in which it existed in 1760. If Voltaire had been hanged or burnt in 1765, as the Chevalier de la Barre was at Abbeville, the progress of good sense in France would have been retarded forty or fifty years. Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu, successfully exposed the Sorbonne and the University, which were the van-guard of the despotic throne of Louis XV. That monarch, who had considerable sense, saw the turn that affairs were taking, and frequently said for his own consolation: "The present state of things will last longer than I shall." He was right; he died in 1775, and the monarchy in 1789.

Voltaire and Fontenelle, by incessantly reminding the public of the decisions of the Sorbonne against the circulation of the blood, inoculation, &c. brought that body into utter contempt. When the Sorbonne condemned Marmontel's *Belisarius*, the scavengers of the Louvre covered the decree, which was stuck on the walls of that palace, with the mud from their brooms.

Towards the year 1730, arose a spirit of doubt and of inquiry. The opinion of Paris, that is to say of France, after having been so long prostrate before learning, saw learning prostrate before it, in its turn. Every thing changed its aspect in the republic of letters, and a new queen, society, gave the law. But it was no longer the society of *cabarets*, like that of 1700.

About the year 1730, the higher and more powerful nobility began to think it meritorious to have talents and acquirements; and what is worse, a philosophic spirit, by which was meant a spirit of inquiry and of severe criticism. Witness the President de Maisons, Vauvenargues, and many others.

Ever since the year 1750, it has been thought pedantic in France to speak Latin, to use scholastic terms, in short, not to be *intelligible to every body*. This explains the universality of the French language on the Continent. Whatever diplomatists or poets may say, the principle merit of a language is to be *clear*. It soon came to be ridiculous for a man specially addicted to one science or pursuit, and ignorant of every thing out of it. Thus d'Alembert, though a great geometrician, talked about poetry. It was *du bon ton* for Cardinals to write songs after the fashion of Cardinal de Polignac; and for poets, like Marmontel, to write dissertations on theology—(vide ch. xv. of Belisarius). Women of rank, as for instance Voltaire's mistress, the Marquise du Chatelet, wrote treatises on physics. Writers of all classes tried to disguise learning under the garb of *good sense*, and to conceal the *savant* under the air of the man of the world. We soon arrived at the extreme point of this system.

We had men of the world, but no men of learning or science. The Abbé Barthelemi, for instance, the friend of the Duchess de Choiseul, published *Le Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, which, in spite of its immense success throughout Europe, is only the voyage of the Marquis Anacharsis, and gives the most false and erroneous ideas of ancient Greece. Such examples are superfluous at Paris, but I do not expect that you in London should believe me on my word.

When a man speaks obscurely, the inference here is not, as it would be at Dresden, or at Königsberg, that he is sublime, and that it is proper to admire him; but, on the contrary, that he is a charlatan or a block-head. We admire him only when, alike the Abbé de la Mennais, he succeeds in getting a Cardinal's hat. Hence comes the proverb that "*ce qui est obscur n'est pas Français*."

About the year 1750, public opinion having become intellectual queen of France, nothing was wanting to complete the form of government but tribunes of the people, who, as in old Rome, might be regarded as their leaders, and a journal for the publication of their decrees.

The philosophers of France were formed by this general want: they compiled their *Encyclopédie*, the most useful book that ever was published. Diderot, familiarized the people not only of France but of Europe to see the truth on questions which determined the happiness of nations. This great work was in fact nothing but a journal, a *Review of antiquated opinions*, which it overthrows and replaces by others. Happily it was persecuted, because *the fashion*, and consequently gave a serious shock to the "*gouvernement despotique temperé par les chansons et les prêtres*,"—the true character of the government of France before the year 1789.

About the year 1775, as soon as a man became irreligious, and criticized governments and priests, he acquired the right of criticizing *savans*. *Savans* of all sorts thus saw themselves degraded to the second rank. Freret, for instance, had not a hundredth part of the reputation of d'Alembert.

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, which, by the bye, has only just now been translated into English, was, in 1775, the catechism of every body in France who could read and recite (for proofs of this, see the Memoirs of Madame d'Epinaÿ, or Bezenval, of Lauzun, and of that fiery Jesuit, the Abbé Georgel.

To obtain any literary success, it was necessary to be of the *parti Encyclopedique*. An epigram, or a complimentary letter of Voltaire, gave the fashion, and of course decided the success or the fall of a work.

Gilbert, the best satirical poet of France, took the side of the clergy. The *parti Encyclopedique* killed him, just as your Quarterly Review is said to have killed Keats. He died at the age of twenty-eight in a mad-house, after swallowing the key of his room.

The result of this long historical treatise is, that France is indebted for her two Chambers to Voltaire, but the degrees of good sense created in France by the serious discussions of those Chambers is vastly beyond Voltaire. He appeared profound in 1775, when Delille, Dorat, and the *gentil* Bernard, gave the law in poetry, and when the body of the Chevalier de la Barre was burnt at Abbeville; but he is too light for the present time. Since our taste for poetry was guided by such men as Beranger, de la Martine, and de la Vigne, he sometimes appears almost puerile. Voltaire overthrew the monarchy, but the Revolution has overthrown him.

The philosophy of M. Cousin looks down with contempt on the irony of the eighteenth century, and endeavours to get beyond the reach of Voltaire. The *litterateurs* of the set of Jouy, Etienne, &c. who are not particularly remarkable for strength of head, do not choose, at their age, to go back to school. They declare that they will stick to the philosophy of Voltaire. They put themselves on the defensive. This is sufficient to decide their fate in France. Fashion will take part against them, and in five years they will be ridiculous. Although the *Constitutionnel* is conducted with great talent, and has twenty thousand subscribers; although the *Globe*, on the other hand, has not perhaps two hundred, and is written with the most repulsive awkwardness, a better written paper will succeed it, and the Cousinists will triumph over the party of Jouy, Etienne, &c. But this is not all. The history of the present state of philosophy among us, is more amusing than you Londoners imagine. The Jesuits, who were barely tolerated by the despot Napoleon, under the name of *pères de la foi*, have regained their power since the restoration of the Bourbons; and we now have the unspeakable diversion of seeing the Abbé de la Mennais, and his *Journal Le Memorial Catholique*, engaged in a war with MM. Jouy, Benjamin Constant, Cauchois, Lemaire, and all the *rump* of Voltairism.

If Voltaire is too puerile, and too frivolous for our grave young men, M. de la Mennais, on the other hand, is too absurd for the degree of good sense which the discussions of the two Chambers have diffused through the nation. The progress made by good sense between the

years 1815 and 1825 is immense ; for which reason I bless the loss of the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the Bourbons. That nothing may be wanting to our amusement, MM. Lanjuinais, Gregorie, and de Sacy, furious Jansenists, have attacked the Jesuits, and from time to time fulminate against them such learned works, as *l'Histoire de la Bastonnade*, *l'Histoire des Confesseurs des Rois*, &c.

The true French philosophy ; that which is *clear* ; that which is founded on experience ; that which was taught by Condillac, Cabanis, de Tracy ; that which the poor Germans complain wounds them to *the soul*, because it ridicules them ; that which before the expiration of thirty years will be *physiologically* proved by the anatomical labours of Messrs. Majendie, Gall, and Fleurens, will triumph over the obscure bombast of Kant, of Steding, of Proclus, and even over the *niaiseries*, which the illustrious poet Plato, and his translator, M. Victor Cousin, have clothed in such beautiful language.

The pretensions of the Jesuits are curious enough. They are enemies equally of the Globe and of the Constitutionnel ; they wish to annihilate all philosophy, and to prevail upon public opinion to commit suicide, and to declare itself non-existing. This extremity of absurdity (which is supported by the Abbé de la Mennais, a man of infinite talent, who has gained a cardinal's hat by this sort of trade) renders the *Memoirial Catholique* very amusing to Parisians.

The Globe has succeeded admirably in exposing the absurdity of M. de la Mennais, who, instead of acting the Pope, and saying to the people, " Tremble, I speak to you in the voice of the Lord," benignly says to them, " Approach, my dear friends, and let me prove to you by reason that it is your duty to give up your reason. And you, my brethren of the *Tiers Etat*, let me convince you that it is for your good quietly to suffer yourselves to be beaten, as the Chevalier de Rohan beat Voltaire in 1725."

The publication which has made the greatest noise in Paris for the last month is the Abbé de la Mennais's furious pamphlet against M. de Freyssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, and Grand Master of the University of Paris. He tells the bishop that he is an Atheist, because the law against sacrilege which he presented to the peers (that atrocious law which ordains the cutting off the hand and the head) *is not severe enough*. This proves that the Jesuits have found out that without the assistance of the hangman (that good friend of the Count le Maistre), it is impossible to *kill* public opinion. How, in fact, are they to persuade a vain people to be silent, vain too of nothing so much as of talking well ?

Hitherto my province has been merely that of the historian of the philosophy of Paris, from 1600 to 1825. I shall now play the prophet. In a few years the Jesuits will despair of prevailing on the most garrulous people of Europe to hold their tongues, and will see that this inquisitive nation must absolutely have a philosophy. They will then declare openly in favour of the philosophy of Steding and of Kant.

This has, at least, the merit of obscurity, and may serve to cover some useful little frauds.

But nothing can be hoped from that abominable philosophy which cries out to you, "Distrust every body—me to begin with—think that all men lie—believe nothing but experience. The moment that I become obscure, I must have become absurd without knowing it." There are good reasons, you see, why the philosophy of Locke, of Condillac, of Cabanis, cannot be an instrument suited to the purposes of the Jesuits.

What course will the partisans of M. Cousin, Kant, Steding, Proclus, and Plato, adopt when the Jesuits, despairing of their own cause, offer them their protection. This is the grand question among the curious. As a political man, formed by long experience of Parisian hypocrisy, I answer, the most ambitious among the Cousinists will find some decent pretext for accepting places under government, after the fashion of your Southey, and Wordsworth. The more honest will be converts to the philosophy which says, "As soon as I became obscure, I became absurd without knowing it." I have not the slightest doubt that twenty years since, by means of physiological proofs of the truths expounded by Condillac and his school, France will give to the world the system of philosophy the least encumbered with errors that has yet appeared.

The aristocracy, and the priests of all countries, and of all religions, will do their utmost to discredit this philosophy, which rests upon the discoveries of Fleurens, Majendie, Gall, &c. But their opposition will signify little. It will gain ground among the valuable middle class, formed by that equal division of inheritance which is so absurdly attacked in the last number but one of the *Edinburgh Review*. This class, which is composed of men possessing about 250*l.* a year, increases every day, reads all the good new books, and gives the tone to public opinion. It has deposed the class of men of 2000*l.* a year, who, in the time of Voltaire, and Madame du Duffand, the Marquisses de Chatelux, de Condorcet, and de Beauvau, directed public opinion in France.

No very remarkable book has appeared this month. I saw, for two hours only, the two first volumes of the *Memoirs of Madame de Genlis*, which are not yet published. Madame de Genlis was a poor country girl. She lived a very loose life, and her offspring are scattered all over Europe; but, thanks to her consummate hypocrisy, she always preserved the respect necessary for keeping her place in society. She had the most violent ungoverned passions. She was a woman of astonishing talents, even greater, perhaps, than those of Madame de Staël. Recollect that Madame de Genlis was always under a mask; while Madame de Staël, so far from concealing her private feelings, turned them to the account of her eloquence.

I was terribly afraid that Madame de Genlis would have spoiled her *Memoirs* by her hypocrisy. There is rather too much of it, in my opinion, but still they are very amusing. Madame de Genlis is eighty-

one, and if she had printed nothing for the last ten years she would be in higher estimation than any woman in France. In this country, people may get out of any scrape by dint of hypocrisy. It is often *mauvais ton* to unmask it. These memoirs, which contain nothing hostile to aristocratic sentiments, will doubtless have great success in England.

A work of a much deeper interest is about to be published. This is, the Memoirs of the famous d'Argenson, the Minister of Louis XV. He was not only a Minister, but a man of genius. I am afraid the family of M. d'Argenson will not dare to print all. He furnishes capital materials for the history of the eighteenth century. This history has been admirably treated by M. Lemontey, but he dares not publish it.

It is confidently rumoured that in about a year M. de Latil will be made Prime Minister and Cardinal. In this case the booksellers of Paris will not be able to publish any thing for two or three years; that is the ordinary duration of a ministry in France. One of our booksellers has just given a most honourable example of probity and disinterestedness. M. Bossange, being convinced that Mademoiselle Bertin's Memoirs of Marie Antoinette are apocryphal, immediately apprized the public of the fact, and thus lost the sale of the book.

A very interesting translation of the papers relating to the trial of the famous Cenci has just appeared. The family of the Cenci was one of the most opulent in Rome in the seventeenth century. Cenci, the head of the family, a man of the most violent character, detested his sons, and while they were living built tombs for them, to which he constantly expressed the hope of seeing them consigned. For his daughter he conceived far other sentiments. He loved her with the most violent passion. She resisted his importunities for a long time; at last, fearing the violence of her terrible father, she hired assassins to destroy him. Her trial was long protracted; but as she was very rich, the courtiers of the reigning Pope persuaded him to send her to the scaffold. Guido, the immortal painter, who was then at Rome, contrived to paint a portrait of this lovely girl at the moment she was going to execution. This most touching perhaps of all paintings, is in the collection of Prince Barberini, at Rome. The trial of la Cenci exhibits a striking picture of the ferocious manners of the Romans of the seventeenth century. It is a fine supplement to the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.

You are acquainted with the *Biographie Universelle*, a work distinguished for *cant*, published by Michaud. The 59th volume of this book, extremely puffed by the Jesuits, and by all the Journals whom M. Michaud has had the talent and address to propitiate, contains an infamous article on J. J. Rousseau. This great man, who was insane for the last ten years of his life (from 1768 to 1778), and who closed it (as I firmly believe) by an act of suicide, is represented as a monster. This is the work of the ultra party, whose official journal, the *Quotidienne*, is published by M. Michaud. The atrocity of such an article ought to hinder impartial people from buying Messrs. Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*.

The high reputation of the *Proverbes* of M. Théodore le Clerc, has excited in the Duchess of Berri, who is an enlightened patroness of the arts, a desire to have one represented at her theatre, formerly the Gymnase. We are to have *le plus beau jour de ma vie*. It is a picture no less vigorous and true, than comical, of the distresses which await a young man on his wedding-day. We are never permitted in France, particularly in whatever regards marriage, to do what one likes, or what the feelings of the moment dictate. There is always a certain model of *bon ton*, a certain ideal pattern, which must be kept in view, and upon which all must fashion themselves. This is the most striking absurdity of the French character. In the time of Molière, the French were too *individual*—they conformed too little to the demands of society. Now it is quite the reverse. The admirable *petit proverbe* of M. Théodore le Clerc is directed against this great evil.

I have just seen the proofs of a new volume of songs of M. de Beranger's, which will be published in a week. They appear to me in too lofty a vein of poetry. They are rather odes than songs. I shall not be surprised if this volume is thought inferior to the others. M. de Beranger's best songs are those which he does not print, as he has no mind to pay a visit to St. Pelagie for this volume, as he did for the former ones. The song entitled *le Mariage du Pape* is to me delicious. The French Academy is rather ashamed of having elected M. Droz, and is going, it is said, to nominate M. de la Vigne to the place vacant by the death of M. Ferrand.—Farewell, my dear friend.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.*

THIS is one of the wittiest and pleasantest little books that has been published since the "Rejected Addresses." It is written with great carelessness; many parts of it will scarcely be understood by the public; and in some instances the author himself would be to seek, we imagine, in explaining his meaning. In spite of these faults, the profusion of the wit, the gaiety which sparkles everywhere, and the good-nature and the truth which animate every page, must insure it a very extensive popularity. The merit of the Odes and Addresses is by no means inferior in degree to that of the celebrated volume before alluded to—and it is moreover of a superior order. The chief value of the Rejected Addresses consisted in the felicity of the imitations—they were a sort of *literary* satire. The Odes and Addresses are neither a literary, nor a personal, nor a political, but a *moral* satire—not dwelling even upon the higher moralities, but touching with infinite ease and humour upon the

* Odes and Addresses to Great People. 12mo. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1825.

foibles and follies of the day. The extracts will speak for themselves—the first is from an Ode to Graham, the Aeronaut.

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!—

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!
The Dollond, if you please!—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
The little ways of men!

* * * * *
Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!

What is the honour?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

* * * * *
Oh! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let's even empty out
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright champagne
 Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
 A bumper as we go !—
 But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
 The cork away—unless you want
 To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men
 Are crawling just within our ken,
 Like mites upon a cheese !—
 Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
 Ambitious thoughts ! can there be *Dukes*
 Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
 Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
 'Tis nothing but a hum !—
 A few near gnats would trump as loud
 As all the shouting of a crowd
 That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
 A few small buzzards in the ear,
 To organs ages hence !—
 Ah me, how distant touches all ;
 It makes the true look rather small,
 But murders poor pretence.

“ The world recedes !—it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
 With buzzing noises ring ! ”—
 A fig for Southey's Laureat lore !
 What's Rogers here ?—Who cares for Moore
 That hears the Angels sing !—

A fig for earth, and all its minions !—
 We are above the world's opinions,
 Graham ! we'll have our own !—
 Look what a vantage height we've got !—
 Now—do you think Sir Walter Scott
 Is such a Great Unknown.

* * * * *

Speak up, my lad !—when men run small
 We'll show what's little in them all,
 Receive it how they will !—

Think now of Irving !—shall he preach
 The princes down,—shall he impeach
 The potent and the rich,
 Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
 Not moralize at two miles high
 The true didactic pitch !—

Come :—what d'ye think of Jeffr y, sir ?
 Is Gifford such a Gulliver
 In Lilliput's Review,

That like Colossus he should stride
 Certain small brazen inches wide
 For poets to pass through ?

* * * * *
 On clouds the Byron did not sit,
 Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,
 And say the world was wrong !

And shall not we ? Let's think aloud !
 Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
 Graham, we'll have our eyes !
 We felt the great when we were less,
 But we'll retort on littleness
 Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
 The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
 That used to fret me quite,—
 The little sores I cover'd then,
 No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
 The world is out of sight !

* * * * *
 Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
 Hath scorn'd my *lays* :—do his appear
 Such great eggs from the sky ?—
 And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
 Long, only, in a little Row,
 Have thrust my poems by !

What else ?—I'm poor, and much beset
 With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
 Some grains of golden dust !
 But only worth, above, is worth.—
 What's all the credit of the earth ?
 An inch of cloth on trust !

They continue at this height some time and then descend. But we must pursue another flight.

The next extract is part of an Address to the Steam Washing Company. It is exceedingly clever, and is followed by a laughable letter from a Washerwoman to the Committee.

Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be !
 The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
 Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
 Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
 Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
 That make washing public—and wash in society—
 O lend me your ear ! if that ear can forego,
 For a moment, the music that bubbles below,—

* * * * *
 If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
 If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
 Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
 O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
 And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead

For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
 For a race that, now washing no living affords—
 Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
 Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
 Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,—
 But to droop like sad willows that liv'd by a stream,
 Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
 Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge
 Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
 When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
 She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
 And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
 As if she was washing the night into day—

* * * * *

Her head is involv'd in an aërial mist,
 And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist ;
 Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty ;
 She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty !
 Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
 Would any man ruin her ?—No, Mr. Scrub !
 No man that is manly would work her mishap—
 No man that is manly would covet her cap—
 Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
 Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff !
 Alas ! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
 Has betray'd her—as tho' she had trod on her soap !
 And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
 Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
 She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
 To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
 With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
 Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
 She that paddled in water must walk upon sand,
 And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land !

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
 Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands !
 All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
 With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale !
 No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
 Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
 Or gaz'd o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
 Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post !
 Ah, where are the playful young pinner, ah, where
 The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
 The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
 That danc'd on the tight rope, or swung on the slack—
 The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
 That blew into shape, and embodied the wind !
 There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
 Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May !
 But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub,
 You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub !
 You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
 From her silver reduc'd—nay, reduc'd from her *copper* !

The last of her washing is done at her eye,
 One poor little kerchief that never gets dry !
 From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
 And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,—
 But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
 And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
 When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
 And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
 And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
 Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
 And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
 Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
 Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub !
 Need you wonder, when steam has depriv'd her of bread,
 If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
 Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
 If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
 In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
 If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber !

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
 When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
 When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
 And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul :
 When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
 Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
 Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
 And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
 In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
 Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
 On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
 Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

Our contemporary, or rather ancestor, Sylvanus Urban, is addressed in a strain of very amusing satire upon his antiquated gossip.

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
 Like pensioners that creep about and die ;—
 But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
 Livest in monthly immortality !

* * * * *

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
 And not a name of any name to catch !
 To meet thy Criticism walking home
 Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch !"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
 Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
 Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
 Confessions dozing from an opiate pen :—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never liv'd,—
 Deaths of good people that have really died,—
 Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wiv'd,—
 Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side !

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
 The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
 The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
 Famous for nothing many years ago !

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
 " Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—
 And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
 Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
 Caught upon Martin Luther years ago ;—
 And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
 Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

* * * * *

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages !
 Nourish the names of the undoubted dead !
 So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
 Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on ! and thrive ! Demurest of odd fellows !
 Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn !
 Still live ! still prose !—continue still to tell us
 Old truths ! no strangers, though we take them in !

There is an Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, upon their disgraceful practice of demanding money for permission to enter and view the interior of the Abbey, which is written with a happy mixture of caustic wit and hearty indignation. We quote a few of the stanzas—

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
 By reverence for those learned bones,
 Shall often come and walk your short
 Two-shilling fare upon the stones.—
 Ye have that talisman of Wealth,
 Which puddling chemists sought of old
 Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
 The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold !

Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat
 Your dinners from your own dead race,
 Think Gray, preserv'd,—a " funeral meat,"
 And Dryden, devil'd,—after grace,
 A relish ;—and you take your meal
 From rare Ben Jonson underdone,
 Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
 To cut away at Addison !

Oh say, of all this famous age,
 Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
 Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
 Or Moore among your Ghosts elect ?
 Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
 You richer by his final sleep—
 Why don't ye warn the Great to take
 Their ashes to no other heap !

Southey's reversion have ye got ?
 With Coleridge, for his body, made
 A bargain ?—has Sir Walter Scott,
 Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?

* * * * *

Rare is your show, ye righteous men !
 Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween ;
 But should ye not outside the Den
 Paint up what in it may be seen ?

* * * * *

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
 The little door, a platform small ;
 Get there a monkey—never fear,
 You'll catch the gapers, one and all !
 Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
 A Trumpet under either fin,
 And yell away in Palace Yard
 " All dead ! All dead ! Walk in ! Walk in ! "

" Walk in ! two shillings only ! come !
 Be not by country grumblers funk'd !—
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
 The Cheapest House for the defunct ! "
 Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
 And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
 Write up, that you have no connexion
 (In large)—with any other shop !

&c. &c.

We cannot afford to transfer any more of this clever little volume to our pages. We have done enough to make our readers desire to possess it. There are nine or ten Odes or Addresses besides those we have mentioned. We may point out as truly excellent the one to old Grimaldi, and also that to Captain Parry. The Ode to Maria Darlington, with the exception of a joke or two, is, we think, a failure. There are indeed occasional failures occurring in some of the best of the pieces, and some obscurities in meaning and irregularities in metre, which make us wish that the author had gone through his work in a more careful and fastidious temper, after the ardour of composition had abated. The Address to the Great Unknown may be instanced as containing some of the very best and the worst attempts at wit we ever met with. The vice, and a great part of the virtue of the book, both lie in its *puns*. We are very much mistaken, however, if the author will not have frequent opportunities of correcting his errors in reaping the fruit of his successes.

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM TWADDLER,
ON THE LAST NUMBER OF BLACKWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR,—HAVE you seen the last number of Blackwood? If you have not, read it, and learn what a Magazine ought to be, for it is indeed a model worthy of your imitation. Some few years ago this periodical abounded with low stuff that was vastly ungentle, and which I for my part could not abide; but of late it has turned from these follies, sown its wild oats as it were, and has become a very grave, staid, serious, orderly, and respectable journal, full of edification for the youth of both sexes. In the days of its youth it was as wicked as Chartres, in its age it is as decorous as Wilberforce. Formerly, no decent people could turn over its pages without going into hystericks; now it is a class book at the Sunday schools, and Mrs. Fry herself declares there is no offence in it, and that, but for a foul name here and there, it might be mistaken for the Evangelical. In a word, Blackwood has now not a bit of the blackguard about him, he is as innocent as the New Monthly, and as serious as the puppet-show comedy in Tom Jones. All the young Twaddlers learn their lessons in Blackwood, and well they may, for the number before me is full of meat for babes. I shall begin at the beginning, and go regularly after my accustomed manner through the Magazine.

"*Life of Burke.*" You gave in your last number "A Memoir of Mr. Liston," done certainly in an original style, but, lord love you, compare it with the *Life of Burke* in Blackwood!!!!!!!!!! The article is a review of Prior's *Life of Burke*, but the Reviewer snatches the biographical pen from the hand of the author, and records the birth, parentage, and education, of Mr. Burke in the following novel and delightful manner, so unlike any thing we have ever seen before in obituaries or last dying speeches.

Edmund Burke was born at Dublin, January 1st, O. S. 1730. His father was a respectable attorney. After being some time at the Dublin University, he removed to London in 1750, with the intention of becoming a member of the bar.

It does not appear that he gave any very striking indications of superior talent during the period of his education. He was, after all, a poet, and the following extracts from a translation of the conclusion of the second Georgic of Virgil, made when he was only sixteen, will be regarded as a curiosity:—

"Oh! happy swains! did they know how to prize
The many blessings rural life supplies,
Where in safe huts from clattering arms afar,
The pomp of cities, and the din of war,
Indulgent earth, to pay his labouring hand,
Pours in his arms the blessings of the land;
Calm through the valleys flows along his life,
He knows no danger, as he knows no strife.

MARCH, 1825.

2 B

What ! though no marble portals, rooms of state,
 Vomit the cringing torrent from his gate,
 Though no proud purple hang his stately halls,
 Nor lives the breathing brass along his walls ;
 Though the sheep clothe him without colours' aid,
 Nor seeks he foreign luxury from trade ;
 Yet peace and honesty adorn his days
 With rural riches and a life of ease."

* * * * *

There's a *curiosity* ! And he did it when he was only sixteen ! *

Yet peace and honesty adorn his *days*
 With rural riches and a life of *ease*.

In the rhyme *days* with *ease*, you see the country of the great prophet. The Irish pronounce *ease*, *ase*.

Before I conclude my notice of this *leading* article, I must communicate to you a remarkable circumstance connected with it. You, and all well-informed persons, are aware of the fact that I have, of late, been a frequent contributor to Blackwood's Magazine ; last month, at the particular request of Mr. Blackwood, I wrote an article on Pryer's Life of Francis Moore, the Almanack-maker, and sent it as usual by the waggon to Edinburgh ; it did not, however, appear in the Magazine for January ; but, strange to say, in the review of the Life of Burke, in that number, I find a most unaccountable likeness to some of the choicest passages in my article on the Life of Moore. I place the passages in juxta-position, and leave you to draw your own inferences.

Life of Burke, Blackwood.

We wish, not more for the sake of Burke than for the sake of the country, that his memory was held in due estimation. If a nation expect to possess great men, it must consecrate their ashes and preserve from stain their glory—if it expect to have wise rulers, it must teach its children to revere its departed sages. We think the writings of this great and wonderful man have lately lost no inconsiderable portion of their influence. Although they were so strikingly applicable to some of the leading topics of the last two sessions of Parliament, we could find but few traces of them in the discussions. Amidst the gigantic events which concluded the war, and the subsequent revolutionary convulsions of Europe, the late Marquis of Londonderry—we name it to his eternal honour—seemed to take Burke for his guide, but with his death the influence of Burke appeared to terminate. We regret this deeply. Setting aside other matters, we are convinced that Burke's theory for constructing and governing society—for

Life of Moore, Twaddler.

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* As my Uncle Toby says, they should have wiped it up and said nothing about it.—Ed.

Life of Burke, Blackwood.

creating and preserving general liberty and happiness—can never be shaken; and therefore we are convinced that every departure from it is a departure into error.

Allowing as liberally as we please for the infirmities of mankind, there is something in this not a little extraordinary. The compositions of Burke are inimitable in literary beauty, and this, if they had possessed no other recommendation, ought to have obtained for them constant perusal and powerful influence. But, in addition, they treat of the highest interests of individuals and nations; they give the most profound and magnificent views of those things on which the tongue of the Englishman dwells for ever; the splendours of the diction only serve to pourtray the most astonishing triumphs of genius, knowledge, wisdom, and philosophy. Moreover, that portion of them which, when they were written, appeared to be but opinion and speculation, has been proved by time to have been sublime truth and unerring prophecy. Burke died the greatest of sages—a man gifted with even superhuman wisdom—and the grave has made him a wonderful prophet. One of the most striking peculiarities of his late works is—they form a chain of predictions, respecting some of the most momentous, novel, and complicated of human events, which have been accomplished to the letter. Finally, the history of Europe for the last seven years has been of a description to compel the nation to study the topics on which he wrote, and to drive it to the stores of instruction which he provided.

When those who boast so eternally of the increased knowledge and wisdom of the world, shall explain to our satisfaction why the writings of Burke, which treat of the form and regulations of society, are not in every man's hands—why they are not quoted and acted upon by our statesmen—why they are not incorporated with public opinion—why the nation does not make them its test in judging of revolutionists, revolutionary creeds, and revolutions—and why Fox is still worshipped, while the ashes of Burke slumber almost without notice, we will then cease to treat their boasts with derision.

Francis Moore was born in Dyot-street, January 1st, O. S. 1730. His father was a respectable bell-man. After being some time at the St. Giles's Charity School, he removed to Whitechapel in 1750, with the intention of becoming a bird-catcher.

It does not appear that he gave any very striking indications of superior talent during

Life of Moore, Twaddler.

and casting nativities—for foretelling general tyranny and occasional disasters—can never be shaken; and therefore we are convinced that every departure from it is a departure into error.

“Allowing as liberally as we please for the infirmities of mankind, there is something in this not a little extraordinary. The vaticinations of Moore are inimitable in poetic beauty, and this, if they had possessed no other recommendation, ought to have obtained for them constant perusal and powerful influence. But, in addition, they treat of the highest interests of individuals and nations; they give the most profound and magnificent views of the weather, on which the tongue of the Englishman dwells for ever; the splendours of the diction only serve to pourtray the most astonishing triumphs of divination, foreknowledge, and occult philosophy. Moreover that portion of them which, when they were written, appeared to be but guess and speculation, has been proved by time to have been sublime truth and unerring prophecy. Moore died the greatest of sages—a man gifted with even superhuman wisdom, and the vox stellarum has made him a wonderful prophet. One of the most striking peculiarities of his late works is—they form a chain of predictions, respecting some of the most momentous, novel, and complicated of human events, which have been accomplished to the letter. Finally, the weather of Europe for the last seven years has been of a description to compel the farmers to study the topics on which he wrote, and to drive them to the stores of rain and sun-shine which he provided.

“When those who boast so eternally of the increased knowledge and wisdom of the world, shall explain to our satisfaction why the writings of Moore, which treat of the planting of spring cabbages, as well as of the convulsions of society, are not in every man's hands—why they are not quoted and acted upon by our statesmen and old women—why they are not incorporated with public opinion—why the nation does not make them its telescope in espying revolutionists, revolutionary creeds, and revolutions—and why Burke is still worshipped, while the vox stellarum of Moore circulates almost without notice, we will then cease to treat their boasts with derision.”

the period of his education. He was, after all, a poet, and the following extracts from a lyrical composition made when he was only sixteen will be regarded as a curiosity—

Oh! Father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack;
Father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack:
He could tell very well,
Very well he could tell,
Of aches and of pains,
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose,
When hail storms would clatter,
When earthquakes would shatter,
When the comet would run,
And the world be undone,
Yet still to keep it up
And to avoid laughter,
He always would have the day
Before the day or after.

* * * *

Well! what say you now, my good Sir, have I reason to complain of plagiarism or not? I could produce more evidence to prove the robbery; but as I have not leisure at this moment, I must request you to examine with attention the *Life of Burke*, in *Blackwood*, when you will perceive that there is not a thing predicated of the political prophet which is not equally applicable to the illustrious maker of almanacks. I allow that the reviewer has made a prodigiously fine article, but, of a truth, it is at my expense; he shines in borrowed feathers—you know my style, and cannot fail in every line of this brilliant *leader* to recognise the pen of A. Twaddler.

“*Momus—or an Hour at Bath.*” “*Momus*,” that’s good, it tells us we are going to laugh. *Momus* you know. The idea is new, and observe the commencement—with what spirit it goes off—how full of point and meaning—every line is a riddle.

Thrice the abbey clock doth chime,
Momus cries, “’Tis time, ’tis time.”
To Upham’s or to Barret’s go;
Mark the crowds that thither flow.
Clod, that in this land of fun,
Days and nights hast twenty-one,
Fashion’s dawning notions got,
Shine thou first i’ th’ hopeful lot.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Gossips meet, and numbers double.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! O! the droll dogs, they’ll be the death of me!
What a couplet was there!—

Fashion’s dawning notions got,
Shine thou first i’ th’ hopeful lot.

What do you think of our fun, Mr. Editor? Can any of your lads come up to that? Why I doubt whether the dull dogs can even understand it. At the end of this poem there's another capital joke invented exclusively for Blackwood; it's a play on "*long bills*," an original pun, and a pungent one it is, I assure you (*entre nous*, I made it).

Game's abundant in this place;
Still the wandering woodcock race,
Whom in swarms each winter brings,
Known by *folly* and *long bills*, &c.

What mortal ever saw the like of that before—woodcock race and *long bills*, oh! the comical rogue, the merry Momus! Well, well, we must not laugh ourselves to death like the poor bishop in Rabelais; too much of a good thing, as the divine poet remarks, is good for nothing, so the next article is no laughing matter.

"*Letters from the Vicarage*." A very edifying discourse. From the vicarage by an easy transition, just straddling over the stile, we step into the churchyard.

"*Chapter on Churchyards*." "Not far from the town of ——— in ———shire, where I passed some weeks in the early part of the present summer, is the pleasant village of Halliburn, much resorted to by persons visiting the county;"—but hold, where is the elegant wood-cut—since the days of Mr. Urban no article ever began with, "not far from the town of ——— in ———shire," &c. without an elegant wood-cut—*nota magis nulli domus est sua, quàm mihi* the manner of article commencing in this ancient and approved fashion. I only read the tops and bottoms of them, look at the picture, and know the rest. See how this chip of the old block ends. "So taking our outward survey of the venerable church and a slight pencil sketch, almost as rapidly executed, we turned our faces homeward, reserving for another evening the further prosecution of our antiquarian researches." There you see, this is all according to established order. The gentleman took a likeness of the venerable church, but Mr. Blackwood has not had it handsomely engraved on wood, and has ill used the public by publishing "a-not-far-from-the-town-of ——— in ———shire," article without the prescriptive cut—restore us our wood-cuts, O Blackwood! Bating the fraud on us in the particular of the cut, however, this is a lovely article, so romantic, so rural, so picturesque, so fanciful, so pathetic, and yet so very. so so. *

"*State Counsel by the Statesmen of Cockaigne*." A mare's nest! The misgovernment of Ireland is discovered in this article, which is a singularly lively performance—light reading for travellers, as Dominic Sampson has it.

* We have no space for Mr. Twaddler's raptures, and wherever these. occur, the reader's imagination will easily supply the deficiency.—*Editor*.

"*The Night Hawk.*" By Δ.

Nocturnal haunter of the homeless sky

Most immaterial of terrestrial things !

On the grey cloud in slumber canst thou lie ;

Or 'mid the flooding moonlight fold thy wings ?

'Mid shooting star-beams lovest thou to roam ?

This gross earth, sure for *thee* is scarce a fitting home.

Charming, charming—this is poetry indeed.

On the grey clouds in slumber canst thou lie ;

Or 'mid the flooding moonlight fold thy wings ?

Is it possible ? Can a night hawk slumber on a grey cloud, or fold its wings by moonlight—and, if not, why not ? as the equity draftsmen say. Sleeping on grey clouds, or on clouds indeed of any colour, I allow is difficult ; but, mirabile dictu, I know of day-hawks which on the perch have compassed folding their wings " 'mid the flooding moonlight." Then how reasonable the inquiry,

'Mid shooting star-beams lovest thou to roam ?

And how considerate, yet how poetical, the concluding reflection :

This gross earth, sure for *thee* is scarce a fitting home.

"*Notice respecting Mr. Broster.*" Surely this should have been an advertisement, for it is remarkable for that order of eloquence which is peculiar to advertisements.

Among the numerous calamities to which our nature is incident, there are few so generally distressing as that of defective utterance, whether it appears in the mild form of a hesitation in speech, in the more confirmed stage of continual stammering, or in its crisis of muscular contortions.

When we come to the attestation of cases, the advertisement style becomes even more striking—the article is very fine I grant you, but it ought to pay the tax—I don't admire any evasion of our excellent laws—no frauds on the revenue, friend Blackwood.

A personage of rank and fashion, whose defective utterance had been generally known from constant intercourse with society, was so completely cured, as to excite the astonishment of every person. The celebrity which Mr. Broster acquired by this cure, brought him a number of pupils, some of whom came even from London, to receive the benefit of his instructions ; and the success with which these cases were treated, far surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of the individuals themselves. Persons who had almost lost the power of giving utterance to particular words, were completely emancipated from all embarrassment of speech. Others, who could not articulate without contortions of countenance, and other nervous indications, were enabled to speak with ease and fluency ; and one gentleman, who had scarcely ever ventured to breathe a sound before company, was enabled to make a formal speech before a large party, who had been assembled by his father to commemorate the almost miraculous cure of his son.

"*American Writers, No. IV.*" In this article I find some particularly curious and valuable information, touching Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It is notorious that the history of this celebrated man is very little known to people in general ; his life is an extremely scarce book, and is only to be found in great libraries or in the hands of collectors of curiosities ; such being the case, any anecdotes respecting Franklin's birth, parent-

age, education, settlement in life, and so forth, cannot fail to be acceptable to a public wholly uninformed as to these particulars, which Mr. Blackwood has been so obliging as to publish in his ingenious miscellany.

He (Dr. Benjamin Franklin) was born of English parents in Boston, Massachusetts, New England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous good sense carried him through, he came to be—successively—a journeyman printer (or pressman rather, on account of his great bodily strength), in a London printing office; editor and publisher, at home in Philadelphia, of many papers which had a prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen; agent for certain of the colonies, to this government; an author of celebrity; a philosopher whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world, &c.

There is news for you! Confess that you never heard that before! I would quote more largely to the same effect, but that I do not think it fair to publish Blackwood's original matter, or discoveries I may call them, in another periodical.

Speaking of Washington Irvine, this writer says that he was no Cromwell or Cæsar (p. 59), which, I think, a remarkable fact. He also has this very striking passage on Irvine.

In the day of his popularity, we showed him no favour: in this, the day of his tribulation, we shall show him none. He does not require any. We saw his faults, when there was nobody else to see them. We put our finger upon the sore places about him: *drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour; a joint, visible, in his golden harness—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man.* But,—*we have never done,—we never will do him wrong.* We never have been—we never will be—gladiators, or assassins, for the amusement of any body.

How nicely argued, what refinements, what delicate distinctions! “We put our finger on the sore places about him: drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man. But we have never done him wrong.” What amiability, what a sweet picture does this present of a critic as he should be, “a man of humanity,” like Jonathan W. Doubikins, exploring the sore places only, espying holes in the armour, and then—O sublime moderation!—only driving the weapon home up to the hilt—no further, thus treating the patient as he deserves to be treated, like a man. It is after this way of thinking and acting that I eat an oyster. I put him in a napkin, and drive my oyster knife home up to the hilt wherever I find an opening in his testaceous tenement—treat him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like an oyster. But I never do him wrong, I swallow him for love of him. Then comes the birth, &c. of Irvine. “He was born, we believe, in the City of New York.”.....*

“*Wadd on Corpulency.*” Wadd is a good name, and, on corpulency, it is a name provocative to wit—it is not lost on the writer, who makes a capital joke of “*waddling back to Wad.*”.....

* Our Correspondent will not remember that we have limits.—Ed.

“Remarks connected with the Criticism of Poetry.”

Perhaps it has not been conceived, nor ever may be, what power is possible to be exerted over the spirit of a people by WORDS.

We understand imperfectly the effects of knowledge :—those less, which follow from the impressions made, by the positive and explicit meanings declared in language, upon imagination and sensibility. But if there be also, as doubtless there is, a not immomentous influence, which must be allowed as distinctly proper to the words themselves of discourse, this, especially, we find it difficult to measure, or conceive.

There's for you ! When will your people write like that. Lord ! any fool may understand what they say, but this puts the reader to his wits' end, this makes him think and cudgel his brains, puzzling himself what the deuce it can all mean !

“Dibdin's Criticism.” This article has rather disturbed me. The writer laughs at Gilbert Wakefield for having seriously criticised the “Song, by a Person of Quality.” The ill-natured people do say that Blackwood and I have mistaken the drift of the Memoir of Mr. Liston in your Magazine. But the thing is impossible.

“Minuta Cantabrigiensa.” More novelties, more hidden treasures brought to light.

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE, ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

This little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade.
A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett :
This little garden doth a little show it.

If you were to look for this in the “Court of Momus,” or any other jest book, price 6d. I much question whether you would find it.

“Letters from Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters.”

It is an abominable thing for a man to praise himself, and yet, I must confess that great wits do jump ! Is there not a remarkable agreement and concurrence of sentiment between Twaddler and Tickler—come, in candour allow it. Like Castor and Pollux we seem to have but one soul between us. Did not Twaddler find fault with the colouring of the plan of the Thames Quay ? does not Tickler ask what barn-door fowl scratched it ? Did not Twaddler take exception to the assertion that Soane, Nash, &c. were stoning the streets to death, as though they were so many St. Stephens ? does not Tickler also let himself loose on it, and rage vehemently against it. Did not Twaddler affirm that the writer of such a sentence could know nothing about architecture ? does not Tickler assert that he is a *paviour* ? Did not Twaddler cry *fidon* to “the Vision of Horns ?” does not Tickler exclaim fye on it, and call it “downright skulduddery ?” Of a truth, these are wonderful coincidences. But pray do me the favour to ask your publisher whether Sir William Curtis got a sight of my letter, because, if he did, the circumstance is explained at once, for you are doubtless aware that Timothy Tickler, Esq. of Blackwood, is no other than Sir William Curtis, Bart. of the City of London. Who but he could in this age of education have penned the following morsel : “Yes, Mullion, it is thus the bantams of Cockaigne go crowing

over each little addled article as if it were absolutely the egg of a Phoenix, if such a thing might be supposed, till you, or North, or, God forgive me—perhaps my own thoughtless self—*takes* it up into *his* hand, and &c.” That is to say, you “*takes* it up into his hand,” or my own thoughtless self “*takes* it up into *his* hand.” Why Curtis here outdoes himself, he grafts his pure English on the Irish idiom, “my own self takes it up,” &c. In the next article, on the Literary Souvenir, I also trace the worthy Baronet by his favourite expletive “*howsomever*” (p. 101.)

“*The Literary Souvenir.*” See in this article how Mr. Blackwood encourages men of genius. “An accidental or designed dozen of” (Cape) “Madeira—an occasional five-gallon cask of Jamaica—an East Indian hump, once a-week a goose or turkey, and now and then a few hares, are all that we now accept from either North or Ebony; these, indeed, we accept willingly, and thus our larder and our cellar are as superbly furnished as any in Edinburgh.”*

Besides this curious information, touching the economy of the periodical, there is in this article much beautiful, spirited, and affecting writing. Indeed, I never remember to have seen Sir William Curtis to more

* Who writes for Grub-street should be paid in grub!

It is astonishing how cheap literary talent is in the modern Athens; you may have it for bread and cheese and onions. Blackwood, however, is eternally boasting that he pays his first-rates (besides the aforesaid hebdomadal geese and turkeys) thirty pounds (*Scotch*) a sheet, which is not a bawbee too much when you consider the disgrace. (The other day Mr. Croker turned away his footman because he wrote in Blackwood.)

Such a Magazine as Blackwood's might be sold in the modern Athens for twenty-two bawbees, three bodles, and a plack a number, but in London the thing could not be done in such easy terms, because the Londoners are not so well educated as the Athenians. In the streets of London, you will observe many men who talk *Blackwood*—listen to them as they stand around their carts, scraping away and shovelling up the filth, and you will say here are all the materials for a Blackwood; here are Ticklers, Mullions, Odoherities, to be had dirt cheap—here is the torrens dicendi copia—the fine satire—the rich vein of vituperation that would befit them for Blackwood—here are the men who will turn their tongues to any thing, and never weary of bawling liar, rogue, knave, scoundrel, driveller, booby, ass, blockhead. but then the misfortune is, that with all these talents, they can't write their own names, much less the foul names with which they enrich their colloquy, and which would recommend them as contributors to Blackwood; they have the genius, the turn of mind, the vocabulary, all the requisites, in short, for the Northern Maga, but for lack of skill in letters, they are scavengers, not scribes. In the modern Athens, on the other hand, every body can read and write, and those classes that clean the streets of London are qualified to dirty paper for Blackwood in Edinburgh. Hence the vast superiority of that respectable periodical in a certain undeniable style of composition. The people here who know how to write are above the ebony work, and the folks pares negotiis can fortunately only make their marks.—P. P.

My friend, Mr. Pickle, to whom I showed this letter, has taken the liberty of appending this particularly unhandsome commentary, which, I think, most unjust, for, as I have before observed, Blackwood is any thing but blackguard.—*Twaddler.*

advantage—observe the following passage, how animated, how racy—familiar, but still elegant—jocular, but never approaching to vulgarity.

What difficulty is there in writing a beautiful poem of 50 lines, long or short metre, any summer morning before breakfast? Consider how early the sun rises all the summer through, from about the beginning of May, well on to the end of September. Suppose you breakfast at nine, or half past nine. Well, then, up with you at five—and before the bell rings there is your poem. Lay it aside for a week—correct it over your egg any sunshining morning—into the form of a letter with it—and off she goes to the tune of Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Leeds.

What spirit! what life! what animation! what humour!..... But it were treacherous to offer such writing as this as a model for your imitation, because if you ventured to write in this vein they would call you Cockney.

"*Campbell's Theodric.*" Here is language, here is diction, here is a power of fine words indeed! Look and die. "A beautiful array of words came processionally onwards, 'the long resounding march and energy divine;'" &c. "A visionary loveliness bedewed the whole world of the young poet's genius." But I have no space for quotations, read the review, and see what it is to be grand.

"*Scotch Poets, Hogg and Campbell.*" "We are proud of Scotland—proud of our native country."..... "Modern Athenians"..... "proud of its MIND."..... "Look round every department of literature and science"—"of arts and arms—of wisdom and of wit"..... "full of Scotchmen"..... "intellects the most refined, tastes the most cultivated, and genius the most powerful."..... "Scotland v. the World."*

And now, my dear Sir, I think you must confess that Blackwood is indeed a pattern for all Magazines; its principles so excellent, such loyalty to the King, such devotion to his Ministers, such profound respect for the venerable Constitution, such honour for those in authority over us, such nice regard for decorum, such zeal in the cause of morality and virtue,—but I never know where to stop when I get on this my hobby—the praise of my favourite periodical, which I love because it is innocent, AND DOES NO HARM, so I will rein up while I can, and subscribe myself, my dear Sir, yours, &c. &c. &c.

ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

P. S.—If you should publish this Letter, (and you cannot do better,) I shall feel particularly obliged to you if you will not score out the very best passages, as you did in my last. You Editors seem to me, my good Sir, to act upon that plan which Doctor Samuel Johnson recommended to a young writer,—and when you come to any thing *particularly fine*, you strike it out.

* Mr. Twaddler made a long extract from this article, but being compelled to shorten it, we struck out, after the fashion of criticism adopted by Blackwood, the immaterial connecting passages; what remains is a sample à-la-Blackwood of the critique.—Ed.

HYMN TO DIANA.

Come!—Let us sing unto the silent queen,
 Who walketh o'er the heaven's blue floor, serene
 As Meditation, or that modest maid
 Chastity, of her white self nigh afraid!
 Come! let us sing unto the silent queen,
 Perfect Diana; for the laurels green
 Are ripe for plucking, and the rose is red,
 And know'st thou not, fair girl, that poets fed
 Once on its odorous leaves, now laid aside
 For gross food since the last pale Pagan died?—
 Listen! and as I sing gaze upward, where
 The lone queen doth bewitch the azure air,
 Inchanting silence from her noon-day cave,
 And arming with bright light the bounding wave!

Hymn.

Smile, Diana! bid thy light
 Fall upon young hearts to night!
 If thou frownest, I will flee
 Where the sunny summers be,—
 Where the flush'd and amorous Hours
 Fill their white necks all with flowers,
 Which they fling on shepherds' heads
 Laughing, when Aurora treads
 On the cloud-incumbered air,
 Followed by the day-light fair.

Lady Dian! thou hast not
 Yet the Latmian's eyes forgot?
 Nor his marble smile so cold?
 Nor his forehead hid in gold?
 I have heard that thou didst sail,
 Paler than the evening pale,
 Till the mournful shadows wept
 O'er the charmed boy who slept
 Heeding not, although thy light
 Fell upon his eyelids white,
 *And waken'd were the languid brooks
 By the music of thy looks!

So, Divine Diana—smile,
 Once again in beauty white!
 Dearer far than Venus' wile
 Is thy silver look of light
 Falling on young hearts to night!

A LUNATIC.

EXCERPTIONS

FROM AN IDLER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Times have consumed his works, saving some few *excerptions*.

Ralcigh.

GRAY'S LATIN ODE

ON THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

In a new Translation.

O TU *severi religio loci*. Some people have sadly puzzled themselves about this term *religio*. "It must be the vow of the order," say these good folks: "aye, and there we have the *severity* of their rules." So that Gray, whose Christianity does not seem to have sat particularly *tight* about him, (unless we suppose that in his letters to Walpole, he thought it gave him more of the air of a *bel esprit* and an *esprit fort* to affect scepticism,) is smitten, according to these "word-catchers who live on syllables," with the love of a monastic life; and intends in good hearty earnest to shave his head, sew up his mouth, or only open it for the purpose of braying canticles and masticating parsneps, which, like Diocletian's cabbages, were to have been planted with his own fingers. Of this right apostolical resolution, I believe Gray never dreamed: no—not even in a make-believe trance of Parnassian inspiration. What would Dr. Keate say to a lad who should render this first line, "*O thou! the religion of this place of austerities?*" But, "is not the monastery there?" Beyond the possibility of contradiction. "Like Scotland," it "stands where it did." But as regards Gray's poem, its standing where it did was a mere accidental circumstance: he has not a thought—no, not even a glancing association—connected with its grey walls, or the Latin graces before and after *pulse*, droned out by the cowed faquirs within them. It is the aspect of nature, in the surrounding vastness of her most rugged and most gloomy solitudes, that awakens the enthusiasm of Gray. Take the sketch of the scenery from the first pocket volume which chance may throw in your way. "On one hand is the rock with woods of pine-trees hanging over-head, and on the other a prodigious precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a deep torrent." Here we have the *religio* and here the *severi*, I suspect, notwithstanding that Gray is unauthorized in his use of the term *religio*. He certainly means a sort of *genius loci*: a power invisible and inaccessible, like Lucan's unknown demon of the Druidical forest of Marseilles; or rather its spirit; the influence by which it makes its presence felt. But *religio* is employed to describe the impression of awe and reverence produced in the mind by some object of its solemn contemplation. Gray, therefore, substitutes an active for

the passive significance of the word, and transfers the religious awe from the mind to the object: making the effect to be the cause. But though it is easy to perceive his meaning, it is not so easy to convey it with the requisite fulness, and conciseness, and precision. Some translators have rendered *religio* by *genius*. They agree with me, therefore, in their general notion: but their expression of it is too definite in one sense, and too undefined in another. It is too definite, because it clothes an obscure abstraction with a gross and palpable form: we use, indeed, the words *genius* and *spirit* for the essence or energy of things; but where they are apostrophized they become personifications. It is too undefined, because it fails to communicate the impression of sacred horror excited by the original. There is no absolute *prosopopœia*: it is a *nescio quid* which the poet invokes: but it is a something which compels the instantaneous and involuntary sympathy and homage of the religious instincts. That there is a great difficulty in embodying this idea, must be evident from the fact, that Gray could only effect it by violating the philosophy of grammar. All the versions which have met my eye are too much in the nature of paraphrases. They slur the diction of Gray, and sophisticate his sentiment. I think the Latin Ode of Gray should be done in the same number of lines, and in the metre which he himself loved when he versified in English. *Tentanda via.*

Dread somewhat! hallowing to thyself this spot

Of wildness, how to name thee? (for I deem

Less than a godhead presence haunteth not

This antique forest and this native stream:

And we behold more near the visible God

Midst these shagg'd cliffs, these rude hill-solitudes,

These rocks, which foot of man hath never trod,

This dash of waters and this night of woods,

Than if beneath a citron arch he shone

Fashion'd in molten gold by Phidias' hand—)

Hail!—if invoked aright, look gracious on!

Here let my wearied youth glide calm to land.

Or should hard Fate's rebuff, e'en while I yearn

For these endear'd retreats, this holy reign

Of silence, with the reflux swell return

Me to the tossing midmost waves again;

Sire! (shall I call thee?) be the boon allow'd

To share thy freedom in my drooping age;

Then steal me from the cares that vex the crowd,

And safe receive me from their restless rage.

[ABOUT the year 18—, one R——d, a respectable London merchant (since dead), stood in the pillory for some alledged fraud upon the Revenue. Among his papers were found the following “Reflections,” which we have obtained by favour of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. Elia speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—*Editor.*]

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

Scene, opposite the Royal Exchange.

Time, Twelve to One, Noon.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*] That

offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincence. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly*]. Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What my friends from over the water! Old benchers—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory—ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at the sun-rise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift, and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasm us—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs

without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit ! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor ! Honour without co-rival ! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen ? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them ; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer ! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate* ! Proud Pisgah eminence ! Pinnacle sublime ! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing ! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms ; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born ! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly ! Gresham's wonder, hail ! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'er-look the plodding, money-hunting tribe below ; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent, grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals ? * He closed the Exchequer ; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters ? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still ! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

* A statue of Charles II. by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, within that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfcetation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.—Editor.

THE LONDON TITHE QUESTION.

IN the Magazine for January I stated my conviction that the Decree which granted 2s. 9d. in the pound for Tithes in the City of London, was merely intended to compensate the Rectors for the loss they would otherwise sustain by the recent alteration in the value of the currency; and that it was never contemplated by those who framed the Decree that a *seventh* of every man's actual rental should, by this means, be given to the clergy as a *tenth*. In corroboration of this opinion the important fact was adduced, that the coin which at that time passed for a shilling, was intrinsically worth only four-pence, compared with that which had been current but three years before; and that in the interim a piece of money of the value of sixpence had been the substitute for the shilling: whence I contended that, possibly, eleven-pence, and certainly not more than one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny, was the actual sum which the Decree recognized under the denomination of two shillings and nine-pence.

But prejudices are hard to be overcome; and some persons may even yet be disposed to contend, that what was once a shilling is always a shilling, whatever may be its change of value intrinsically. The absurdity, however, of thus assimilating the money-terms in the Decree with those of the present day, must surely be self-evident, when I state that not only was this pretended shilling of very inferior value, but that it had a different name: it was a peculiar money. *There was not a shilling current in those days: none were coined;* and therefore when a shilling is mentioned, it is *ex consuetudine* merely, another piece of money being intended to be understood, which was for the time its unworthy *locum tenens*. This was the TESTON. That name was used at this period in France to designate the largest silver coin of that country; on which account, as well as because the coin it indicated was less pure than the English standard, it was adopted here for our new base money. Testons had their origin in France under Louis XII. in 1513, superseding the old silver groat; and they were so called on account of the king's head which was represented on the one side, the arms of France being on the other. Under Francis I. in 1540, the Teston was reduced in value and increased in price, and the gold coin underwent a corresponding alteration: *voilà (says Le Blanc) de quelle maniere les monnoyes d'or et d'argent furent affoiblies sous ce regne.*—(Traité Hist. p. 329.) It was the Teston of this period which formed the worthy prototype of our own. In 1575, Testons were discontinued as French money, after having been depreciated nearly 50 per cent.; and the franc, a heavier and much baser coin, supplied their place.

The following Minute records the first coinage of the Teston in
MARCH, 1825.

England. It took place two or three years before the date of the Decree which gives two *shillings* and nine-pence to the clergy.

"1543. A pound weight of silver of 10 oz. fine, and of 2 oz. alloy, was coined into 48 Shillings by tale, namely, into TESTOONS, Groats, Half-groats, Pence, Half-pence, and Farthings."—(Lowndes, p. 43.) Here then is the name applied in lieu of that of Shilling, and for what reason, but that it was not a shilling? It was to pass current for 12 pence, but they were pence also reduced in weight and purity in an equal degree with the Teston, the relation of which to the last coined shilling was as 100 to 118, that being the number of grains of fine silver in each. It was unworthy, therefore, of being called a Shilling; but as the exigency seemed to require it, and as there was no proper Shilling coined, it was considered its equivalent: the distinct name being preserved to prevent the two from being considered identical.

The following year brought out a coin still more opposed to the English shilling in all its characteristics. It contained only 60 grains of fine silver. But this again was not denominated a Shilling, it was still a "Testoon," a separate and peculiar coin. "1544. The silver was reduced to 6 ounces fine and 6 ounces alloy, and the pound was coined into 48 shillings by tale, in *Testoons*, groats, half-groats, pence, halfpence, and farthings."—(Lowndes, 44. Annals, ii. 88.) This *Testoon* was ordered to be current "at a shilling," by a Proclamation dated the 1st of May, 1544.

Then came the Teston alluded to in the Decree. "1545. By an Indenture of this year the coins were reduced to the lowest degree of fineness which ever disgraced the English mint, excepting a small quantity of silver in the 5th year of Edward VI. The gold was now brought down to 20 carats fine, and 4 carats alloy; and the silver to 4 ounces fine, and 8 ounces alloy. The coins were continued at the same weight as they were in the Indenture of the preceding year, but the debasement raised the pound weight of fine gold to 36 pounds, and that of fine silver to 7 pounds 4 shillings."—(Lowndes, 44. Annals, ii. 89.)

The Teston coined according to this Indenture contained only 40 grains fine. That it was the Teston contemplated by the commissioners, the date of their Decree proves, for it was issued from the mint in the year preceding, and the baser coin would immediately banish from circulation all the rest. Now is it reasonable that for this the clergy should receive a genuine English shilling in *any age*, merely because the name was used by the commissioners at a period when there was no such piece of money as a shilling current in the kingdom, and when there cannot be the least doubt that they alluded to this two-thirds copper coin, which was properly denominated by the King's Proclamation at that time a Teston, that it might *not* be confounded with the shilling?

But it may be thought, perhaps, that this Decree gave no dissatisfaction at the time, and that there is no need to soften its terms down;

for, excessive as they may appear now, they were not thought so then. Let us hear what a contemporary writer says, of whose little book, called the *Supplication of the poor Commons*, addressed to the King, Strype observes, "It gives such a light into the affairs of those days, that a better history can scarce be given thereof, being writ in those very times."—(Strype's *Memorials*, book i. chap. 53.) From the extracts which he gives, I will only select the following:—

The last year they (the clergy) obtained by their importunity a grant, which if it be not revoked, will in continuance of time be the greatest impoverishment of us, your poor commons, and chiefly in the city of London, that ever chaunced since the first beginning thereof. They have obtained, and it is enacted, that every man within the said city shall yearly pay unto them *xvi d. ob* of every *x s.* (rent). So that if the lord of the grounds please to double and trible the rents, as they do indeed, then must the poor tenant pay also double and trible tenths, as due encrease of their riches, &c. Have compassion upon us, most gracious Sovereign, suffer not these unsatiable dogs to eat us out of all that we have. Consider that it is against all reason and conscience, that we, your poor commons, should be thus opprest; that where the landlord demandeth of us double and triple rent, that then we shall also pay to the *parson* double and triple tenths. But, most dear Sovereign, how craftily have they wrought this feat! They require not the tenths of the landlords, that have the encrease, but of the tenants, which of necessity are constrained to pay to the lords their asking, either else to be without dwelling places. They know right well, that if they should have matched themselves with the landlords, they happily would have been too weak for them at the length: but they were in good hopes, that we, your poor commons, should never be able to stand in their hands. * * * * *

Judge then, most victorious Prince, what an unreasonable sum the whole and gross sum of these enhaunced tenths, with other their *petty briberies*, draweth to. They receive of every one hundred pounds, 13*l.* 15*s.*; and of the thousand, 137*l.* 10*s.*: then may your Highness soon be certified what they receive of the whole rents of the city. No doubt, generous Prince, they receive of us yearly more than your Highness did at any time, when you were beset on every side with mortal enemies; and yet their consciences will serve them well enough to take *three times as much as they do*, if your Highness would suffer them.

Never was prophecy more true: by claiming these Tithes in the restored currency, they actually take *three times* as much as was then granted them.

Camden gives "an affecting description of the state of England during the latter years of the reign of this profuse and bloody monarch," (*Annals*, ii. 39). "*Ipsa Anglia opibus exhaustis, pecunia ære intermixto depravata, monasteriis priscae pietatis monumentis dirutis, nobilium, præsulum, pontificorum, et protestantium cruore promiscuè effuso, et Scotico bello implicata, luctuosa suspiraret.*"—(Camdeni *Annales*, i. 11.)

This was not a good age to select a precedent from, one would have thought, especially a money precedent.

To others the coinage only afforded matter for a jest. Sir John Rainsford meeting Parson Brooke, the principal devisor of the copper coin [the silver being debased with copper] threatened him to break his head, for that he had made his Sovereign Lord (the most beautiful Prince Henry) with a red and copper nose. (Camden's *Remains*, 246.)

Heywood has several epigrams on the subject. "They are curious," says the author of the *Annals*, "because they express the general opinion which was entertained of those coins, and the ridicule in which they were held;" and on this account he quotes them. For the same reason, and because they show the evident baseness of the coin then current for a shilling, I will subjoin one or two.

Of Red Testons.

These testons look red: how like you the same?
Tis a token of guilt: they blush for shame.

Of Brass.

I perceive well now that brass is waxen proud,
Because brass so much with silver is allowed,
And being both joined, since they more by brass do stand
That maketh brass bold to stand on the upper hand.

How completely the genuine silver had disappeared is pretty well expressed in the following:—

Of Silver to be borrowed.

Hast thou any bowed silver to lend me, Joan?
Nay. Hast thou any broken silver for me? None.
Hast thou any clipt silver? I had, but 'tis gone.
Hast thou any crackt groat? Crackt groat? nay, not one.
No silver bowed, broken, clipt, crackt, nor cut:
Here's a friend for friendship not worth a crackt nut!

The natural consequence of the issue of this copper money was the total disappearance from circulation of all the silver coin. However bent or broken, cracked or clipped, it all vanished: yet the Clergy would have us believe that they received in these times for Tithes two shillings and ninepence of fine silver! The important question is, what did they receive? I have stated my opinion that this Teston was only worth fourpence. Let us hear what cotemporary writers say:—

"These base monies, for the time, caused the old sterling monies to be hoarded, so that I have seen (says Stow, *Survey of London*, b. 1. p. 84), twenty-one shillings current given for one old angel to gild withal." These 21 shillings were of course the veritable shillings of the Decree, the Testons of 1545; we find then from this that their true value was only a groat, since a piece of gold of the value of 6 shillings and 8 pence was worth 21 of them.

Becon, in his *Jewel of Joy*, quoted by Strype in his account of the latter end of Henry's reign, breaks out into the following exclamation, "O! what a diversity is this in the sale of wools? A stone of wool to be sold at 8 groats, and now for 8 shillings; and so likewise of the sheep! God have mercy upon us!" Here the Teston is called a Shilling, and its value is stated to be a Groat.

The Clergy knew of this debasement perfectly well; nay, they are more than suspected of having been the advisers and authors of it:

can we then doubt their motive for having the Decree promulgated? We have seen the name of Parson Brooke already mentioned, as the "principal deviser" of the new copper coin. Bishop Latimer charges all the prelates with too much interference with affairs of state; "they are occupied," he says, "some in the King's matters, some are Ambassadors, some of the Privy Council, some to furnish the Court, some are Lords of the Parliament, some are Presidents, and some *Comptrollers of Mints*. Well, well. Is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have Ministers of the Church to be Comptrollers of the Mints? Is this a meet office for a Priest that hath the cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would ask here one question: I would fain know who comptrolleth the Devil at home at his parish, while he *comptrolleth the Mint*? If the Apostles might not leave the office of Preaching to be Deacons, shall we leave it for Minting? I cannot tell you; but the saying is, that since *Priests* have been *Minters*, *money hath been worse than it was before*. And they say, that the evilness of money *hath made all things dearer*."

The alarm and disgust which the adoption of this base money caused throughout the kingdom, appear to have excited a momentary desire in the Government to put a stop to it.—On the 10th of April, 1548, the second year of Edward VI. a Proclamation was issued for calling in the Testons, which "on account of their bigness, and facility of counterfeiting, had been stamped and cast in great multitudes:" and the last day of December was named as the period beyond which they should not be allowed to be current: but this term was extended by another Proclamation to the 1st of May, 1549, "on account of the great number of the Testons, and of the advantage which had been taken of the poor for the exchange of them." After this time they were to be received as bullion only. To supply their place, the King, by Proclamation of the 24th of January, 1550, stated that he had caused new coins to be made, among which we find "the Shilling at 12d."—But the only difference between this and the old Testons was that, being smaller, though it contained only the same quantity as before of fine silver, it was, of course, less debased. These Shillings, thus reduced in weight, but in some degree improved in fineness, and in their outward appearance, are those to which Bishop Latimer alluded in his Sermons preached before the King, in 1549:—"We have now," said he, "a pretty little shilling indeed, a very pretty one: I have but one I think in my purse, and the last day I had put it away almost for an old groat, and so I trust some will take them. The fineness of the silver I cannot see, but therein is printed a fine sentence, that is, *Timor Domini fons vitæ vel sapientia*. I would God this sentence were always printed in the heart of the King in choosing his wife, and in all his officers." 1. 89.

The value which the good Bishop put upon this little Shilling, agrees with that of William Thomas, a Clerk of the Council, in his Letters

to the King in 1549, concerning a Reformation of the Coin:—"He that shall live 12 months, shall see that an old Angel shall in value and estimation want little of 20 Shillings of our current money, if provision for redress of your Majesty's coin be not had the rather;" and he adds, not long after, these words, "Conclude then, that of extreme necessity, this coin must be reformed and that without delay."

Before, however, any reformation was attempted, two further issues of coin took place, in which the Teston was reduced to even half its preceding value, being in comparison with that worth only *two-pence*. The Rector's claim, therefore, of Two Shillings and Nine-pence was here discharged for the value of *five-pence halfpenny*.

I need not appeal to the historians of the time for proof of this being the actual worth of the Rector's shilling: it is unanswerably affirmed by more authentic documents, the Proclamations of subsequent years. The evil of this wretched currency had now grown to so enormous a pitch that it could no longer be tolerated, and Edward VI. by the advice of his counsellors set about a reformation. On the 30th of April 1551, in the 5th year of his reign, he issued a Proclamation stating, that "King Henry VIII. had, on account of his wars, debased the coins, and had set forth to be current among his subjects *testons* at 12 pence, and groats *equally base* at 4 pence;" and that it was his Majesty's determination to reform the same. "But as it was necessary first to rate the said coins, made both by his Majesty and his father, at a value *more near* to the goodness and fineness of the same; it was therefore ordained, that from and after the last day of August next ensuing, the *shillings and groats* coined by his Majesty should be current, within the realm of England, the town of Calais and marches of the same, at no more than NINEPENCE and THREE-PENCE respectively, on pain of forfeiture and imprisonment, with a further fine at his Majesty's pleasure." (Annals ii. 107).

Here then was the commencement of their fall, 25 per cent. "at one fell swoop" being cut off from their current value. On the 11th of May, another Proclamation declared his Majesty's determination "to proceed in the restoration of the fineness of his coins, for which all his good subjects had of late, *as it were, with groanings longed.*"

In June another Proclamation commanded the Shilling and Groat to be immediately current at 9d. and 3d. instead of waiting till the first of August: this was to prevent if possible the great advance of prices which ensued. To obviate these excesses the King, in another Proclamation on the 18th of July, threatened with the pillory and loss of an ear "all those who should invent, speak, mutter, or devise any manner of tale touching the further abasing of the said coin;" yet in less than one month from the date of it, the current value of the said base coins was still further diminished; "the *testourn* being cried down from ninepence to SIXPENCE, the *groat* from three-pence to TWO-PENCE, the *two-pence*

to ONE PENNY, the *penny* to a HALF-PENNY, and the *half-penny* to a FARTHING." (Annals, ii. 111.)

This second reduction took place in August, the month for which the first was intended; but the extreme urgency of the case, when it was once thought practicable, allowed no time to be lost. By the first fall one-fourth was taken away from every man's current wealth, by the next a third, and between both a *half*: a greater loss was occasioned by the inferior coins, the two-pences, &c. which pressed with unfair severity on the poorer sort.

In 1556 the Testons still continued to pass for 6d. as we find by a Proclamation of Queen Mary's of the 22d December in that year, commanding them to be received at the rate heretofore proclaimed.

Queen Elizabeth had the honour to give them their death blow. In September 1560, the 2d. year of her reign, she issued a Proclamation bringing down "the said base coins *as near to their value* as might be: viz. the base penny to three farthings; the twopence to one penny and halfpenny; the *Testons* of sixpence to *fourpence halfpenny*;" and certain testons described by particular marks, being the privy marks of the then masters of the mint (viz. those of 1550 and 1551), to *twopence farthing*.

The Rector's Teston, after a run of 17 years, was now reduced to its proper value; 24 of them being exchangeable for 9 standard shillings, each containing 89 grains of fine silver: but they were not yet entirely taken out of circulation. They were current however but a short time longer. On the 19th of February 1561, a Proclamation was issued, calling them in before the 9th of April; and on the 12th of June they were by another Proclamation formally abolished as currency, being ordered not to be taken, except as bullion, from and after the 20th of July. Other coins of the value of sixpence, threepence, three halfpence, and three farthings, were immediately issued to supply their place; and the Queen, in a Proclamation of the 13th of November in the same year, assured her subjects that the "coin of the realm which she had found to be for the most part copper, she had now recovered to be as fine, or rather finer, sterling silver, than ever it was in the realm by the space of two hundred years or more; a matter worth marking and memory." (Annals, ii. 152.)

"'Tis the last keystone that makes the arch." The Testons were swept away with all their base concomitants, and the ancient standard was restored; but the *Shilling* of 89 grains fine, as will be seen by our *Table*, wanted still a considerable increase to be equal in intrinsic value to that which existed before the depreciation. Compared with the *Shilling* of the 33d Henry VIII. it was deficient one third, and with that of his 17th year nearly half. The Queen however was nothing daunted at this disparity, which after all her labours left so much to be achieved. Passing over the coinage of the 18th of Henry VIII, which was stand-

ard, but not so heavy as it ought to have been, she resolved to render her coin not only equal in purity but equal in weight to that of 100 years before. To recoin it into pieces of greater weight by *one half* was one means whereby this could have been effected: but the cost, and trouble, and distress, which such a measure would bring upon the country in the interim, forbade her to think of taking that course. The only other way in which the same thing could be accomplished, would be to reduce the present value of every coin *one third* in account: this would bring it to the same point, for the reduction of the present coin in estimation one third would make it require one half as much more to pay the same sum it had formerly passed current for, and thus in either case it would be raised in precisely the same ratio. Stupendous as it must have seemed to undertake so mighty a change after so much had already been done, and apprehensive as the Queen might well be of the discontent of the bulk of the nation in this further experiment on their purses, she did not hesitate to crown all with this last great sacrifice. Accordingly "Her Majesty was induced to make a final end (to use the words of the Annalist), and to fix the value of the coins current in the realm at the following rates by Proclamation:"—and to prevent any unfair advantage being taken of the ignorant or poorer classes by those who had better information, the change was ordered to commence from the 4th of March 1562, the very day on which the Proclamation appeared. It enumerates all the coins in the kingdom, stating their former value, and declares that they were in future to be current for *one third* less: for instance:—

"Fine gold:—The sovereign was current for 30s.; current in future at 20s."

"Silver fine sterling:—The shilling was current for 12*d.*; current in future at 8*d.*"

And so on of the rest. By these extraordinary means the shilling of 89 grains fine was made of the value of half as much more, viz. 133 grains fine, which is exactly the weight of that which it professes to equal: for these rates were then declared by the Proclamation to be those at which the several sorts of money were current from the 6th of Edward IV. until the 16th of Henry VIII.

Thus by one bold and sudden Proclamation the long desired accomplishment of a complete restoration of the coin, both in weight and purity, was effected. What distress it occasioned to some, and benefit to others, may be easily conceived, and history has not been backward to record the former; but it is probable that the distress would have been much greater had it been anticipated; in these cases prompt measures are the most humane.

Lord Treasurer Burleigh and Sir Thomas Smith were, according to Sir Robert Cotton, the chief advisers of this measure. They told the Queen that it was for the honour of her crown and the true wealth of

herself and people, to reduce the standard to the ancient parity and purity of her great grandfather King Edward IV., and that it was not the short ends of wit, nor starting-holes of devices that could sustain the expence of a monarchy, but sound and solid courses. (Vide Annals, ii. 147, and Cotton. Posthum. 237.)

We have now seen the origin and end of the TESTON, and upon the old principle of *cessante causâ cessat effectus*, we may say with equal certainty, we have seen the termination of the authority of the Decree, and the consequent annulment of the Rector's claim to a Tithe of 2s. 9d. in the pound.

PHILARCHÆUS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS :—SECOND SERIES. *

THERE is no surer sign of vulgarity than jactation of gentility. An anxiety to appear particularly knowing in such rules of good breeding, as Mr. Dilworth expounded and gouvernantes inculcate, betrays the miserable ambition of a vulgar mind. Under-bred pretenders to fashion are perpetually talking of what is and what is not *the thing*; they have always a part to learn, and are consequently, like the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, ever running over on the subject of their studies; they are wonderfully shrewd observers of glaring solecisms, and are bitterly severe on any departure from those established canons laid down in the Primer of Politeness. What little they do know of etiquette, they ostentatiously parade, and most vehemently do they insist on its laws. Ridiculous as this sort of folly appears when one meets with it in a steam-boat, in a stage-coach, or at a watering-place (its proper element), it is rather odd that it has been adopted, and introduced into print, by some geniuses of the present day, who lay claim to extraordinary knowledge of the world. John Bull, the author of Sayings and Doings, and some writers in Blackwood, are never weary of displaying their elegance, and informing the world that they know better than to eat fish with a knife, peas with pitchforks, or to drink malt after cheese; they exalt themselves day after day, and month after month, by insisting that they like olives, do not know the taste of port, and religiously observe the canon of drinking white wine with white meats, and red with brown meats; that they invariably take a patty after soup, and know how to despise the man who is helped twice to turtle; that they are not *gênés* by a silver fork, understand the use of a napkin, with many other small vaunts of the same stamp, that tend to the unspeakable advancement of the writers in the good opinion of all the would-be fine people, and consequently secure to them a considerable share of popularity, for the would-be fine is a large tribe. But un-

* Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life. Second Series. In three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1825.

fortunately, the very stress which they lay on these things is in fact fatal to their pretensions, for it proves that these common usages have made the lively impression of novelty. No one lectures very learnedly on the habits and modes with which he is familiar; but we are all disposed to dwell on the manners and customs of a strange land.

The author of *Sayings and Doings* is particularly offensive in the way we have described, and lays down trite Dilworth-like rules of good-breeding with a species of pedantry truly puerile. Occasionally, however, he soars to the refinement of exquisitism, but then he does but strut about in the worn fopperies of Brummel, dizenied out in that beau's cast off, and now somewhat antique, coxcombries. In the volumes before us, we cannot discover a single original impertinence! A catalogue of Brummel's *Facetiæ* would indeed bring the whole tribe of pretenders into contempt, as it would shew what a *servum pecus* it is; and after all, they imitate the exiled dandy with no better effect than the ass in the fable imitated the lap-dog.

Bearing in mind the over-weening pretension of the author of *Sayings and Doings*, it is whimsical enough to observe the want of keeping which appears in his stories; he affects to describe the world as it is, men and women of fashion as they are, their manners and customs, but he slides occasionally into the grossest improbabilities of the broadest farces. We will, in support of our charge, give an example in this place. In one of the tales (*Doubts and Fears*), a high spirited man of fashion is described as giving his most unprovoked confidence to an obtrusive vulgar innkeeper, and as unbosoming himself to his landlord after this manner.—It must be premised that the publican and guest are almost strangers to each other.

"But, dear me," said Grojan, "dear me, Sir Harry, where is my Lady?"
 "There, Mr. Grojan," said Dartford, "you puzzle me: that she is alive I know, as my yearly accounts can certify. I have lived much abroad; I fancied she neglected me; she never wrote to me; that perhaps might be accounted for, by the fact that she did not know exactly where I was. I never wrote to her—I never knew exactly where she was; we were married mere boy and girl, without a will of our own, merely because her father's property joined my father's. I got tired of my chain, and, like an ungracious ape, broke it: the affair has now rested so long upon these terms, that as I imagine it considerably beneath my dignity to cry *peccavi*, the chances are, we shall never meet again. I feel that I *should* be happy if I could once condescend to an explanation, but I feel, above all, that this is not the time to discuss the subject, and therefore, away with it; cast sorrow behind us, and tell me, have you any fresh visitors to-day?"

Such unaccountable familiarity and uncalled-for confidence between persons of conditions so different we are accustomed to see in farces, and outrages of this nature against probability are tolerated in them, because we could never get at the plot if a licence of the kind were not permitted to clumsy authors; but in a tale where the writer may be as communicative as he pleases in his own person, there is no excuse for such a gratuitous shock to *vraisemblance*; and, as for the example we have just quoted, ridiculous as it now appears when separated from the context, no

one unacquainted with the preceding part of the story can perceive the full extent of its absurdity. How exceedingly witty would the author of Sayings and Doings have been at the expense of a brother penman who had described a man of the world, a man of fashion, as giving a true and particular account of his private life, his conduct, domestic errors, troubles, regrets, and sorrows to an impertinent innkeeper at a gossiping watering place, and all this confidence, as we have before intimated, entirely unprovoked? In an author of less pretension we might pass over a blunder of this kind, but in one professing extraordinary knowledge of the ways of the world it is inexcusable. We could point out many other absurdities of the same class; but having no desire to prejudice the author by presenting his scattered faults *en masse*, we proceed to give a short sketch of the tales composing the second series of Sayings and Doings.

"*The Sutherlands.*" "*Look before you Leap,*" and "*Marry in haste and repent at Leisure,*" are the sayings illustrated in this story. Mr. George Sutherland, a country gentleman of large fortune and small discretion, falls desperately in love with a smart girl whom he meets at a watering-place, and marries her incontinently, without indulging in any impertinent curiosity touching her family and connexions. He soon, however, discovers that he has allied himself to the daughter of a worthy who kept a public house, till he was exalted to the station of Surveyor General of Poyais, and learns, moreover, that his honoured father-in-law labours under the temporary embarrassment of being in durance for a felony in Lancaster gaol, where he is compelled to take the exercise of the treadmill. This false position of his *beau-père* is, of course, extremely disagreeable to the feelings of Mr. George Sutherland, who thus communicates his delicate distress to his younger brother;

Emily's father has written to me, recounting all the circumstances of that abominable affair at Liverpool, informing me that he is at Lancaster tread-mill, living upon oatmeal porridge, and a quarter of a pound of cheese weekly; that his Sunday's dinner is half a pound of boiled beef; and that he has to mount thirty-eight times the height of the Monument daily. The favour he asks is, that I will make interest to get him speedily transported, according to his sentence. Only consider, my dear James, the head of the Sutherlands of Ringsworth making interest with Mr. Peel to get his father-in-law transported by way of a personal favour! What am I to do?—It is a question I cannot myself answer; but these foreign difficulties, as I consider them, are inferior, in point of personal inconvenience, to the disarrangements of my domestic affairs.

(Vol. i. p. 94, 95.)

The lady proves herself a legitimate scion of the worthy stock from which she is descended; or, to speak it more profanely, "a chip of the old block." Without loss of time she contrives to turn her husband's mother and sister out of doors, gets a gang of her own people about her as bad wives always do, breaks the butler's heart by taking her ale too freely at dinner, and, to crown all, ultimately falls in love with her help-mate's groom and goes off with him. The workings of her attachment for the groom are described in this romantic strain, which is intended for a burlesque, we are inclined to think, of the lack-a-daisical school. It certainly reminds us strongly of High-ways and By-ways.

Emily was no longer the lively thoughtless creature, who, but a few months before, seemed formed but for pleasure and gaiety : her eye was sunken, and fixed abstractedly upon some object that others saw not ; sighs heaved that snowy bosom which but a little time before had palpitated with rapture and with joy ; momentary blushes “ ever and anon ” suffused her else pale cheek, and proclaimed some thought inhabiting her mind which should have found no harbour there ; she was restless, and silent, full of doubts and fears ; and her heart beat and her hand burned. She trembled when she heard her husband’s step ; she sought to avoid him ; she saw her misery ; she felt it. Every thing around her was tasteless to her senses—colourless to her eye : one sole, one single object possessed—enthralled—overwhelmed her,—*she loved another.*—(Vol. i. p. 130, 131.)

Good lack a-day that other was the groom. So much for the Doings of Mr. George Sutherland, and the Saying, “ Marry in haste and repent at leisure.” The younger brother, who is one of those groveling grubs who call all their meannesses by the respectable name of prudence, goes differently to work, but the result is not much more happy. He pays his court to a piece of still life, the inanimate daughter of a nabob, under the impression that she is a fortune ; but when things are carried too far to allow of his receding—just as he is rejoicing in his success, and congratulating himself on the reward of prudence, an explanation takes place, and he learns to his unspeakable dismay that his betrothed is a natural child, who will only bring him a life-interest of 300*l.* a year. In the disappointment of this circumspect youth is illustrated the proverb, “ *Look before you leap.*”

From this sketch it will appear that the plot of *The Sutherlands* is not very artificial, but the author has made the most of his slender materials, and worked them up into a lively, pleasant tale.

“ *The Man of many Friends* ” is an extravagant story, founded, we might suppose, on some rejected Haymarket farce. George Arden (the author has a fancy for calling his heroes George, he projects bringing his Majesty’s name into fashion), a young man of fortune, having taken the beaten road to ruin, and plunged into every species of dissipation, his uncle endeavours to open his eyes to his follies by a farcical stratagem. He comes to town, imitates his nephew’s way of life, indulges in every extravagance, associates with gamblers and reprobates, and appears to allow himself to be fleeced, surrendering himself a willing victim to the rapacity of George’s chosen companions and honourable friends. By these means, George discovers that his cronies are rogues, and is made to see, *tanquam in speculum*, his own follies in his uncle’s vagaries. The proverb at the bottom of all this is, that “ *Practice is really better than precept.*”

“ *Doubts and Fears.* ” This is the worst tale in the book, it is, indeed, decidedly bad, always tedious, sometimes disgusting, and uniformly unnatural. A profligate baronet, a Waterloo hero, whom the author resembles to a lion and a lamb in respect of his gentleness and bravery, calumniates and makes love to a young lady who proves to be his own daughter. The scene in which these parties meet by assignation, the daughter being aware of her relationship to the man who is gloating on her, is

disgusting in the extreme. The hero and honourable lover of the lady, Mr. Milford, is made a most extraordinary sort of swain; he suffers an insult to be offered to his charmer by the aforesaid lion and lamb just by way of trial, as a test of her modesty! In exceedingly stupid farces it is common to attempt to raise a laugh by means of making an actor repeat any one word or phrase, no matter what, incessantly; an inn-keeper in this story has a part of this kind, and says "quite correct," till it becomes humorous, we suppose to say "quite correct."

"Passion and Principle." There is nothing very original in the opening of this story. Francis Welsted, usher at a private school, and Fanny Rodney the schoolmaster's daughter, are mutually attached; but the course of true love is interrupted, as it usually is in works of fiction, by a wealthy, tyrannical old East Indian, who being about to return to India in the capacity of Governor General of Bombay, and wanting a wife as a necessary part of his equipage, lays his title and fortune, as the newspapers say, at the feet of Miss Rodney. Under these circumstances, the poor usher makes a sacrifice of his passion to what he conceives to be the welfare of the object of his affections; he communicates the little history of their attachment to the father of his mistress (a worldly pedagogue) together with the resolution he has taken, then withdraws privately from the house, and repairs to London in quest of a livelihood. The field is thus left open to Sir Frederick Brashleigh, an account of whose advancement in the world by virtue of his first wife's beauty is given in a rapid sketch, full of spirit and cleverness, every stroke tells in it, and the result is a very masterly portrait of the slave and overbearing tyrant, a character more odious than rare. We are strongly inclined to think that this is a copy from the life.

The miserable condition of a friendless and poor man seeking a livelihood in this great city is painfully well described in the anxieties and little annoyances suffered by Welsted during his sojourn at the Bell in Holborn. After a time he is, however, fortunately discovered by a warm-hearted young nobleman, Lord Feversham, whom when a boy he had saved from drowning, and suddenly, from being the neglected solitary usher moping at an inn in Holborn, Welsted finds himself the welcome guest at an earl's table, and the object of the attentions of a noble family grateful for the services he had rendered them—an elevation which the author seems to regard as the very summit of human ambition. When describing the modest tutor's disinclination to associate with lords and ladies of whom he had not conceived the most favourable opinion, the writer takes occasion to pay the following handsome tribute to the virtues of those injured innocents, the English nobility.

The morning passed feverishly with Frank, for he was unused to society, and had moreover, since truth must be told, a kind of contempt for nobility. Whence this feeling originated I know not, unless in the perusal of works and public papers, whose writers have the worst of objects in endeavouring to ridicule and vilify the best of people, and who, without ever having had an opportunity of judging personally of good society,

consider it part of their daily duty, as tending to the great end they have in view, to make it appear that every individual, superior to themselves, is either a fool or a knave ; that it is only necessary to place a coronet on a man's head to weaken his intellects ; and that vice and dissipation (which in truth flourish more in the middling and lower classes, than any where else,) are the exclusive characteristics of the best-born, and best-bred part of the British population. (Vol. iii. p. 74, 75.)

All Welsted's prejudices against nobility were at once dissipated when he saw Lord Feversham's family, as well they might be, seeing that the author has taken care to dizen out his great folks in all the graces and virtues. The usher is, indeed, soon reconciled to the great ; but going to the opera with his patrician friends he is somewhat scandalized by the manners and customs of the place—the impression of this scene on the mind of a novice, who had never before been in a metropolitan theatre, is, we think, very cleverly described.

A relief of dandies fortunately arrived to flirt with the young ladies, but their easy familiarity of manner startled the novice, and kept him in a perpetual stare of amazement ; yet even his astonishment at their observations and anecdotes sank into insignificance before the wonder he experienced when the Ballet commenced, and he saw the unblushing indecency with which the half-dressed women on the stage exposed their figures to the wanton gaze of the multitude. He looked, first at the scene, and then at his companions ;—their glasses were at their eyes, but he watched the expression of their countenances, and turned with an inquiring and unnoticed gaze towards the men ; but as the exhibition went on, he remarked that the more indelicate the display on the stage, the greater was the applause on the part of the audience. The sensation he felt was one of constant apprehension, and his breath actually failed him as he beheld the tenfold pirouette of a lovely girl, which presented to the public eye the whole of her form and figure ; but his feelings were changed from alarm, and apprehension lest the sensibility of his female companions should be shocked by what he considered such a flagrant violation of decorum, when he heard the exemplary Countess herself exclaim with greater energy than she had hitherto evinced, "Brava, Brava," and beheld the lovely Lady Maria turn round to one of her male associates, to praise the dexterity and ease with which the unfortunate and degraded creature had performed the ungraceful evolution, the only merit of which is the gross exposition of person, at which modesty shudders, and from which common decency revolts.

This was the first symptom of aristocratic depravity which struck Welsted, and he began to fear that he had somewhat too hastily formed a favourable opinion of his new associates ; but he had not reached the *acmé* of suspicion ;—he heard, to his infinite amazement, a conversation amongst the party relative to the kept mistresses of married men who shared with their "protectors" the fronts of the best boxes in the theatre, while the wives and daughters of the hoary rakes sat opposite, and witnessed the debasing exhibition ; he saw too with wonder, men conversing with females in the pit, whose character and profession, even to the unpractised eye of Welsted, were unequivocal, and then without the semblance of concealment, or a change of place, turning to their wives or sisters, (or at all events, the wives and sisters of their friends,) and addressing them in precisely the same manner (perhaps on the same subject) as that which they had adopted towards their unfortunate associates of the preceding minute.

(Vol. iii. p. 95—97.)

The author, doubtless, felt it necessary to soften down the effect of this sketch "lest the courtiers offended should be," and accordingly we find in the next paragraph a bon-bon for "*the best of people*," a lump of sugar after the bitterness of the former passage.

Our young friend however was wrong—that there are in all classes exceptions to general rules, unfavourable as well as favourable, every body knows; but when the number of the aristocracy of this country is calculated, and the constant watch kept upon all its actions duly considered, I am apt to believe that the vices of the higher grades, however much more exposed to view, will be found infinitely fewer in proportion to their numbers, than those of middling society; in the classes below mediocrity it will not be thought too severe (since the statement is founded upon observation) to say, that those virtues, for the absence of which the great are most satirized, are beyond all measure rare. Police reports, the daily press, common remark itself, will prove the truth of this assertion. At all events, taking a view of society in other countries relatively to that of our own, whatever may be the equivocal merits of the community at large, we believe it will not be denied, that the British nobility, taken as a body, is the most moral nobility in Europe. (Vol. iii. p. 97.)

At the very moment that Welsted's prospects are brightening under the auspices of his powerful patrician friends, Fanny Rodney is married to Sir Frederick Brashleigh, who without loss of time makes his unhappy wife feel the full weight of the most capricious tyranny. The character of this man is extremely well preserved throughout, and the scenes in which he plays the bashaw are given with dramatic effect, and are executed with great spirit. We are persuaded that the author must have had the advantage of living in an unhappy family, he could not otherwise have described these troubles with such an air of truth.

Our space does not permit of our following the principal characters though all their adventures; suffice it to say, that Lady Brashleigh accompanies her amiable spouse to India, that Welsted takes orders, after a time procures through his patrons an appointment at Ceylon, and on his voyage outwards, by some chances which we have not room to explain, finds Lady Brashleigh with her husband at the Cape. This happy pair take their passage in the merchantman in which the hero is a passenger; shortly after their departure from the Cape the wind freshens to a gale, the ship makes bad weather, and ultimately founders. Welstead clings to the wreck of the companion, and saves Lady Brashleigh; they are the only survivors, a sloop of war heaves in sight, makes for them, ropes are thrown out, and Lady Brashleigh is saved, but the vessel taking a heel while Welsted is still along side, he receives a mortal blow and sinks. This catastrophe is rather wantonly tragic, we have a regard for the poor usher, and are sorry to see him knocked on the head, but authors have an indisputable right to murder their own offspring.

The above rude outline will give but an imperfect idea of this tale, which is really a very clever and interesting performance, so much so, that we regret extremely that the author has committed in it some of his wonted offences against good taste. The political bitterness conveyed in these pages is as much out of place as season. In a work of invention it is extremely easy to draw a frightful picture of an adversary, and when we see Whig and Radical blackened in a tale of fancy, we are only reminded of the retort of the Lion in the fable on the painter.

who conquered him on the canvas.* The story would doubtless be better without these blemishes, but still it is good, and we have not for some time derived so much entertainment from a work of fiction as "Passion and Principle" has afforded us.

In our sketches of these stories we have passed over the innumerable instances of *pretension* that occur in them. A constant effort to appear familiar with the usages and pleasures of good society (that is to say, the society of lords and ladies), allusions to the commonest customs of the world as to things unknown, an ostentatious parade of some small knowledge of insignificant coxcombries, and merciless satire on offenders against Dilworth's rules, cannot fail to strike the most unobservant reader. But having already commented generally on this very bad taste, we would spare ourselves the exposure of it in the particular instances. As the author, however, is resolved to be so extremely fine, and to shine as an ultra-pink, we would just hint to him that he should not make his superlatively elegant women say "*umph*" quite so often as they do—"umph" really forms the chief part of their dialogue. Though his style is, for the most part, easy and idiomatic, we occasionally detect certain uncouth words and slip-slop expressions which are extremely ill-suited to the diction of so prodigiously fine a gentleman. "*Hebdominally*," startles us in the very first page, whence in the name of Mrs. Malaprop does it come? "*Dullard*" (p. 259, vol. ii.) is also a word that sounds strange to our ears; and "*help-meet*" (p. 325, vol. iii.) is an odd compound; the best possible fish, "*the best possible*" this, and "*the best possible*" that, occur frequently, and remind the reader rather too strongly of the manner of Mrs. Honour. Trifles of this kind, however, no one would ever think of adverting to, except in the composition of a literary *petit-maitre*—pretension is an irresistible conductor of cavil. While we are upon little matters, we may be permitted to observe that the author makes rather too much of Polly Peachum's "*safest and best*," we have it in every shape, "*wisest and best*" "*right and proper*," and half a hundred variations of the same redundancy of expression; we merely remark on this as a somewhat unmerciful use of a beauty—"give these fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it," as Mr. Puff says.

At this moment we have not the slightest recollection of the contents of the former series of "Sayings and Doings," we retain only a general impression by no means favourable to the book, and some faint remembrance that it was not remarkable for the "*best possible*" French—but further it is all *buz*. This series, we should imagine, therefore, must be infinitely superior to the preceding; for though there are bad things,

* The revival of a very gross and wholly groundless imputation on a respectable Journal, which we observe in this story, merits the severest reprehension. The repetition of so idle a calumny savours strongly of deliberate malice.

there are also good things in it, and good things which we shall not forget in a twelvemonth. The author's humour has a tendency to caricature, we might add, too frequently to buffoonery, and the first three tales are founded on the plots of broad farces. The Sutherland family is however amusing, and *The Man of many Friends* may help the reader to pass an idle hour; but *Doubts and Fears* is decidedly bad, it is the sort of stuff that, converted into a Burletta, would be acted with unbounded applause at the Cobourg or Surrey Theatre—readable it is not. The last story, *Passion and Principle*, is as superior to the others in fable as in execution. The perpetual satire on vulgarity is, however, the defect of this, as of all the author's writings; and yet the very contempt which he heaps on the vulgar gains him the admiration of the vulgar; for mean souls have always an unbounded respect for those who despise them—they do full justice to the scoffer's penetration, and confess that he is discerning when he loads them with contumely.

STERNE AT PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

STERNE makes a leap in his journey from Amiens to Paris, leaving the intermediate road a blank. Had he lived and travelled in these times such would not, I think, have been the case: *Chantilly*, the celebrated hunting seat of the Prince de Condé, which lies in the way, might have furnished matter for a chapter worthy of taking its place side by side with "the Sword."

PARIS. *The Hotel de Modene.*

"So taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged—" It would be worth while to discover this, the scene of "*The Case of Conscience*," "*the Starling*," "*the Dimanche*," &c. but, considering the extraordinary changes the city has undergone within even these few months, it is more than probable, that the sixty years which have passed away since the period of Sterne's visit have carried his Hotel de Modene along with them. The transformation of Swallow-street into Regent-street, by the magic touch of Harlequin NASH, will serve to convey some idea of the hocus-pocus daily operating upon every quarter of Paris. *Hic, hoc, presto*, and a dirty narrow lane becomes a noble street, a timber-shed is transformed into a stone mansion, and for a blind alley we have a spacious Piazza! Yesterday there flourished a garden, its lofty trees struggling with the surrounding chimneys for pre-eminence: to-day a theatre occupies the spot!—'Twas there you last night witnessed the graceful dalliance of *Flore et Zephyr* in an almost real Arcadia; this morning the Temple of Enchantment has disappeared,

and a fountain bubbles in the void! But this is not all: the very ends of the town (applying to them the English distinction of fashionable and unfashionable) have been for nearly a century, and still are playing at cross-purposes. The *Marais*, once the French "West-end," and where you still read the remarkable names of De Sevigné, Turenne, De Joyeuse, over the gates of their respective hotels, is now the French Hackney—the retreat of warm traders and prudent shop-keepers who have quitted business. From the *Marais* fashion took its flight across the bridges to the *Faubourg St. Germain*, and the abandoned *Marais* of course became in the most emphatic sense of that most emphatic word—a *bone*. But Fashion is a whimsical, capricious, restless jade, and presently we find her perched in the *Quartier St. Honoré*. Who now could breathe in the *Faubourg St. Germain*? For a Fashionable to have remained there, would have been much the same as the Duchess of Devonshire taking up her residence in Tooley-street in the Borough. Then again over the bridges—then to the *Chaussée d'Antin*—over the bridges again—and now, such is the rage and the impatience for an apartment in the dear, dear, doubly dear, the beautiful, the delightful, that only possible habitable point on the face of the globe, the *Chaussée d'Antin*, that I have seen a family lodged in the first floor of an unfinished house whilst the second was building over their heads! How then, amidst all these changes, can I hope to identify Sterne's Hotel de Modene? But *nil desperandum*,—which, freely translated, means *I'll try*.

The first result of my inquiry for the Hotel de Modene was somewhat perplexing: it was nothing less than the discovery that there were ten or a dozen, in different parts of the city. This was a most distressing abundance, and I heartily wished eleven of them—no matter where. It is a fact honourable to the heart and the understanding of man that intemperate or unreasonable wishes are seldom long persisted in: one reason for this may be, that such wishes are mostly unavailable. The massive stone tenements of Paris, unlike "*These houses to let*" that grow up so plentifully in and about London, are not to be blown down by a breath, nor shaken to their foundations even by a country-dance: whatever else may be objected to French houses, they are, at least, quadrille-proof. There was nothing potent, then, in my mere wish to rid me of eleven unwelcome Hotels de Modene: no sooner, therefore, was it uttered than retracted; and I resolved to try some other method of clearing my list of its superfluities, which, however less speedily might be its operation, should offer the advantage of being practicable. This sensible resolution was not long without its reward, for it at once occurred

A Frenchman, to whom I was describing some of the improvements of London, which he had not visited since the Peace of Amiens, said, in reply to my observation, that the fashion was pushing towards the north: "Ah! Sarc; it is of no use: that never shall be the West-end of your town till your king make his palace there."

to me that from certain indications, given by Sterne himself, his lodging *must have been* in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. Thus was I enabled to relieve myself of the incumbrance of one half the town by a dash of the pen. This was much, but it was far from being all, for there were still, as I was told, three *Hotels de Modene* in that very quarter. On a careful examination of these, I was satisfied that none of them was the house I sought; one having but lately assumed the name, another being an establishment of recent date, and the third an unfinished building. Pursuing my inquiries, I found there was a fourth, but could not learn exactly where. "We stood still at the corner of the *Rue de Nevers* whilst this passed," says Sterne, alluding to his conversation with Madame R * * *'s *femme de chambre*, on the *Quai de Conti*. "But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the *Hotel de Modene*? She told me it was—or that I might go by the *Rue Guenegaud*, which was the next turn." I traversed those streets and their immediate neighbourhood, but without success. I was now reduced to my last hope—the direction given by the *grisette*. I own I did not anticipate a favourable result from my concluding attempt, and I made it rather with a view to ascertain that further search would be fruitless, than in the expectation of finding the object of my search. Failing to discover a north-west passage, the next best thing would be to prove to demonstration that there is none.

"Pray, madam, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opéra Comique*.—You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second; then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*," &c.—*The Pulse, Sent. Jour.*

It was impossible to determine Yorick's starting-point; so placing myself at the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, with the *grisette* for my guide, I followed the exact inverse of her minute directions, and presently found myself in the *Rue Jacob*, down which, at a few paces to the right, I perceived, to my extreme satisfaction, a sign-board exhibiting the welcome words, *HOTEL DE MODENE*!

The *Rue Jacob* is as little indebted to modern improvement as Exeter Change; such as it was a century ago, nearly such is it now. Napoleon said of the emigrants, *Après vingt-cinq ans ils n'ont rien appris; ils n'ont rien oubliés*; so may it be asserted of the *Rue Jacob*, it has gained nothing—it has lost nothing. The situation, the age and appearance of the house, and, above all, the way in which I was led to it, might have satisfied me that it was the identical object of my search: the authenticity of many a celebrated spot has been acknowledged upon evidence less conclusive: but I look at all antiquities, all curiosities, with an eye

of suspicion; and whenever any thing bearing either of those titles is presented to me, the first operation of my mind is *to doubt*. I am not altogether unwarranted in the indulgence of this unamiable propensity, for I have already seen *nine of the three* Queen Anne's farthings, nearly as much of Shakspeare's mulberry tree as would suffice to build a seventy-four, three undoubted originals of Titian's mistress, two hearts of Charles XII., and three of Oliver Cromwell's skulls! to say nothing of dozens of *uniques* of the *same* saintly relics. But it was the recollection of "Sterne's Chamber" at Calais (an imposture, or, to speak gently of it, a *mistake*, more to the point) which, happening to come across me at the moment, warned me to be cautious, else it is not unlikely I might have remained satisfied with *this* Hotel de Modene: so strong were appearances in its favour. It is by no means pleasant to see one's latest theory or discovery overturned at each successive stage of inquiry; still in matters of this nature, there is never any harm in doubting; and though I am aware that we often tempt the destruction of the most agreeable illusions to be derived from the supposed connexion of a certain spot with some remarkable person or event when we try it by the severe test of truth, yet, for my own part, I should seldom feel inclined to allow it the honours of the association upon mere conjectural evidence. The Chevalier Crédule of Paris, Professor Von Gulp of Berlin, and Professor Von Gudgeon of Leyden, are at issue respecting the precise six square feet of ground where Leonidas fell: the Chevalier plants his wand, and dogmatically asserts "'Twas here;" Von Gulp is prepared to prove, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that it was exactly one rood and an inch further in a right line to the S. S. E.; whilst Von Gudgeon is ready to demonstrate, to the confusion of both, and the edification of the whole world, that it was distant from the Chevalier's point one rood *less* an inch, in a right line bearing N. W. by W. Could the "precise six square feet of ground" be ascertained, the fact would be interesting; but, since they cannot, for Heaven's sake rid me of these quacks, who, by their endeavours to impose upon my belief a doubtful *particular*, diminish the integrity of my general associations, and, by so doing, disturb me in the enjoyment of them.

At the hazard, then, of upsetting all the probabilities, I resolved to make an inquiry or two of Madame Guilliarme, the mistress of the hotel. Alas! She had never heard of Sterne, and knew no more of *Le Voyage Sentimental* than of the Koran: she was sorry and *altogether desolated* that it was so—could she have furnished me with any information it would have *made* the greatest possible pleasure for her, and she would have been *charmed*. But Mademoiselle, who was making a *colerette* in an inner room, hearing something about *Sentimental*, fancied herself privileged to come forth and join in the conversation: for, ever since the days of the *Corsair*, the *Ginour*, and *Le Solitaire*, it has been considered by young French ladies—and by some tolerably old ones too.

—as *tout-à-fait gentil* to be rather *sentimental*; and it requires but a few more Corsairs to set them all as sentimental, in the nonsensical sense of the word, as Germans. I explained the object of my visit to Mademoiselle; and, having a French translation of the Journey in my pocket,* pointed out to her the passage in which the Hotel de Modene was mentioned. Her expression of astonishment and delight was inconceivably ludicrous. “*O Dieu! is it possible! Our house is spoken of in a book! in a romance too! but, Sir, I supplicate you to tell me, is it really a roman, or is it nothing but a book of travels?*” Mademoiselle being satisfied that it was not a *mere* book of travels, became anxious to settle the point in favour of their own hotel, and her answer to all my objections was—“*C’est egal, Monsieur; soyez persuadé que c’est nôtre maison.*” A long cross-examination ensued; of which (having loitered much longer about the Hotel de Modene than I intended) I shall give the result as briefly as possible.

The present Hotel de Modene then (No. 12, Rue Jacob,) is *not* the house where Sterne lodged. The undoubted scene of the “Case of Conscience,” the “Starling,” &c. is the very next house to it, No. 14.† The latter is now a private house, and its business as an Hotel, together with its name, were transferred to its neighbour about five-and-twenty years ago. Prior to that period, No. 14 was, and had been time out of mind, the Hotel de Modene; and it was not till within these few years that there was even a second bearing a similar denomination on the whole of that side of the river. This information, which I collected from several of the old inhabitants of the quarter, and from the proprietor of the house

* How much the French translation is away from the spirit of the original, an example or two will show. The careless, characteristic phrase, “The coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do;” is thus flatly rendered: “*Je jette un coup d’œil sur les manches de mon habit, et je vois qu’il peut passer.*”

About translating the Fragment, Sterne says, “So I went on leisurely, as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window.” *Monsieur le traducteur* gives us this: “*Je m’en occupai à loisir comme un homme qui écrit des maximes; tantôt en me mettant à ma fenêtre,*” &c.

“I should not have minded, Monsieur, said he, if you had had twenty girls—’Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon.” For this playful reply we have a common-place exclamation: “*Et je n’ai jamais songé, moi, à en avoir une seule!*”

The exquisite description of Maria, commencing with “Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms,” is thus vulgarised, and a mere “devilish fine girl” is the consequence: “*Marie n’étoit pas grande, mais elle étoit bien faite. . . . Elle avoit les traits délicats, et tout ce que le cœur peut désirer dans une femme. Ah si elle pouvoit recouvrir son bon sens, et si les traits d’Elisa ———*” and so on. A portrait of Sterne in a stiff court dress, looking like a dapper marquis in a French comedy, ornaments the volume: his work has undergone a similar metamorphosis.

† Lest those who have not visited Paris, and are not aware of the circumstance, should consider this a blunder, it is proper to state, that the even numbers are all on one side of a street, and the odd ones on the other.

himself, was confirmed by an inquiry at the *Préfecture de Police*, where a register of all lodging-houses is kept. All this, together with its situation, which tallies so perfectly with Sterne's topographical account of his walk to the Pont Neuf, is surely sufficient to establish the fact of this being his Hotel de Modene; and since it is certain the house has undergone no material alteration since his time, such as choose to indulge their *fancies* may hang their Starling in the "very passage" along which Yorick passed on his way to the Court-yard, or may even buckle a *femme de chambre's* shoe in Yorick's own room, provided, since buckles are no longer in fashion, they will also *fancy* the buckle.*

L'Opéra Comique.

The Opéra Comique holds an important place in the "Journey." Yorick pays a visit to it immediately on his arrival; it occasions the chapters of the "Pulse," the "Husband," and the "Gloves;" and is the actual scene of the "Dwarf," the "Act of Charity," and, partly, of the "Rose." The descriptions he has given of two different parts of the building are both of them perfectly correct, and one of them, indeed, is remarkably minute.

"There is a long dark passage issuing out from the Opéra Comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done," &c. This is the scene of the Act of Charity. Again: "At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra." It was in this "luckless place" that the poor dwarf encountered the tall German. But, reader, beware of seeking these classic spots at the *Théâtre Feydeau*, the actual Comic Opera, where there is, indeed, an insidious "long dark passage," answering the description sufficiently to mislead you, as it once misled me. Sterne's *Opéra Comique* was situated in that part of the town where no one in these days could imagine a theatre ever had existed: it is a spot which may be assimilated to our Seven Dials; like it, it stands pre-eminent in degradation, and is the lowest of the low. The *Comédie Italienne*, for such was properly its appellation, stood in the *Rue Mauconseil*, which is near the *Rue de la Vieille Friperie*, where *La Fleur* bought his gay scarlet livery; and not very far from it is the *Halle* (the great fish-market): a place which has derived considerable celebrity from the circumstance of its being occupied by that very interesting class of females, vulgarly denominated *poissardes*, but who, in polite French, in language befitting the elegance and delicacy of its objects, are termed *les dames de la Halle*. Of the theatre, which was destroyed not many years after the period of Sterne's visit,

* I was desirous of discovering the name of the landlord who plays so conspicuous a part in the "Passport" and the "Case of Conscience;" but all the registers down to within a few years of the revolution are destroyed.

nothing now remains but part of its walls: in one of these is an old grated door, opening to a long narrow passage, which, from its situation, it having been an outlet into a bye-street, is probably the passage alluded to. The site is now occupied by the *Halle aux Cuirs* (the leather-market), erected in 1784. In the King's Library, at Paris, a plan of the old theatre is preserved. It serves as a confirmation of Sterne's exactness and fidelity in the description even of trifling objects, and, consequently, as some proof of what has already been asserted, that every incident he relates, however highly he may have embellished it, is founded on fact. The plan of the orchestra, the esplanade, &c. corresponds precisely with his description of them; and there you have the "luckless place" palpably before you. So much for the theatre itself. With respect to the performances in Yorick's time they were principally French and Italian farces, which, with the exception of some of Goldoni's, were of no very elevated character. The most celebrated composers of that day were Philidor and Duni, of whose music not a bar is now heard, notwithstanding the immortality which the critics of the time predicted for it,* and the actors who, most likely, contributed to Sterne's amusement, were *Cailleau*, *Clairval*, and *Mlle. Ruelle*. *Clairval* is within the recollection of many, and was one of the finest actors the Comic Opera ever produced. Among the many changes which habits and manners have undergone, it may be relevant to the subject to notice, that the performances at the theatres usually commenced between three and four o'clock, and concluded about eight. It was *after* the performance that Sterne called at the bookseller's, in the *Quai de Conti*, in his "return home," and that the adventure with the *femme de chambre* occurred; a circumstance which seems to require the explanation given.

Of the other places in Paris rendered celebrated by being mentioned in the "Journey," a short notice will suffice. The *Rue St. Pierre*, where dwelt Mad. R***, (only known to us as the mistress of a more important person, her *femme de chambre*) was described in a former paper. The *Bastille*, it is needless to say, no longer stands to terrify the careless traveller, who may have penetrated into the great city unprotected by a passport: the *Chatelet* too has disappeared, and nothing remains to attest its former existence, except its name, which it has bequeathed to the square now occupying its site. The last place we shall notice is the "lane leading from the Carousel to the Palais-Royal," where Yorick helped the dwarf over the gutter. This was the *Rue St. Nicaise*, the only opening then existing in that direction. It was in this very street a plot was laid, which, had it succeeded, would have prevented the battle of Moscow, deprived the English of an opportunity

* Gretry had not yet appeared, but it was at this theatre he produced his earliest and some of his best works. It is a curious fact, not generally known, that *L'Amant Jaloux*, *Les Écarts Imprevis* (two of the best operas on the French stage,) and *Midas*, were written by an Irishman, named Hales—gallicised *D'Hèle*. From one of these the *Gay Deceivers* is translated.

of gathering laurels in Spain, rendered them incapable of making Napoleon their prisoner, and, consequently, have secured that wonderful man against the possibility of terminating his life, as he did, at St. Helena. It was nothing less than the obstruction of his carriage on his way to the Opera, by placing athwart the doubly celebrated gutter the Infernal Machine ; a contrivance which, had it operated in time, would, in addition to the consequences above enumerated, have blown Buonaparte—it is difficult to say where ; and reduced Mr. Rennie to the necessity of devising some other appellation for his noble bridge than the one by which it is now distinguished. Buonaparte, however, escaped unhurt ; but, shortly after the event, the guilty *Rue St. Nicaise* was condemned to demolition, and, accordingly, the whole of it, together with its interesting gutter, was swept from off the face of Paris.

VERSAILLES.

From Paris, Yorick makes an excursion to Versailles, where the court was then held, where all the ministers and great public functionaries resided, and all state business was transacted. He is not without adventures here : the “ Passport,” the “ Address,” “ Character,” the “ *Patissier*,” are among the most interesting chapters of his book. The only places particularly alluded to, are, the spot where the poor Knight of St. Louis usually took his stand—near the iron gates which led up to the palace ; and the *Duc de Choiseul's* apartments ; during the approach to which, Sterne debates in his own mind the mode of “ Address.” There stands the melancholy palace as if in mockery of human vanity ! Its splendid halls, its far-stretching galleries and countless chambers, are void and desolate : the sounds of gaiety have ceased to vibrate in its theatre, the voice of prayer no more is heard within its gilded chapel. Yet there it stands, the tomb of kingly grandeur—a marble moral, an epigram, a bitter mockery ! You pace its lengthened floors, and its tenantless walls return the echo of your footsteps sickeningly upon the heart. Looking at what Versailles is, it is scarcely possible to believe what it has been. The iron gates, near which the *Patissier* usually took his stand, enclose the court-yard—not filled with carriages, pressing towards a minister's levee, as when Yorick “ wheeled round it ”—but still, silent, motionless, lifeless ! The town, too, is sad and gloomy. With its broad, unfrequented streets, verdant with tufts of grass which leisurely spring up between its untrodden stones, and with its huge, but thinly tenanted houses, it appears as if starving and hungering for a population.

This and a former paper have been devoted almost entirely to the tracing out of the several spots visited by Sterne in the course of his Journey ; to the record of the destruction of some, and of the transformation of others amongst them ; and to the proving of the identity of such as still exist. A more interesting task remains, that of applying a similar process in illustration of the wonderful truth and fidelity of his sketches of French character and manners. It may, perhaps, furnish matter for some future number.

SONNET.

WHILST the moon decks herself in Neptune's glass,
 And ponders o'er her image in the sea,
 Her cloudy locks smoothing from off her face
 That she may all as bright as beauty be ;
 It is my wont to sit upon the shore,
 And mark with what an even grace she glides
 Her two concurrent paths of azure o'er,
 One in the heav'ns, the other in the tides :
 Now with a transient veil her face she hides,
 And ocean blackens with a human frown ;
 Now her fine screen of vapour she divides,
 And looks with all her light of beauty down ;
 Her splendid smile o'er-silvering the main
 Spreads her the glass she looks into again.

OLD LONDON.

I was passing, said Khidr, a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants, "How long has this city been built?" but he said, "This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers." Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, "How long has this city been destroyed?" but he said, "The country has always been thus." And I said, "But there *was* a city here." Then he said, "We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers." After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, "When did this land become a lake?" and they said, "How can a man like you ask such a question—the place was never other than it is." "But heretofore," said I, "it was dry land;" and they said, "We never saw it so, nor heard it from our fathers." Then again, after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, "When did this spot become dry land?" and he said, "It was always thus." "But formerly," I said, "it was a lake;" and he said, "We never saw it nor heard of it before." And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, "When was this city built?" and he said, "Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its building—neither we nor our fathers."—*Translation of an Extract from Kazwini the Arabian Naturalist, in De Sacy's Chrestomathie Arabe, vol. iii. p. 417.*

If some Saint Leon or Wandering Jew, doomed a few thousand years ago to perpetual life, were to record the mutations of the site on which London now stands, we should doubtless perceive changes little less complete, although less imposing, than those described by the oriental

naturalist. But without the assistance of such an awfully long-liver as the veracious Khidr, we will endeavour to exhibit a few of the changes which have happened to the city from which we derive our name. We shall not, however, have occasion to go beyond one five hundred years to discover that hardly a vestige of its ancient lineaments remains. The wall and broad ditch which belted it about, and the gardens and pleasure grounds which ornamented its suburbs, have disappeared—the rivers which flowed through its streets have been all drunk up—the citizen can no longer enjoy a rural walk to Clerkenwell or the Miles End—the precincts of the city are deserted by the nobility, whose trains once thronged its streets; and the merchants and traders, who grow warm in its bosom, are glad to escape from its smoke. But we are not going to cant over “the good old times;” for we had, spite of the asseverations of our ancient sires and grandsires, rather view them through the perspective of five hundred years, and describe their peculiarities, than have lived within the sphere of their blessed influence. Let it not be supposed, however, that it is our intention to treat our readers with a wearisome “Walk round London;” we have no wish to employ any Jacob’s ladder to mount, or any Jacob’s staff to measure, its churches and monasteries, its battlements and towers of strength.

If we look, then, some five centuries back, we shall find that the covering of the ground has been almost entirely changed—that nearly all the old buildings have been succeeded by new, except the Tower, which seems indeed like the fortress in which Time has ensconced himself against that innovation whereto he has subjected all its vicinage: we seek in vain for the palaces and mansions of Old London; Tower Royal, called the Queen’s Wardrobe, where Richard II. and his mother lodged in the time of their trouble, retains no trace of regality but its name; Petty Wales, in Thames-street, the inn or lodging of the Princes of that portion of the Island, bears at present a more apt correspondence with its name; the ‘Treasures of the ‘Eastern Ind’ now load the site of Northumberland House, which formerly lorded it over the southern side of Fenchurch-street; Drapers’ Hall has arisen from the ashes of the spacious mansion of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex*; Stationers’

* A curious anecdote is related by Stow, of this personage’s regardlessness of the law of *meum and tuum*. “This house being finished,” says he, “and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, 22 feet to be measured forth-right into the north of every man’s ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be builded. My father had a house there, and there was a house standing close to his south-pale: this house they loosed from the ground and bare upon rowlers into my father’s garden 22 foot ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer (when he spake to the surveyors of that work) but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do: no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land. Thus much,” adds the antiquary, “of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves.”

Hall on the site of Pembroke Inn, afterwards called Abergavenny House, and Little Britain has become less since the Earls of Britain lived there. Warwick-lane, in which stood the Earl of Warwick's house, is now a continuous *butchery*, an appropriation possibly suggested by the custom in that noble family's household of frequently devouring six oxen to breakfast, or it may be from the famous Guy, who so skillfully performed the function of a butcher in flaying the terrible Dun Cow. The City Mansion House has succeeded the Stocks Market,* the great emporium for fish and flesh; and the little cottage in which the public business of the City was transacted previously to 1400, has grown into the Guildhall.

But if trade has seized on the situations which fashion deserted, trade itself has had its migrations. The grass or herb market is no longer confined to Gracechurch or Grass-street; the chief, if not the only corn merchant on the Cornhill is the very erudite chiropedist,† he who makes the lame to walk and the pained foot to dance for joy, the small shoe physician, the *sole* surgeon and king of corns; Birchin-lane is denuded of drapery and drapers—the Poultry is no longer kept warm by its condimental neighbours, the pepperers‡ of Bucklersbury; the noble army of quadrupedal martyrs no longer smokes daily along the whole line of East Cheap, once the seat of good cheer and the scene of immortal reveling; in Bread-street, formerly the only market for the staff of life, we do not know that there is a single baker; the bullion of Lombard-street is by a facile sort of alchymy turned into paper; and the merchants, instead of meeting twice a day at that ancient bourse, now hardly congregate once on the Royal Exchange.§ Where do we find that *too* civil out-door solicitation to spend our money, which was formerly practised by all tradesmen who sought to thrive, but in Moorfields, where to be sure a no is still a negative pregnant of a fresh invitation?

Ships were not always confined below London Bridge, but rode gallantly through the drawbridge at the end of it to Queenhythe, formerly the chief mart for landing goods, a privilege which it first divided with Billingsgate, and afterwards, on the destruction of the drawbridge in 1553, lost altogether. It is a singular fact, that in 1114 the water was so dried up between the Tower and London Bridge, that not only men on horseback, but women and children, waded over the river on foot.

Nor is the alteration in the general aspect and size of the City less remarkable than in these minor particulars. The City itself, that is, so much as was enclosed by the wall, was of no great compass; this wall was in the form of a bow, the Thames forming the string, and was,

* So called from there having been stocks there.

† This wight dwells in Leadenhall-street, formerly part of Cornhill.

‡ Grocers, so called.

§ The Old Change was merely for the reception and coining of the King's bullion.

exclusive of the part adjoining the river, only about two miles and two hundred yards in length. It appears to have been built at a very early period. Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., remarks that "the wall was high and great, well towered on the north side with due distance between the towers;" and that "on the south side also the city was walled and towered, but the fishful river of Thames had long since subverted them." At this period, the City wall commenced from the White Tower in the East; but towards the close of the twelfth century it was broken down at that point for the purpose of the Tower being surrounded by a wall and ditch, a measure which was occasioned by the dissensions excited by Prince, afterwards King John. At a place still called the Iron Gate, stood a wall belonging to the Hospital of Saint Katherine; and a little to the north, was a garden belonging to the same hospital, rented by the King at six marks or 2*l.* a year; both of which were required for the purposes of the Tower Ditch. Our pious informant is greatly scandalized that no compensation was made to the poor brethren of St. Katherine's for this appropriation of their property; but the poor brethren, like most objects of superstitious or charitable bounty, had the faculty of long memories, and after one hundred and forty years' perseverance, obtained an indemnification for the loss of their ground. Tower Hill, to which the garden adjoined, was without the walls, and was occupied by noblemen's houses and gardens, and the northern part by a nunnery of the order of St. Clare, who had a farm there, and from whom the street was subsequently called the Minories. After the construction of the Tower Ditch, the city wall commenced at the postern adjoining it on the north-west part, and proceeded thence along the east side of Trinity-square up to Aldgate. From this gate, without the walls, commenced Portsoken Ward or Knighten Guild, so named from its having been granted to thirteen knights, on condition of certain knightly achievements which they very manfully performed; and just within the gate stood the church of the Holy Trinity, founded in the time of Henry I., who made a grant to that foundation of the Knighten Guild, in right of which, the prior of the church was admitted an alderman of the City, sat in the court, and accompanied the civic processions robed like the rest of the aldermen. On the dissolution of this priory, it was granted to Thomas Lord Audley, who converted it into a mansion, and dwelt there during his life: after his death it became the property of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, by marriage with the Lord Audley's daughter, and thence received the name of Duke's Place—that name it still retains, but it has undergone a singular change in the use to which it is applied, and in the character of its inhabitants; from being the tripod of the Holy Trinity, it has become the sanctum of the High Priest of the Hebrews, and the retreat of Judaism.

From Aldgate, the wall ran on the west side of Houndsditch to Bishopsgate church. Houndsditch, the derivation of which is obvious

enough, was originally applied to the whole of the City ditch; the part which still retains the name had then only a few detached cottages on its banks inhabited by bed-ridden people, who were placed on beds in low windows that they might catch the eye of ambulatory charity, for it was then the custom of charitable persons of both sexes to lay up a store in heaven by repairing to Houndsditch every Friday for the purpose of bestowing alms. On the east side of it was a fair field much frequented by the citizens for exercise and recreation. This street afterwards became the rookery of what were called usurers, and is now nearly all one large clothes warehouse. From Bishopsgate Church the wall extended on the inside of Moorfields, a marsh which when frozen was the scene of many brumal feats, to Cripplegate, so named from the many beggars who there solicited charity; thence to Aldersgate-street, to Newgate, which, like most of the entrance gates of towns, was used as a prison; to Ludgate; and from this ancient monument of King Lud, to Fleet-bridge; and then turning down Bridge-street to the Thames. Such were the narrow boundaries of the City; its liberties and wards, however, occupied a considerable space without the walls.

There is not perhaps a more striking alteration in the aspect of the City than in the disappearance of the streams which flowed through different parts of it; for it *was* watered by other streams besides the Thames. In the east was the brook or bourne called Lang Bourne, from its length, it is said; but it was probably christened by some long-headed person who had no very clear conception of distance; for although John Stow, our great authority on this occasion, describes it as "a great stream," it seems to have had its source in the fenny ground of Fenchurch-street; it took its course down that street along Lombard-street, and then turning south broke into small rills down Sherborne or Share-bourne-Lane, and thence flowed into the Thames. Lang-bourne Ward derives its name from this stream. Another very considerable stream was that of Wall-brook (so called from its flowing through the City wall), which had several bridges over it, and divided the City north and south. Wall-brook entered the City wall (before there was any ditch), on the north side near Moorfields, and wound its serpentine way through Lothbury and Bucclersbury on the back of Wall-brook, and down Elbow-lane into the Thames. This must have been a considerable body of water, since it is related that barges were rowed up at the back of Wall-brook to Barge House, now called Barge Yard in Bucclersbury: some idea of its force may be formed from an accident which is recorded to have happened in it; it was on one occasion, after a heavy rain, so rapid that a youth of 18 years of age in attempting to leap across it was washed away and drowned before any assistance could be rendered him. It was afterwards arched over and made level with the street, and being thus put *au secret* we must terminate our history of it.

A little more westerly, but without the walls, flowed the River of Wells, so called from several wells or springs falling into it. Another

stream in the west suburbs, called Old-bourne (Holborn), was also tributary to it. The River of Wells appears to have taken its rise at a considerable distance from the City; it ran under Oldbourne-bridge down Fleet-market, and under Fleet-bridge into the Thames, and from the following record was, one may suppose, a much larger stream than either of the others. In the year 1305, Henry Earl of Lincoln complained to Parliament "that in times past the course of water running at London, under Oldbourne-bridge and Fleet-bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships, navies, at once with merchandizes were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Oldbourne-bridge;" but that the same was then decayed by filth, wharfs, mills, &c. In consequence of this representation, the river was cleaned for three miles. The encroachments upon it afterwards became greater and more numerous; it lost the name of river, and became a brook, under the denomination of Turn-mill or Tre-mill brook, from the mills erected upon it; from a brook it dwindled into a ditch, and from a ditch to nothing.

Besides these waters there was, in almost every lane or street, a well for supplying the inhabitants with water. But the supply being considerably diminished by buildings erected upon the banks of and over the streams, and by heightening the ground, it became necessary to seek for supplies elsewhere; in 1236 therefore Henry III. granted to the citizens the liberty of conveying water in leaden pipes from Tyburn. The first cistern "castellated with stone" was the Great Conduit in West Cheap (Cheapside), which was commenced in 1285; then followed the Tun in Cornhill, and conduits in different parts of the City. At length (in 1582) Thames water was conveyed into the City from London-bridge by means of a forcer, and a few years afterwards another forcer was constructed an Broken-wharf for the purpose of supplying the *west* end, that is about St. Paul's Church-yard. Then followed in 1608 the New-river, by which Sir Hugh Middleton distinguished himself.

Nor has the change in the manners and habits of our citizens been less remarkable: we have nothing so primitive as the practice of the citizens issuing from the gate to recreate themselves besides the fair well of sweet water hight Clerkenwell; or as the "brave prentices" exercising themselves in the evening at their masters' doors with their "wasters and bucklers;" or as the maidens dancing for garlands hung across the street, or capering round the great may-pole in Cornhill, which was higher than the church near which it stood. One of the exercises of the citizens which they performed in the streets was "running the quintin," which continued to be practised until the reign of James I. The quintin was a mark in shape resembling the head of a battle axe fixed upon a pole and turning on a pivot; the narrow end had a sand bag appended to it; and the game consisted in the young men running a tilt on horse-back at the broad end; he that did not hit it, or, hitting it, did not escape with sufficient celerity to prevent a sound bang on the back of

the neck from the sand bag, was well laughed at for his pains; but he that hit and got away without this sportful salutation was entitled to the prize. Sometimes, however, the citizens made distant migrations to such places as the Mile's-end for the exercises of leaping, dancing, shooting, and wrestling, and on May-day they probably performed a journey to Stepney-wood; "On May-day morning," says the imaginative Stow, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds;" a practice in which they were sanctioned by that mild promoter of hilarity Henry VIII; his attachment to May games and Maying is recorded by Hall, who particularly mentions, that in the seventh year of his reign he with his Queen rode a Maying to Shooter's hill, where 200 tall yeomen clothed in green, with a Robin Hood for their leader, shot with bows and arrows before them. But "evil May-day" came, and Maying and May games ceased, the May garlands withered, and the May-poles never rose again. This evil May-day derived its name from a riot on that day in the year 1517, occasioned by the apprentices and others who were jealous of the commercial prosperity of the alien merchants, and endeavoured to drive them from the City. The history of the May-pole of Cornhill is quite eventful: after partly giving name to the church of St. Andrew *Undershaft* (the tower being lower than the shaft), it was in consequence of the riot suspended on hooks in front of a row of neighbouring houses, where it remained for 32 years, until its peaceful retirement was invaded by one Sir Stephen, a hot-headed zealot, who denounced it at Paul's Cross as an idol, probably conceiving it to be one of Satan's walking sticks, though by no means so awful a one as that which Milton gives him. Such was the potency of Sir Stephen's eloquence that on that very day (a Sunday too), the good people in front of whose houses this horrible instrument of the evil one was hung up, attacked and with great labour forced it off the hooks, sawed it in pieces, and notwithstanding it savoured of Satan, each of them took so much as had been on his premises, and thus made a compromise between heaven and hell. The citizens, however, still retained the pageantry of the night watches, which continued until 1539. The following curious account of them is extracted from Stow:—

On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul the Apostles, every mans door being shaddowed with green Birch, long Fennel, Saint Johns wort, orpin, white Lilies and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautifull flowers, and also Lamps of glass, with oile burning in them all night; some hung out branches of Iron curiously wrought containing hundreds of Lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew, namely in new Fish Street, Thames-street, &c. Then had ye besides the standing watches, all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a marching watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little Conduit by Pauls gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then back down Fenchurch street by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit and up Grass Church street into Cornhill, and through it into

West Cheap again, and so broke up, the whole way ordered for this marching watch, extended to 3200 Taylors yards of assize, for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every Constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset; the charge of every Cresset was in light two shillings four pence, and every Cresset had 9 men, one to bear or hold it, and another to heare a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2000. The marching watch contained in number 2000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be Captaines, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Corporals, &c. Wifflers, Drummers, and Fifes, Standard and Ensigne bearers, Sword-players, Trumpeters on horseback, Demi-launcers on great horses, Gunners with hand-guns or half hakes, Archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the brest and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their sides, Pike-men in bright Corslets, Burganets &c. Holbards, the like Billmen in Almaine Rivets, and Apens of Mayle in great number.

There were also divers Pageants, Morris dancers, Constables, the one half which was 120 on St. Johns Eve, the other half on St. Peters Eve in bright harness, some over gilt, and every one a jorinet of scarlet thereupon and a chain of gold; his Hench-man following him, his minstrels before him and his Cresset light passing by him; the Waits of the City, the Mayors Officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of Worsted or Say Jackets, party coloured, the Mayor himself well mounted on horsebacke, the Sword bearer before him in faire armour, well mounted, also the Maior's footmen, and the like Torch-bearers about him; Hench-men twain, upon great stirring horses following him. The Sheriffs watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Maiors, for where the Maior had besides his giant three Pageants; each of the Sheriffs had besides their giants, but two Pageants; each their Morris dance, and one Hench-man, their officers in Jackets of Worsted, or Say, party coloured, differing from the Maiors and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c.

Modern processions are mere puppet plays to those of ancient days, in which the citizens found frequent occasions of indulging themselves; as for example—On the coronation of the Queen of Henry III. they rode to meet her and the King clothed in long garments, embroidered with gold, and in silks of various colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand. But in 1593 the citizens assembled at Mile-end "all in bright harness with coats of white silk, of cloth and chains of gold in three great battles to the number of 15,000 which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the sanctuary and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Holborn."

Other instances of civic, and also of individual magnificence, might be added; but these, as well as many curious things relative to the City, we must at present pretermit, having fulfilled our intention, which was merely to bring together a few remarkable facts for the purpose of conveying some, though a slight, notion of Old London.

THE STRANGER: A ROMANCE.

BY THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.

M. D'ARLINCOURT is a young man remarkable for a handsome person, considerable wealth, and boundless absurdity. His character is singular, and affords nearly as much diversion to the Parisians, as that of the noble rival of Louis XVIII. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault. M. d'Arlincourt began his career by taking to himself the title of Viscount. He had one day occasion to write to M. de Cazes, then Minister, and his name being Victor, he signed his letter, V. d'Arlincourt. The Secretary, who wrote the Minister's answer, mistook this V. for the initial of Vicomte, and addressed his letter, "To M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt." The author of Ipsiboé lost no time in giving permanence and publicity to his newly acquired title, by causing it to be instantly engraved on his visiting cards. From this act his celebrity arose. It has been confirmed, not by the incredible impudence with which he himself writes articles in the journals, in which he speaks of his own works, as other people are wont to speak of those of Voltaire—this is the commonest of all things among the *litterateurs* of France, and has already been adopted with eminent success by Messieurs Chateaubriand, Jouy, Etienne, Keratry, and Arnaut; all masters in the art of getting up a reputation. The peculiar distinction of the *inversive Viscount* (if we may be allowed to translate the prefix with which the Parisians have been kind enough still farther to illustrate his name, and of which we shall say more hereafter) is, that having written an article of seven columns for the *Journal des Débats*, when he saw it in print he actually believed in the justice of all the praises he had bestowed upon himself. It is this very remarkable instance of naïve absurdity which renders him worthy to be compared to Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault.

We premise that our readers must have a good opinion of our veracity to believe some of the incidents in the literary life of the Viscount, with which we shall present them. We honestly confess that they pass all fair and recognized limits of absurdity too far not to have a startling air of improbability. Our readers may, however, rely on the perfect truth of all we relate. Our only difficulty is that of selecting among the *mots* which have brought M. d'Arlincourt so much into fashion with our gay neighbours.

There is at Paris a bookseller named Dalibon, who publishes a series of portraits of the great men of France. Three months ago, he had already published engravings of Racine, Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau. One day, at about two o'clock, the hour at which a good many literary loungers are commonly to be found in Dalibon's shop, the Viscount d'Arlincourt's carriage stopped at the door.

* L'Etrangère par le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. 2 Vols. Paris, 1825.

MARCH, 1825.

2 E

"You know me, Sir, without doubt?" said the Viscount, entering, to the bookseller. "No, Sir, I have not that honour." "Incredible!—Well, you see before you the author of the *Caroleïde*, of *Ipsiboé*, and the *Renegade*. You have already published portraits of *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Molière*, &c. do you not intend to give mine to the world?" The bookseller, who is not deficient in shrewdness, threw a significant glance on the *litterati* assembled in his shop, and answered, "M. le Vicomte, I was indeed thinking of doing so." "Very well, I have brought you my portrait ready engraved." At these words, the Viscount motioned to one of his superbly liveried footmen to deliver an enormous parcel of engravings to M. Dalibon. "You will, doubtless, advertise my portrait. Two words will suffice. I have just scrawled this in pencil as I rode hither. It should be simple and modest. You may just say, 'Having offered to the public portraits of *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Molière*, *La Fontaine*, and *Boileau*, it appears to me that I cannot more appropriately complete the collection than by enriching it with that of M. d'Arlincourt, so long eagerly demanded by all Europe.'" Every body has been to buy this engraving at Dalibon's, where the purchasers have, into the bargain, the pleasure of seeing this little advertisement in the hand-writing of the noble author.

A lady, who had no personal knowledge of the illustrious Viscount, lately went to pay a visit to his wife. He came in at eleven o'clock, approached the lady, and exclaimed, "Ah, Madam, what a delicate attention! How sensible I am to this ingenious mark of your admiration!" The lady thought him mad, made the best reply she could, and understood nothing of his compliment. "I should, undoubtedly, Sir, be most happy to do any thing to give you pleasure, but I am not conscious—" "How, Madam," replied the Viscount, with great animation, "you do not perceive that your waist ribbon is *bleu Elodie*?" We must just stop to remark that *Elodie* is the name of one of his heroines; and that the shopkeepers of Paris always seize upon the present object of public attention, whether heroic or ridiculous, to give a name to the newest fashion. Some curious, and not very translatable instances of this might be quoted; but we shall content ourselves with saying, that the Viscount seriously believed the lady in question had chosen her waist ribbon of *Elodia blue* in order to do him honour.

The lady did not care to undeceive him; and being for the first time in the company of a person so celebrated, she endeavoured to draw him into conversation. "You have, doubtless, just been enjoying a new triumph of your genius?" "Yes, Madam," replied the Viscount, to her no small astonishment. "Those poor theatres on the Boulevards are only kept in existence by my romances. I must encourage them by my presence. I am now come from the first representation of the '*Mont-Sauvage*' at the *Ambigu-Comique*. I took *Chateaubriand* there."

The Viscount began his literary career by an epic poem, entitled the *Caroleïde*, the *niaiserie* of which surpasses all belief. Since the decline

and fall of the reputation of the Abbé Delille, nobody in France reads verses. As soon as the Viscount had printed his poem, he sedulously applied himself to the cultivation of a reputation by the most efficient of all means. He gave two dinners per week; to these feasts none but editors of journals were invited. In spite, however, of the exquisite cheer, the journalists would soon have begun to refuse his invitations; but the public, to its infinite satisfaction, discovered that Madame d'Arlincourt had claims upon its attention scarcely less remarkable than those of her husband. This lady, who is young, pretty, and of good family, blushes at hearing Lord Byron compared to M. d'Arlincourt. She is fully persuaded of the superiority of the latter. She seldom takes an airing in the Bois de Boulogne without stopping her carriage at the door of some bookseller, where she buys one of her husband's works. On her return home, she says to him in the tenderest manner, "My love, I could not resist my intense desire of reading such a passage in your *Ipsiboé*, or your *Renegade*."

The Viscount sat for his portrait to the celebrated Robert Lefevre. The artist, at the urgent and repeated request of the Viscount, painted the eyes of an enormous size, and extremely like those of an ox. When the picture was finished, he took his wife to see it. The Viscountess was shocked at the smallness of the eyes. "Your portrait Sir, (said she to Robert Lefevre), is not without some merit, but you have unfortunately entirely missed the character of M. d'Arlincourt's countenance. You shall see. *Mon ami, fais tes yeux*,"* said she, turning to the author of *Ipsiboé*. This expression of Madame d'Arlincourt is now safely lodged in the treasury of the French language. It has passed into a proverb. When any one desires to have a flattering likeness of himself, he is pretty sure to be told "*Mon ami, fais tes yeux*."

Whenever the Viscount is preparing to publish some new *chef d'œuvre*, he bespeaks support and applause for it (*appuyer d'avance* is the Parisian expression, we have none so good), by eight or ten dinners given to the *litterateurs* of the lowest class, who gain a subsistence by writing for the inferior journals. At one of the dinners given to bolster up *l'Etrangère*, which was published about a month ago, the Viscount said, speaking of his brother, General d'Arlincourt, "I pity my brother, the General; he has a beautiful family, he has just acquired an income of 1,400,000 francs, but he has not genius. I can assure you, gentlemen, that literary genius is beyond all other gifts of nature or fortune." Whenever, which rarely happens, he is silent at these dinners, there is an unfailing receipt for making him talk. One of the guests has only to mention Sir Walter Scott, or M. Marchangy; either of these names puts him in a passion. "There are some men," he exclaims, "stupid

* After the most mature deliberation on the capabilities of the English language, we are obliged to confess that this expression does not lie within its compass, and that to those who are so unhappy as not to understand the original, the eloquence of the Viscountess must remain unknown.

enough to prefer Sir Walter Scott to me. I must confess, however, that *he* has some merit ; but what words can be found to characterize people who can read Marchangy ?" In this, it must be allowed, the Viscount is right enough. M. de Marchangy is a Procureur-General of the Court of Justice at Paris, who, with a probity equal to his genius, is continually inventing the most atrocious calumnies against all those who are obnoxious to Ministers, and who are the objects of government prosecutions. In a country like France, where the dead are always in the wrong, M. Marchangy is not odious, he is only ridiculous. He has published a work in eight volumes, in imitation of Chateaubriand, called *La Gaule Poétique*.* M. de Marchangy, in virtue of his place, compelled the journals to admit thirty or forty articles, written by himself (which his exquisite style makes sufficiently evident), on his *Gaule Poétique*. This trash has thus been pushed to a third edition. This third edition it is which stirs the bile of the Viscount when he sees it in the bookseller's advertisements.

In order to prepare a successful appearance for *l'Etrangère*, the Viscount wrote a pretty little letter to every one of the two hundred men of letters, great and small, who work for the journals. Of these letters, which are all different, it has fallen to our lot to see but one. In that were the following words: "It must be confessed, that it is admirable," speaking of his *Etrangère*. Not contented with these letters, he actually visited every individual of these two hundred unhappy men who labour in the journals. He addressed them thus: "Well, my dear friend, do you give me your word of honour to write a good article on my new work? I must have it done within forty-eight hours of its publication. It is not for myself I speak ; my reputation is established throughout Europe. I am translated into eleven languages, (this is the precise fact. So true is it, "qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire").

We ought to observe that M. d'Arlincourt prints editions of two hundred copies each. In this he has been imitated by the Corypheus of the society "*Des Bonnes Lettres*," M. Hugo. This personage having composed a frightful romance, called *Han d'Islande*, had the extraordinary folly to agree with his bookseller Persan, *in writing*, for three simultaneous editions of *Han*. M. Hugo having quarrelled with Persan, Persan prints this curious treaty in a literary journal called the *Pandora*.

If we have hitherto spoken only of the personal character of M. d'Arlincourt, it is because the extreme assurance with which that writer puffs himself will give our readers some notion of what is commonly passing in the literary world of Paris—the reflecting men of that capital feel deeply the want of an *impartial review*. It is a lamentable fact that

* It is a catalogue or sketch of all the subjects for poems or tragedies which might be taken from the history of France.

out of twenty articles in the Paris journals, it is impossible to find more than one, and scarcely that, written with impartiality.

We shall now proceed with our criticism of *l'Etrangère*. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Arthur, Count of Ravenstel, the hero of the romance (for M. d'Arlincourt, however he may affect to admire Shakspeare and Walter Scott, gives in to the old absurdity of French romance writers, and *has a hero*)—this Count of Ravenstel, this hero of the romance, comes to the castle of Montholin in Brittany, to marry the young and beautiful Isolette. The heroine unites, as she is bound to do, all the graces to all the virtues; she falls in love with Arthur at first sight; but this hero of the thirteenth century (we must be careful not to forget the epoch) thinks that the expression of her countenance and figure is not sufficiently melancholy or *ideal*; and the young Arthur, who has been educated by a *systematic philosopher*, named Olburge, in all the *vagueness of hyperbolical theories*, finds in his heart no enthusiasm for the simple Isolette. She produces precisely the same effect on him as the daughter of the Baron of Bradwardin does upon Waverley. There is another reason for the indifference of the handsome Arthur. In passing near the castle of Karency, he saw the *windows* of the prison where dwelt the celebrated Agnes de Méranie, the repudiated Queen of Philip Augustus. The prisons in the reign of that monarch were guarded with a liberality and an humanity which do infinite honour to the heart of the Viscount d'Arlincourt. Arthur goes to Karency, and is introduced into the castle in order that he may obtain a sight of the Princess; but, oh admirable sagacity! oh delicate and mysterious sympathy of a lofty, noble, and truly aristocratic heart! a heart, in short, worthy of the creative pencil of a noble Viscount! Arthur experiences no emotion at the sight of Agnes. Can our readers doubt the cause of his insensibility? The Agnes he saw was but une fausse Agnès, a *sham Agnes*.

There had been for a considerable time a sort of female "Black Dwarf," in the neighbourhood of Karency. This was a mysterious solitary woman, dressed in white garments, and inhabiting a white house. She was (to use the expression of the author) neither maid nor wife, and yet she was innocent. The instant the handsome Arthur catches a glimpse of this woman, his noble heart prefers the outcast of the valley to the heiress of the castle; the reasons which determine his choice are, that the stranger is paler than Isolette, that she had a more *vague* smile, and, moreover, that her white house and her white gown present an appearance of moral sublimity.

The stranger loves Arthur, but repels his homage; Isolette, neglected, weeps and sighs. Arthur, by way of agreeable excitement, commits the most horrible crimes, and, after he has enjoyed all the satisfaction these can produce, he kills himself. Philip Augustus recalls to his court the Queen, Agnes de Méranie, who, not being able to survive the beautiful Arthur, dies also. Isolette shuts herself up in a convent.

All these workings of the passions are described in the style in which the *passions* are represented in the melodramas of the Boulevards; that is to say, in no one instance does it happen to the author to catch a glimpse of what really passes in the human heart. A man of good sense, were he compelled to translate *into French* the romance of the Stranger, would find it impossible to adopt a single line of M. d'Arlincourt. Nor do we here refer to the style. The Viscount has long been known at Paris by the name of *le Vicomte inversif*; his claims to this title rest upon such sentences as the following:

"De l'Aurore materiale Arthur appercevait les premiers rayons."

"Des langueurs de l'Aurore, faut-il donc peindre la noble mélancholie?"

M. d'Arlincourt has borrowed from M. de Chateaubriand the peculiar appropriateness of his images.

The stranger, accused of a murder, is conveyed before the tribunal of an Abbey, she enters, and "*elle semble une des lunes de la nuit.*" Philip Augustus receives the apposite and descriptive surname of *l'Apollon de Lutèce*.

Like all men of genius, and like a great many fools, the Viscount d'Arlincourt has a style which it is impossible to mistake. The preface to the Stranger, which consists of forty-eight pages, is rendered very curious by this circumstance: Instead of paying some French or English journal to insert this as an article; the author, it appears, found it more convenient to print it in the form of a preface.

The pretended editor of the Stranger, who, as the Journal des Débats says of M. de Chateaubriand, *signs his name to every page of his writings*, this editor, who, as every body perceives, is no other than *le Vicomte inversif* himself, sets out with moderate praises of M. d'Arlincourt, and of his first romance, entitled, *Le Solitaire*:

"Le Solitaire eut une destinée étonnante; les journaux retentissent d'éloges, ils admirent la pureté du style, l'elegance des phrases, la force des caractères, la grace des images, et la vigueur des pensées. Ce fut un cri général d'admiration non seulement en France mais en Europe."

This beginning is said to have been extremely painful and difficult to the author. The noble Viscount, to whom exaggeration is so habitual, was obliged, in the foregoing lines, to attenuate and enfeeble his conceptions. And on such a theme too! a theme which obviously fills his whole heart and mind.

But it has been remarked, that affectation soon betrays itself in ardent and noble souls. The noble Viscount soon bursts the fetters of this assumed moderation, and exclaims, "que son auteur (i. e. himself) possède tout ce qui fait vivre les ouvrages, *c'est à dire, l'imagination, la hardiesse, la chaleur, l'invention sur tout,*" he adds, that "tous les arts, la peinture, la sculpture, la poésie, la musique, sur les mécaniques, la gravure, la lithographie, &c. &c. ont reproduit les différentes scènes dramatiques dont abondent ses productions. La mode y a pris ses couleurs, et la marine, a donné à ses bâtimens les noms des héros de M. d'Arlincourt."

"Venez chez M. Becher, le libraire de M. d'Arlincourt," cries M. d'Arlincourt himself, "vous y verrez les ouvrages du noble Vicomte traduits en Anglais, en Allemand, en Italien, en Espagnol, en Hollandois, en Danois, en Portugais, en Polonais, en Suédois, en Russe, et enfin en Grec."

The Viscount forgets that his romance of Ipsiboé was published entire in certain English papers. About eight months ago we remember that a weekly literary paper inserted, week after week, and to the infinite astonishment of its readers, the whole of that romance; whether with any considerable pecuniary advantages resulting therefrom to itself we are unable to say. M. d'Arlincourt is very intimately acquainted with several of the London journals. He informs his readers that one of them says, "The Renegade has no model—perhaps no equal. It is truly the work of a man of genius." Another, whose taste is apparently not so good, goes no further than to say that "the Renegade is one of the best books France has produced." As we wish not to expose too many of our countrymen to the formidable laugh of Paris, we will not quote three other English reviews, which have regaled their readers with similar remarks on this same illustrious Renegade, which is to be put on the same shelf with the Siècle de Louis XIV., the Lettres Persanes, the Caractères de la Bruyère, the Lettres Provinciales of Pascal, and some other good books which France has produced.

As for Ipsiboé, some English reviews have actually affirmed that it is equal to the chefs d'œuvres of Walter Scott; but the Caroleïde, which is "*an extraordinary production*," has drawn from the most profound and enlightened critics the confession that M. d'Arlincourt has given to France an epic poem. The editor closes this string of encomiums by the most amusing sentence in the whole book,—"*Je m'arrête*," cries he, with great gravity. Good God! how much farther did he propose to go? He has already applied to himself expressions which would be hyperbolical if applied to Voltaire, to Racine, to Montesquieu, to Molière, to any of the greatest men France has produced.

It has been said of M. d'Arlincourt, "He who is not rich enough to be simple with impunity, loads himself with finery, and fancies himself magnificent." This may be applied with no less justice to M. de Marchangy, to M. de Chateaubriand, to M. de Freyssinous. And among other astonishing productions which have appeared in the journals of the last month, we refer our readers to the speech addressed by M. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, to his Majesty Charles X. on receiving him in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, on the 21st of December.

But to sum up M. d'Arlincourt's merits. He is a young man of great imagination, a little, very little talent, and an immense fortune. When we speak of his fortune as immense, we confine ourselves to the effect of his wealth on his literary fame: four thousand a year is indeed a very considerable income in France, but not an *immense* one. But as M. d'Arlincourt sees fit to expend at least eight hundred a year of it on articles in the journals, its influence on his celebrity is indeed *immense*.

We should be unwilling to swear that there is a single one of the *eleven* translators of the Viscount's works who has not received some proof of the author's grateful sense of the importance of his labours. M. d'Arlincourt has had the address even to obtain the suffrage of M. Hoffman, editor of the *Journal des Débats*, a veteran critic of seventy-four, remarkable for his severity, and, formerly, for his talents. M. Hoffman has not received money ; but, like the illustrious and patriotic deputies of France, he could not resist a dozen *Dindes truffées*. The effect of their allurements is sufficiently obvious in the articles in his paper, in which he has the courage to puff *l'Etrangère*.

GIPSEY SONG.

(FOR MUSIC.)

1.

WE are come—we are come,
From a rich and warm *countrée* :
We have neither trump nor drum,
Yet we'll sing to thee.

2.

We've no harp—we've no lute,
Stringed bass, nor evening bell,
Nor the soft and pining flute
Which thou lov'st so well.

3.

But our voice—and our pipe,
These will sleeping passions move ;
One is rich, the other ripe,
And our song is—Love !

4.

What is Love ?—an odorous life,
Sweeter than the sweetest sins :
'Tis a warm and wanton strife,
Where the vanquish'd wins.

5.

Love is hope—Love is wealth,
Rich possession, rare employ,
Honest though't be got by stealth,
Earth's divinest joy !

AMANTE.

A WORD WITH BLACKWOOD IN HIS OWN WAY :

ON THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ. NO. IV. IN
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

WHAT a surfeit of Cockney prejudice and gross flim-flams has Blackwood given us in this posthumous letter of Charles Edwards, Esq.—Posthumous letter too—not a bit of it! Charles Edwards is no more dead than I am,—such an animal as he does not die so soon, “Heaven sends its favourites early doom,” but that manner of man will live a century, merely because he is an eye-sore, a most foul and nasty blot on the face of the world. The perpetrator of the farrago before me shams dead in order to take the benefit of the maxim, “De mortuis nil nisi bonum,” but the stratagem shall not serve his turn, I will wake him from his trance, or my name is not Pickle; or, if he be indeed dead, I will kill him again, for as the tender-hearted little angel says in *The Children in the Wood*, “such a villain can’t be too dead.”

This Charles Edwards I take to be some miserable Cockney who has never seen the light of day, except on leave on an odd Sunday; he has, all his life, been screwed to a tall stool in some dark recess of the city, or has served in some shop where candles are perpetually burning, till his powers of vision have been utterly destroyed; he has unceasingly masticated the slices of cow’s hides, by courtesy called beef steaks, till the faint sense which niggard nature bestowed on his dull palate has become utterly paralysed; and he has flirted with scullions and kitchen wenches till he has acquired a taste in female beauty akin to that which Russians have in feeding—a decided preference for the blubber. And this manner of man, so qualified for observation, gets “a oliday,” as he would call it, betakes himself to Paris, and disgraces us there for three weeks; then with the matchless impertinence which distinguishes his tribe, he utters opinions on a thousand things totally above his narrow comprehension, such as cookery, manners, dress, gallantry, the graces of the women, &c.; and, to sum up all, he has the effrontery to canvass the relative merits of the two great capitals, as if he could know any thing of either beyond the *estaminets* of the one and the pot-houses of the other, chucking London and Paris into the scales *quam familiariter*, and pronouncing their respective weights to a fraction, just as though they were the figs and raisins of his native shop. Like all Cockneys, great is his talk about St. Paul’s, and Somerset House, and Westminster Abbey, and the Adelphi; and frequent his allusions to Seven Dials, and Spitalfields, and Wapping, and such unknown lands; and wonderful his triumph over the French, because the Thames is wider than the Seine, and the London coal heavers bigger and blacker than their brethren of Paris; but when the cit presumes to pass judgment on the French women, their dress, style, &c. I could find it in my heart to strike him dead with my wife’s fan. Before I proceed to examples, however, I must crave a

licence which the subject demands. In the course of this article, it is possible that I may address myself to Mr. Edwards, in which case I trust the reader will excuse the style which I may think it necessary to adopt on such occasions. Blackwood's writers will not understand me unless I speak to them in their own language ; and any freedoms of the tongue which I may therefore take in this controversy will, I hope, be placed to the true account—my anxiety to be clearly understood by the object of my strictures ; one must talk to these people in their own manner. Having doubtless secured a plenary indulgence by this explanation, I shall now go on to show up the flim-flams of Charles Edwards, Esq. In page 662, this most critical of Cocknies makes the following discovery (he writes from Paris).

“ Certain it is, that both as to personal attraction and as to the dressing,” “ figure,” &c. upon which the French affect to plume themselves, they “ stand, take them in equal numbers, incomparably below the English. Awkward as the people who come here are, many of them, in that which appertains to rank or fashion, *you never meet a well dressed man or woman in the streets, but you find that they are English.*” As much English as your language, Mr. Charles Edwards, is English. The assertion is false, notoriously false, and John Bull, his wife and family, if they retain one particle of honesty, would toss the booby in a blanket for paying them so fulsome a compliment. The English women can boast more beauty than any women in the world, but they are not equal to the French in air or manner, their material is very fine, but they do not make the most of it, they put on their clothes ill and do not understand the concords of dress ; you may constantly observe a want of *agreement* in their attire, some ambitious piece of finery which does not accord with the whole, which is, in a word, out of keeping ; they are apt to be given to particular points of show, instead of studying general effect. Of course there are many exceptions ; you will find English women who dress as well as any French women, but you will never see a French woman dressed so ill as some English women. The English are very servile imitators of the French fashions, as every one knows, except Charles Edwards, of Blackwood ; and the French fashions are generally very fantastic, and, to my fancy, very frightful ; but the French women are *at home* in them, and the English are not, consequently the latter look embarrassed and awkward ; they think more too of the fashion and quality of their clothes than of the nice art of putting them on, which is a great fault—I will take a very simple article by way of example. Observe the skill with which a French woman arranges the folds of a shawl, and adjusts the fall of it from her shoulders ; nothing can be more neat and compact than the appearance of it, and you are in no pain lest it should fall off. But how slovenly does the same article look on nine hundred and ninety-nine English women out of a thousand ; it flies away from the shoulders like the tail of a comet, or it clings exactly where it is most unseemly for garments to cling to the female person, or else it

threatens to tumble off, or does every thing, in short, but what it ought to do, like the traveller's cloak in the fable of the "Sun, the Wind, and the Way-faring Man," it is always in some painful extreme of too much on, or altogether off. Look to the lower orders of women in France who wear an appointed costume, and observe how much more graceful they appear than the same class in England, merely because from always wearing the same style of dress they are at their ease in it. The housemaid here puts on an egregiously fine bonnet on a Sunday, she is conscious of her unaccustomed finery, and consequently looks awkward under it, and feels embarrassed by the greatness of her glory. People who are thinking of their clothes never look easy or graceful. A labourer in his fustian jacket may be a subject for a picture, but see the same man in his shining blue Sunday coat and brimstone-coloured waistcoat—what a hog in armour! But to return to the point from which I have digressed;—for the reasons which I have above given the English women do not appear to such advantage as the French women, and the English women in Paris are indeed distinguishable by this very inferiority, and none but a Cockney like Charles Edwards, whose standard of perfection is a Cheapside housemaid in her Sunday "*things*," would have stated the contrary.

Every body knows that the French women, from the highest to the lowest, are remarkable for the beauty of their feet and ancles, and for the exemplary neatness which they show in their shoes and stockings—no matter how coarse the stocking, it is always well drawn up, and the shoe, provided only it be not of wood, invariably fits. See how the Goth disposes of this virtue in the *Grisettes* who are especially distinguished for it, and excel in this particular all women of the same class of other countries.

"Your *Grisettes*," with their "neat ancles," and "*bien chausses!*" (the man can't write *two* words of French without making *one* blunder, and, in the very same paragraph, in which the *Grisettes* are "*bien chausses*." I also find, "there is your *genti*") "those themselves must have been pug-nosed who have written these things. For the 'ancles' and so forth, I think in the mass they are decidedly bad."

This is certainly a matter of taste. Mr. Edwards may look at these points with an eye to the end of feet, and may hold that a foot is the pedestal of the person, the stand of the body, and that that is the best foot which presents the broadest basis, covers the largest surface, and consequently most completely secures the stability of the superstructure; thus to one of his way of thinking the foot of a clothes-horse will be the model of perfection, and it is therefore by no means wonderful that he should be dissatisfied with feet, which are not constructed on that splay plan, which are not, according to his ideas, fashioned on the broad basis of utility. Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Charles Edwards, however, all persons who have an atom of taste, or a sense of proportions, will agree that the French women shine in their feet and ancles,

and truth compels me to confess that my own dear countrywomen (whose upper works are superb) are defective in these essential points. One sees, indeed, occasionally legs, ankles, and feet in this country which are perfect, and cannot be matched by the whole world, such as Miss M. Tree's, for example, which are splendid exceptions, and models of what ought to be ; but, generally speaking, the foot is not an admirable feature of the British female person. If the whole truth must be spoken, the English, Scotch, and Irish women are too much given to the aggrandizement of their feet—they run to foot terribly, I think, by reason of the huge brogues in which they are wont to expatiate. Those unyielding, inflexible machines, miscalled shoes, which are constructed here by enemies of man and woman kind, are indeed adapted to destroy the finest work that ever nature fashioned. Even in London there are not more than two or three artists to be found who can make a lady's shoe. Observe the clumsy brogues about the streets coming up over the instep, and with a sole—Oh such a sole! such a piece of resistance as the French would call it! Give the feet fair play, and they will be as remarkable for symmetry as the rest of the person. But as things are ordered, nothing can persuade our neighbours that the shoes of the English ladies are not a cruel contrivance devised by jealous English husbands, to prevent the women from going far from home, like the log fixed to the heels of cattle to hinder them from straying.

Still harping on dress, this blunderer says, " Then, to return to the taste in dress ; the prevailing fashion just now, certainly, here may be unlucky ; but as for a well dressed woman, where you see one, *she almost invariably has copied the English style* ; and as for a well dressed man, you never see such a thing at all." Now who does not know that ever since the peace the women here have taken their fashions and style from the French, even to the absurd imitation of the smock-frock which the French ladies took it into their heads to wear, called the *blouse*, which is only just going out. But the assertion that the well dressed French women have invariably copied the English, reminds me of the placard of a certain evening newspaper which invited the public to a perusal of its columns, saying, " Read the ——— of this evening, and you will perceive that the morning papers of this day are all copied from it !!! " As candour is my foible I must admit, however, that the French *men* do copy the English style, and perhaps on that very account (as imitations are generally failures) you seldom see a well dressed man among them. Taking our male population altogether it is the best coated and breeched in the world ; all foreigners are struck by the number of well dressed men to be seen in the streets of London, and I am inclined to think that our real superiority over other nations lies in our coats. But then no people make so much of their coats as we do—we encourage good ones in every possible way. Good coats are asked out to dinner, and are always respected wherever they go ; while a bad one is regarded as a plague spot, and an Englishman will look shy on his best friend or

cut him outright if he meet him in a shabby coat—this is a fact that makes a lively impression on foreigners, and I have been asked by many of them how it happens that so thinking a people lay such stress on externals. The wary tradesmen, though cheated a thousand and one times by well dressed swindlers, are yet the dupes of appearances—they cannot help believing in good coats.

The English delight, above all things, in imputing want of cleanliness to the French. The French have some nasty habits, so have the English;* there is dirt enough between the two nations, and it is unwise to provoke a partition of it. Speaking in the gross, I should say that the French sin most in their linen, and the English in their skins; a Frenchman of middle life will, like a Turk, use the bath and put on a dirty shirt after it, an Englishman of the same class never uses the bath, and puts on a clean shirt over an unwashed skin. The cardinal ablutions here are washing the hands and washing the face; the French have extended the range of their purifications; but see what this Edwards says about the matter on the strength of a three weeks residence in the country: "The people here too, except those of entirely the higher order, are most wickedly negligent of the nicer economy of their persons; and of all criminals in the world, if any such offender be in existence, a woman who is not over fastidious in all her personal arrangements and dispositions is to me the most justifiably smotherable. Blessed be the code of Mahomet, which makes a familiarity with soap and water a condition for people going to Heaven."

Every creature who knows any thing of the habits of the French, knows perfectly well that they are more exact and frequent in their purifications than the English, and make their ablutions not a matter of duty but of pleasure, they do not seize every pretext to relax in these points, like Addison's citizen, who noted down in his diary, "*hands but not face,*" but they enjoy their lustrations as luxuries.

With regard to the respect in which the sex is held in France, this Edwards has the following remarks:

"They talk in France never-ceasingly—it is advertised even to sickening—the devotion—the adoration—the blind submission, paid nationally here to women. I will put it to yourself—were you ever in any country where women were so little really prized, or regarded? Twenty Frenchmen have asked me with horror—Was it possible such a thing ever happened, as that a clown should sell his wife, even with her own consent, in a public market in England? Those same men would stop the next moment, to see a wretched woman stand upon her head, and tumble, on the Boulevards; *such a display of female degradation, as our coarsest clown would scarcely witness without abhorrence.*" Let a woman stand upon her head and tumble at any given spot in London, and I will engage that the three estates shall throng to witness the exhi-

* This proposition will doubtless seem a paradox to a people who confess to every merit under the sun, and then despise their neighbours for being vain-glorious.

bition ; nay, I will pledge myself that some scores of the mobility, two or three peers, and a sprinkling of commoners, members of parliament, and such trash, shall be trampled under foot, and killed in the rush to give *éclat* to the spectacle. A woman standing on her head ! why Edward Irving would be nothing to it.

But touching the respect in which women are held in France—there was a time when I would have scourged that Edwards for the paragraph he has penned ; but from the day that the gallant youths of Paris shyed penny pieces at English actresses, I resolved to hold my peace on the subject—those vile coppers have stuck in my throat, and what a thing it is to have one's mouth stopped by such base coin !

Setting aside a thousand circumstances which prove Charles Edwards to be a Cockney, there is one fact which is sufficient to fix him with that character, and that is, his large talk about coats, and men's dress. All your Sunday bucks lay great stress on these matters. He declares that "there is not a Frenchman in all Paris who can cut a coat fit even for a sloven like *him* to wear." Now can I figure to my mind's eye the manner of man who penned this sentence ; I see him in his Sunday clothes, in a shining blue coat loaded with buttons, a brilliant yellow waistcoat, a pink stock, an aspiring shirt collar, duck trowsers in December, shoes made to counterfeit boots, with spurs in heel that never troubled the flanks of a horse ; and then such an air of conscious smartness !—and all Paris can't make a coat for this sort of thing. Why Staube would scorn to measure his disproportions ! Then he presumes to talk about cookery, and the monster praises exactly those things which are least worthy of praise in the French cuisine—the potages, "Julienne," "Purée," "Printamere," (Printanier, *I guess*). The French soups, in truth, are infinitely inferior to ours, they cannot match our white soups, or giblet soup, or carrot soup, or turtle soup ; their soups are as our broths. Much against the grain, I must agree with him in what he says about the fish. It is true, the French do not understand fish sauces, but, consistently with his character, he goes on to abuse the other points of French cookery which are worthy of unmixed admiration, and the cannibal peeps out in the following confession of his own plebeian taste for the raw produce of the shambles. "What say you to the simple slice (the centre slice) of beef, or mutton ; cut with a sharp knife (which can only be in England) from a haunch or sirloin, of twenty pounds !—morsels which may take rank, I say, and '*bonnetted*,' notwithstanding their Spartan plainness, with the very proudest services, and most disguised of foreign manufacture?" I knew that this man's soul could never soar above the things of a *buttock and flank shop*—he talk of French cookery ! Why this sort of cannibal, this man of joints and raw sanguinary cuts, will hunger when he sees a flock of sheep, and his mouth will water at the sight of an ox, or the smell of a market, as an epicure's does at the sight of a turbot, with a lobster reposing on its snowy bosom, or the perfume of a smelt. But enough of the filthy fellow.

Blackwood, I love you, because you're a gentleman, therefore mind what I say, have nothing more to do with this man, he will bring the whole kingdom of France about your ears, believe me; Scotland will lose her ancient ally; and, mark my words, there will be a war if you put forth another such article as that abomination before me. And then, man, to publish this vile libel on French females and fricandeau in the same number with that noble article on America!—a paper, the reading of which cheers one like a generous wine, and makes the blood tingle at one's fingers' ends. But perhaps you have a fancy for sending forth the giant and dwarf together, for grouping the man of might with the man of spite. This is possibly rather too much in the style of the showman.

Well, I care not, let every man buckle his belt his own gait, all my anxiety is for your reputation, Blackwood; and if you must give us more of Charles Edwards, deceased, who ought in decency to be buried and in mercy to be forgotten, let me beseech you to draw your pen through those scraps of French with which he interlards his writing after the manner of Lady Morgan; mere good taste would require this correction, but it is the more necessary when you consider the very bad French the man commits. You must also score out such a passage as this whenever you meet with it.

“The sterling romance of the place (Paris) has departed with its bigotry and pride of Catholic *regime*; but these are the abodes in which picturesque doings dwelt, although the spirit of their beauty lives no more.” Like the mask in the fable, this looks mighty fine, what a pity that it has no brains!—it sounds pretty, but alas! it is sheer nonsense, guiltless of meaning. “You weep,” (nobody weeps now-a-days, except Mr. Grattan, W. G.) “for the suppression of the nunneries; but the garrets of Pigault le Brun still remain—and *I can put my eye* at this moment upon the identical three cornered window through which my uncle Thomas, &c. &c.” The devil you can! He can put his eye upon the three cornered window! Grant me patience!—Now, Blackwood, is he not a Cockney? Come, confess it, man, with a good grace, the thing cannot be denied. But it's a shame to laugh at the poor man, for what can he know of the economy, properties, qualities of eyes, who has never been accustomed to see further than across a blind alley? At Paris the exercise of sight was new to him, and he doubtless imagined that he actually could, and did, put his eyes upon all the objects which he saw.

Nothing (except such stuff as that above quoted) can be more disgusting than the stupid admiration which the mass of English travellers feel or affect to feel for every thing French, merely because it is French, but dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt, and Charles Edwards in shunning this folly has contrived to run into one even more offensive, for incessant detraction is more intolerable than perpetual and indiscriminate praise.

P. P.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

BY DR. ANTONMARCHI.*

THESE are, we suppose, the last volumes likely to be published, relative to Napoleon's captivity under the British government at St. Helena; and, for the sake of the British name, we rejoice at it. From its preface to its conclusion this is a piteous and man-degrading narrative. Whether the details, upon the dissemination of which no less than three different individuals have now ventured, be true or not, we have no means of judging, and of course are quite incapable of pronouncing—it is remarkable enough, to be sure, that they all agree in the main imputations and in such of the particulars as they narrate, and that they are published by persons not of the same country, and not having, at least apparently, any common interest in so gross a deception; this may, however, be nevertheless the result of a conspiracy, but taking it in such point of view, another enigma arises not less difficult of solution, namely, the kind of notice taken of the slanders by those who, by taking any notice at all, have at least proved that their anxieties have been excited. Yet most true certainly it is, that those works, containing as they do, the gravest, the most deliberate, and, if false, the vilest accusations against those in power on the island, have been met only by one abortive criminal proceeding in which the truth could not be given in evidence, and that no action has been brought by which, and by which alone, a sufficient or satisfactory test could be applied to them. There has been no lack of defiance amounting even to rashness on the part of the accusers. Mr. O'Meara, with all the bluntness of a seaman, and some of the indiscretion of an Irishman, led the van—his work was at all events bold, manly, and uncompromising—full of interest and of fervour, it was read by every one—fraught with invective and indignation, its criminatory intention could be mistaken by no one. The Ex-Governor met it (in its fifth edition) in the Court of King's Bench, by a proceeding exhibiting so much of patient anger that the Judges dismissed it, avowedly on account of the tardiness of its adoption. Had it succeeded, however, to its fullest extent, it must have been limited to the mere gratification of vengeance without advancing a single step towards exculpation, because it was a measure of that criminal nature, which, by our law, stamps upon truth a greater stigma even than upon falsehood. Next came the Count Las Cases, not less piercing, though perhaps more polished than his predecessor—affixing to his narrative a name of rank, and revealing it under the very eye of the Bourbon government. Like Mr. O'Meara he shrunk from no personal responsibility—the testimony which he gave he gave openly and voluntarily, and at a risk involving all that was dear to him; there was in his work as in his

* The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By Doctor F. Antonmarchi, his Physician. 2 Vols. Colburn, 1825.

exile, a self-devotion which stamped the semblance of truth upon all he wrote, and gave undoubted dignity to all he suffered. We are not aware that any step was taken against either Count Las Cases or his publisher. The third and last work which brings up the rear of these imputations is the one now before us; the publication of Doctor Antommarchi, who went out to St. Helena, armed with all that art could arm him with to contest with the climate the life of Napoleon. It is the natural sequel to the two preceding works, and it goes as far to establish their veracity as an iteration, by a third witness of the previous accusations, can. We beg not to be misconceived or misrepresented—we mean religiously to abstain from intimating any impression of our own upon the subject; they may be true, or they may be false—if false (we allude especially to the work immediately before us), they are the vilest and the cruellest libels that ever issued from the press; the vilest, as affecting our national name, the cruellest, as assassinating the reputation of Sir Hudson Lowe, an officer of the highest rank in the army, and, in the capacity in which he is assailed, the representative of our sovereign. If Sir Hudson Lowe be aspersed, there never yet breathed mortal man, we say it conscientiously, so vitally injured, or one who ought to be more liberally redressed; there is an attempt made not merely to isolate him amid the living generation, but literally to gibbet him to all posterity. The work is published both in French and English, that it may visit all the nations, and through every nation in which Napoleon's name was ever uttered it assuredly will go; the record of his dying moments must force its way upon all (and that *all* is the world) who have been interested by his life. Our readers will presently judge by a few extracts from the work, whether or not we have unjustly characterised the allusions made to the Ex-Governor of St. Helena; we give them, as we find them, unaccompanied by any personal opinion as to their veracity; at the same time, we venture to hope, that should Sir Hudson make them the subject of discussion in a court of law, he will carefully refrain from a *criminal* proceeding; such a course may gratify vengeance, but cannot tend to exculpation, and exculpation is what he as an individual should seek, and that with which alone his country can be contented.

We willingly omit all the petty and somewhat tedious cabals which impeded the departure of the author from Rome, and subsequently, as he states, from England. On the 19th of September, 1819, he and his companions, consisting of an old Abbè of the name of Buonavita, and a kind of half priest, half physician, called Vignali, landed at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe is represented as having received them politely. He invited them to dinner, at which he praised Corsica and abused Napoleon, and then handed them over to two British officers of the names of Reade and Gorrequer, who, after having searched them with a suspicion which seemed to imply that their very skins might have been contraband, cased them up at last in a carriage for Longwood. Their journey was

MARCH, 1825.

an ominous one. Whenever they looked out on the landscape, their view was bounded "by sentries and precipices," and their path chequered by the "precautions of war and the convulsions of nature." Before introducing the party at Longwood, we cannot avoid pausing to narrate an anecdote of the Captain of the merchant ship in which they made the voyage. This man, it seems, treated them very roughly, kept them on short commons, gave them bad births, sneered at their country, and literally seconded the effect of the sea upon their stomachs by proposing to make them pies of the half-formed offspring of some dying sows which he had brought from England! The Captain, according to their account, crowned his other various virtues by an outrageous idolatry of the powers that be, and "had brought from Deptford seventeen volumes of a religious work addressed to different inhabitants of St. Helena." Having received for them a handsome freight, he gave them with true ultra pomp to the officer on duty to be distributed on shore. In some few days after this transaction, Antommarchi repaired on board for his luggage, and found, alas, the loyal and religious Captain of the Snipe surrounded by soldiers in little better than durance! He was in an agony of grief—not a pig—a plank—a bottle of claret, or a single venture which he had brought from Europe would Sir Hudson suffer him to land upon the island. A dialogue ensues, the commencement of which consists in lamentations and interrogatories. "Once again Captain (said Antommarchi) what fault have you committed?" "Oh those books—those books—those most accursed books!" "What! the religious tracts?" "Religious! oh, it was a treacherous piece of villainy, it was worse than murder—look at the pigs—look at the planks." "But the works, Captain, were they not works of piety?" "Oh, I thought so, and you thought so, but it turns out they are the works *that villain O'Meara has written against the Governor!*" As a hoax, there is nothing wanting to render this complete. The whole scene is perfectly dramatic.

There seems to have been at first, though the reason is not very apparent, considerable distrust of Antommarchi on the part of Napoleon. This however soon subsided, and the circumstance of the Doctor's being a Corsican by birth formed a bond between them of peculiar interest. Indeed it is curious enough to observe with what manifest delight Napoleon, after all his vicissitudes, reverts to the scenes of his infancy. The recollections of transactions the most distant—the names of the very humblest of his earliest companions, were minutely treasured in his memory; his schoolboy thefts—the punishment that followed—the tricks he played his nurse—events the most childish, provided they spoke of Corsica, were his daily theme, and the slightest allusion to them was sufficient to animate him even in his deepest depression. It would seem as if he wanted to retrace life and steal away from the dreary grave of his imprisonment to the freshness and freedom of his childhood. In his first abdication he declared that his choice was long divided between

Corsica and Elba. There is something also extremely touching in the minute inquiries which the Emperor made after each individual of his family, and the eagerness with which he dwelt upon whatever was peculiarly favourable to each of them. Indeed these and many other representations in this book would leave us to believe Buonaparte (against many of our preconceived impressions) to have been a man of much kind-heartedness; that this author rather leans to him there can be no doubt, but still he makes no effort to disguise his failings, and his favourable representations are fully borne out by others under circumstances the least encouraging to any partial misrepresentation. Mr. Warden, an Englishman,—Mr. O'Meara, an Irishman—Count Las Cases, a Frenchman, with many of the prejudices of the old regime rusty still about him—and now the present writer, all concur in this,—concur in it too at a time when there can be no interested motive to panegyrisé a dying exile, and when there is every powerful motive to revile him. Doctor Stokoe, who succeeded Mr. O'Meara, was the only medical man on the establishment at Longwood, who did not publish—that he has *spoken* honourably of Napoleon we know—that he was subsequently rather harshly treated we also know, and the many publications we have since had rather lead us for the sake of a worthy man to rejoice that he has seen the imprudence of his speech, and government the error of their severity at the same time. Doctor Stokoe, we believe, has but lately returned from America, whither he had attended one of Joseph's family by their own appointment—this at least must prove that the survivors of that house consider him in the light of one who deserves to be treated confidentially from their previous experience that he has acted honourably.

Before we introduce the reader to any details of the life Napoleon spent at St. Helena, perhaps he will not be displeased at a glimpse of the bed-room in which, latterly, he spent all his time. We quote from the English translation, which however is execrably bad.

"Very well, Doctor," said he, looking at the picture of the King of Rome, which he still held in his hands: "Here, place this admirable child by the side of his mother! . . . There . . . to the right, nearer to the mantel-piece. You know her by her blooming looks—that is Maria Louisa: she holds her son in her arms! And that other picture, you know it also? It is the Imperial Prince. You do not guess what graceful hand held the needle that sketched this representation of his features?—It was that of his mother. That picture before which you now stand, is Maria Louisa again; the two others are portraits of Josephine.—I loved her tenderly. You are examining that large clock?—It served to wake the Great Frederick early in the morning. I took it at Potsdam: it was all Prussia was worth. Move the bust of the Imperial Prince to the left, it is too much to the right. The ornaments of my mantel-piece are, as you see, not very sumptuous.—The bust of my son, two candlesticks, two gilt cups, two phials of *Eau de Cologne*, a pair of scissors to cut nails with, and a small glass, are all it contains.—This is no longer the splendour of the Tuileries. But no matter; if I am decayed in my power, I am not in my glory: I preserve all my recollections. Few sovereigns have immolated themselves for their people: a sacrifice so immense is not without its charms." In a few minutes I withdrew.

I shall here take up and continue the description which the Emperor was giving of his furniture, in the conversation just related. At one end of the room, to the right,

was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without any ornament, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a *scrutoire*, upon which was a large dressing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged, and when he came out of the bath. A second chair was placed to the left of it; and on the right was the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading into the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon that sofa it was that Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from dampness and the gnats; his legs thrust into a sack of flannel, and a shabby table by the side of him, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first. Like it, it was built of mud; its size was seven feet in height, fifteen in length, and twelve in breadth; it had one window, and opened into the garden, and into the dining-room. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two Chinese screens, a chest of drawers, two small tables, on one of which were books and on the other, bottles; a chair and a magnificent wash hand stand, brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the Emperor was pent up; a noble specimen of British magnificence and sumptuousness.

Such was the habitation in which the great Napoleon closed his eventful career; the place, we have since learned, has been converted into a kind of barn, and the very room in which a mighty Emperor breathed his last, is now occupied by a threshing machine! Had the great moral satirist of our country lived in these days he need not have resorted to the death-bed of Villiers as affording a contrast to the splendours of his life; there are few, we believe, who would not willingly prefer the "worst inn's worst room" in England, to a "chair lumbered closet" tainted by the mists and shared with the rats of St. Helena. These volumes, which are in the modern book making style spread out into two, though, without much compression, all that they contain of interest might easily be comprised in one, do certainly inform us of some singular particulars not noticed in any former memoir. Napoleon, it appears, had a great antipathy to medicine; temperance and exercise were the only prescriptions in his pharmacopœia, and the work is full of his very ingenious, but inconclusive, reasonings upon the subject. Whenever he felt indisposed, his constant remedy was a change in his method of living—but accident revealed to his surgeon that there were other reasons for his general good health, and that it would be unfair to argue from his case to that of any other man. The following is the singular occurrence to which we allude.

The Emperor was uneasy and agitated: I advised him to take some calming medicine which I pointed out to him. "Thanks, Doctor," said he; "I have something better than your pharmacy. The moment approaches, I feel, when Nature will relieve herself." In saying this he threw himself upon a chair, and seizing his left thigh, tore it open with a kind of eager delight. His scars opened anew, and the blood gushed out. "I told you so, Doctor; I am now better. I have my periods of crisis, and when they occur I am saved." A kind of lymph issued at first abundantly, but soon ceased to flow, and the wound closed of itself. "You see," said Napoleon, "that Nature in this case wants no assistance; when there is a superabundance, an over-fulness, she expels the excess, and the equilibrium is restored."

This singular phenomenon excited my curiosity; I enquired into every circumstance connected with it, and ascertained that it was of regular occurrence, and dated from the

siege of Toulon. The Emperor, who was then only a colonel, commanded the fire of a battery, when a gunner fell dead by his side : he took up the rammer, loaded and fired the cannon, and being in a state of perspiration, imbibed the infection of the itch, with which the soldier was covered. He commenced a treatment, but the impatience of youth, the activity of the service, and a wound received from a bayonet above the knee, soon obliged him to discontinue it. The eruption disappeared, and the humour was absorbed through the wound into the system. This neglect was nearly attended with fatal consequences ; the virus developed itself during the campaigns of Egypt and Italy, and produced pains in the chest, incessant coughing, and difficulty of breathing.

The circumstances of Napoleon's birth are also new to us ; we do not recollect to have met with them in any other publication, and, as they are here related on his own authority, we present them without comment to our readers ; the anecdotes of his family, which follow, show with what pleasure he related, and how carefully he had hoarded up, the most trifling incidents of his earlier days.

I followed him, and we went into the garden, where the conversation turned exclusively upon Corsica, the years of his childhood, and his relations. His entrance into this world had been as sudden and unexpected, as his elevation and his subsequent misfortunes. His mother, though near her term, had shared the fatigues of the war for liberty ; the celebration of the festival of the Assumption occurred, and she thought her strength still sufficient to allow her to be present at the solemnization of the day : she was, however, mistaken ; for before she could reach the church the pains of labour came on. " She then hastily turned back, got as far as her drawing-room, where she deposited me on an old carpet. I was called Napoleon—the name which for centuries past was given to the second sons of our family, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of our connection with a certain *Napoleon des Ursins*, celebrated in the records of Italy." In recapitulating the events that had preceded his birth, he admired the courage and strength of mind his mother had then displayed, and with which she had borne losses and privations of every kind, and braved fatigue and danger. " She had the head of a man upon the body of a woman. Such was not the case with the Archdeacon ; he regretted his goats, the Genoese, and every thing that was gone. He was, however, a most worthy man ; good, generous, and enlightened : he acted the part of a father towards us, and retrieved the affairs of our house. Sound in mind, though bed-ridden by infirmities, he suffered no abuse to escape his vigilance. He knew the strength and the number of our cattle, ordered such animal to be killed, such other to be sold or kept, assigned to each herdsman his lot, and gave each his particular instructions. Our mills, our cellars, our vineyards, were kept under the same strict regulations ; order and abundance reigned every where, and our situation had never been more prosperous. The old gentleman was rich, but did not like to part with his cash, and was particularly bent upon persuading us that he did not economize. When I asked him for money, he would answer, ' You know very well that I have none, and that the expeditions of your father have not left me any thing.' At the same time he authorized me to sell a head of cattle, or a pipe of wine, and that answered the same purpose. We had, however, seen a certain bag, and we were vexed to hear him plead poverty with gold pieces in his bed ; we therefore resolved to play him a trick. Pauline was then quite a child : we gave her our instructions. She pulled out the bag, and the doubloons rolled about and covered the floor. We laughed heartily, whilst the old gentleman was half choked with rage and confusion. Mamma came, scolded us, and picked up the money, which the Archdeacon assured us did not belong to him. We had our own opinions upon that subject, but took care not to contradict him. Shortly after this he was taken ill, and was soon at the point of death. We were all standing round his bed, and deploring the loss we were about to sustain, when Fesch, suddenly fired with a holy zeal, offered to read him the usual homilies. The dying man interrupted him, but Fesch took no notice of it,

and continued his pious occupation. At last the Archdeacon lost all patience; 'Leave me alone!' said he; 'I have only a few minutes to live, which I wish to devote to my family.' He then bade us approach his bed, and gave us some advice and instructions. 'You are the eldest of the family,' said he to Joseph, 'but the head of it is Napoleon; recollect that!' and he expired, amidst the tears and lamentations which this melancholy spectacle drew from us.

"Left without a guide or protector, my mother was obliged to take upon herself the direction of affairs; and the burthen was not too much for her strength. She conducted and administered every thing with a degree of wisdom and sagacity not to be expected from her sex and age. Ah, Doctor! what a woman! where shall we find her equal?"

Amongst the most interesting passages of this work, and indeed of all which have been published on the subject, are the descriptions given by Napoleon of the various great men by whom in the course of his career he was surrounded. With many of these the public are already acquainted; we do not recollect, however, to have seen anywhere the sketch which Dr. Antommarchi presents to us of Paoli. Our readers are aware of this general's attempt to place Corsica under the dominion of England—of his first successes—his subsequent failure, and his final flight to this country, which has honoured him with a monument in her great national cemetery. He had been the early friend and in some degree the patron of Napoleon's family—but they took adverse sides in the contests of their country, and were thus separated. The book contains many proofs of the high opinion which Napoleon to the last entertained of him;—"he was," said he, "a very great man.—I loved him, and he was attached to me and all my family."

"The harm done to us by Paoli had not sufficed to estrange me from him; I loved him, and never ceased to regret him. He was tall, his attitude was noble, he spoke well, knew the Corsicans and exercised unlimited influence over them. Equally skilful in discovering the importance of a military position or of a measure of administration, he fought and governed with a degree of tact and sagacity which I have never seen but in him. During the war for liberty I accompanied him in his excursions, and he explained to me, as we proceeded, the advantages of the ground we passed over, the best way to render it available and to remedy its defects. I recollect that one day as we were going to Port-Neuf, at the head of a large detachment, I submitted to him some observations upon the ideas he had expressed. He listened to me very attentively, and looking steadfastly at me when I had done:—"Ah! Napoleon," said he, "you are not of this age—your sentiments are those of the men described by Plutarch. Courage! you will rise in the world."—And so I did; but he was obliged to yield to fate, and took refuge in England, where he resided at the period of the expeditions of Italy and Egypt. Every one of my victories transported him with joy; to hear him celebrate and exalt my success, it might have been supposed that we were on the same footing of intimacy as we had been. When I was raised to the Consulate, and afterwards to the Empire, it was worse still; party followed party, and dinner succeeded dinner, and nothing was heard but shouts of joy and satisfaction. The head of the state was displeased at these manifestations of enthusiasm, and Paoli was sent for.—"Your reproaches are just," said the latter, "but Napoleon is one of mine: I have seen him grow up—I foretold his fortune. Can you expect me to detest his glory, to disinherit my country of the honour he does her?"—I felt for that great man all the sentiments he had for me: I wished to recall him and give him a share of power, but I was overwhelmed with the multiplicity of affairs; time passed,—he died, and I had not the satisfaction of making him a witness of the splendour that surrounded me."

There is also in the anecdotes of his eminent physician Corvisart much, at least to us, of novelty. Though, as we have before remarked, Napoleon seems to have had a kind of medicine-phobia, Corvisart ranked amongst his especial favourites—there seems to be about him a kind of *surlly sagacity*, which seizes upon a disease as it would upon an assailant, and tries to bully it out of the system at once, by remedies and rudeness. We are the more disposed to believe that the portrait of Corvisart is not unnaturally coloured, because we think we could select even in our own city a perfect fac-simile—one whose mind has been too much occupied for the health of mankind, to allow him an opportunity of studying their manners, and who is content with being a benefactor to his species, careless alike of their nerves or their gratitude. It was upon his return from Egypt, that Corvisart was introduced to him; he was “pale and wan,” and seemed to be near “the term of his existence.” “At last,” says Napoleon, “the solicitations of my friends became so pressing, that I consented to take the advice of a physician. Desgesnettes was proposed to me, and being indifferent as to the choice of one, I consented. But he entered into a long dissertation, and prescribed so many medicines, that I remained convinced he was a mere talker and the profession an imposture, and I did nothing. The importunities commenced again: I yielded once more, and Corvisart was brought to me. He was blunt, rough, and impatient; and scarcely leaving me time to give him an account of my state of health, he said, ‘Your complaint is nothing; it is an eruption which has passed into the system, and which we must bring back to the skin; a few days blistering will do it.’ He accordingly applied two blisters on the chest, and the cough disappeared. I became stout, my energy returned, and I was able to bear the greatest fatigue. The sagacity of Corvisart delighted me. I saw that he had found out my constitution, and that he was the proper physician for me, and I therefore attached him to my person, and loaded him with marks of my favour. At a later period he opened an issue in my left arm; but the war in Spain having broken out, I suffered it to close, and did not find myself the worse for it. The irritation and itching continued as usual: I opened new wounds, and new scars were formed; the humour found a vent, and I enjoyed perfect health.” On another occasion, during one of the campaigns in Germany, he became so indisposed that his suite compelled him to send for the celebrated resident physician, Frank. Frank declared the complaint serious, and wanted to dose Napoleon—this was quite enough, no medicine whatever could be taken, and an express was sent for Corvisart to Paris—the whole empire was in agitation at this news, and a report that the emperor was mad was the consequence. Corvisart set off post haste, and never stopped until he got to Schoenbrunn.

“He expected to find me dying, and his surprise was extreme when he was told that I was passing a review. I came in, and his arrival was announced to me. I laughed at his astonishment. ‘Well, Corvisart, what news? what is said at Paris? Do you know that they maintain here that I am very ill? I have a slight eruption, and a slight pain

in my head, and Doctor Frank pretends that I am labouring under a scurfy affection, which requires a long and serious treatment; what do you think about it?' I had taken off my cravat: Corvisart examined my neck. 'Ah, Sire! to make me come from such a distance to prescribe a blister, which the last of physicians might have done as well as myself. Frank is dreaming; you are perfectly well: this eruption is merely the remains of a former one that was not well cured, and will not resist four days' blistering.' Corvisart was right; it disappeared as he had said, and never returned. 'You see, Sire,' said he, as he was dressing the wound for the last time, 'all the dreadful diseases which this German had threatened you with, are reduced to this.' He went to pay a visit to Frank, thanked him, not very graciously, for the rapid journey he had occasioned him, and set off again for Paris. His return calmed the agitation that had prevailed; it shewed that I was not yet near my end. There is a time for every thing."

Corvisart was no friend to the apothecaries—Maria Louisa at one time became hypochondriac, the doctor made some pills of *bread*, which she took, declared the effect to be excellent, and combated henceforth all her husband's prejudices against the pharmacopœia.

There are also some brief but emphatic traits of some of his principal officers—"Augereau was skilful and courageous; he was beloved by the soldiers and fortunate in his operations. Joubert had the genius of war. Massepa was endowed with a degree of daring confidence and a quickness of conception which I have never seen equalled; he was covetous of glory, and would not suffer himself to be deprived of the praises he thought he had deserved. Laharpe was a man of the same cast; severe, independent, prodigal of his life in the field of battle, but jealous of his share in the victory. He perished by one of those accidents so common during war. He was returning from reconnoitring; the night was dark and tempestuous, he did not answer the challenge of the sentry, and fell a victim to his zeal." Of Paoli's penetration he related the following anecdote:—Napoleon had dispatched some commissions to friends of the French early in the Corsican war, and sent them by a poor ragged countryman, who begged his way, the better to elude the guards of Paoli. He was stopped and searched at every post, and on such occasions laying down a little gourd which he carried in his hand, did all he could to facilitate the scrutiny.

"He proceeded in this manner as far as Corte, where the gendarmerie, less confiding, cut up his cloathes from head to foot, even to the soles of his shoes; but nothing was found, and he was about to be released, when some one thought it would be better to inform Paoli. 'A man who goes about the country to beg in the circumstances in which we are placed! he must be an emissary; go and search him, he has some message.' 'Impossible, we have taken his dress to pieces thread by thread—every part of it has been undone.' 'His mission is then verbal, for he has one; question him again.' 'We have tried every thing.' 'What has he about him?' 'A little gourd.' 'Break it.' They did so, and the Commissions were found in it. Paoli was not to be so easily deceived."

Speaking of some of his generals in the campaigns in Italy, he said, "Steingel was impetuous and indefatigable, and sought for the Austrians and for medals with an equal ardour; he did not leave a bush or a ruin unvisited or unsearched. Mireno was the man of dangers and outposts;

he could only sleep quietly when in the presence of an enemy. Cafarelli, equally brave, fought only from necessity; he was fond of glory, but fonder still of mankind, and considered war but as a means of obtaining peace." Of a general whom the absurd malice of his enemies accused him of having had assassinated, he thus spoke—"Dessaix was full of devotedness, generous, and tormented by the passion for glory; he would have conquered any where; he was skilful, vigilant, daring, little regarding fatigue, and death still less; he would have gone to the end of the world in search of victory; his death was one of the calamities that befel me."—We are afraid that the admirers of *bumps* and configurations will not thank us for the insertion of Napoleon's opinion of their grave discoveries.

Corvisart was a great admirer of *Gall*, he praised him, protected him; and used his utmost endeavours to push him up to me; but there was no sympathy between us. Such men as Lavater, Cagliostro, Mesmer, have never reached very high in my estimation. I even felt, I knew not what kind of aversion to them, and did not therefore feel disposed to admit the man who was a *continuation of them*. Gentlemen of this description are all dexterous and well spoken; they work upon that thirst after the marvellous which the generality of mankind experience, and give the colouring of truth to the falsest theories. Nature does not betray herself by outward forms—she does not disclose her secrets—she conceals them. To judge and examine men on such slight indications is the act of a dupe or an impostor, such as are all those beings gifted with wondrous inspirations, of which herds are to be found in every large capital. The only way to know men is to see them, observe them, and put them to the test.

It is remarkable that throughout all this work there is not more than a mere allusion made to Talleyrand. In the few sketches we have given we have confined ourselves to those which have not appeared elsewhere.

In the commencement of this review we advanced a position, which we feel will startle all those who, during our bitter and tedious warfare with him, were accustomed to take the slanders of Napoleon's enemies for granted; namely, that he appeared to us to have been a man of kind-heartedness. It is only fair to give our reasons for so saying, premising at the same time that the worst accusations against the deceased were made by a man whose authority went far to circulate and procure them credit, but who has since deliberately and candidly retracted them—we mean Sir Robert Wilson. M. Antommarchi has recorded his own observation of him thus—

Napoleon was to us amiable and affectionate, seeking to centre in himself all our affections; his advice was that of a father, his reproaches those of a friend. In his anger he was impetuous and terrible, and could not brook contradiction, but, the fit over, he was all kindness and attention, and tried by every means in his power to console those whom he had ill treated—his actions, the tone of his voice, all expressed his kindly feelings, and manifested his regret. When the subject of offence was serious, he discarded the guilty and kept him aloof for a time; but, the period of interdiction elapsed, every thing was forgotten, the exile was received into favour again, and not a word more was said about the matter.

This to be sure is only the Doctor's opinion; it seems, however, a fair one, and pronounced with impartiality. But still we are guided more by the facts which he narrates than by any dictum which he delivers.

The affection for the scene of his nativity—the veneration for, his parents—the regard towards his family—the love for Maria Louisa, and the almost devotion with which he regarded his son, are all strong corroborations of our opinion. In this too we are much aided by his manner of conducting himself towards Madame Bertrand's little children, and the warm affection with which he appears to have inspired them; and here we rely not merely on M. Antommarchi's narrative—we have seen these children, and conversed with them upon the subject of "the Emperor," and could scarcely have been mistaken in the artlessness of their tender attestation to his memory. Goldsmith well called them "*honest little men and women*"—they tell their minds, and are not easily deceived in their estimate of those who are attached to them. Napoleon entered into all their childish games and amusements—he was in fact the *grown child* when with them, and by virtue of his height they seem to have made him arbiter of their differences. We extract on this topic the two following passages out of many—the conclusion of the last, and the recollection of Napoleon's school-boy love, is diverting for the minuteness with which he recorded its vexations.

The Emperor sent for the children of the Grand Marshal; they had not seen him for some days past. They hastened to him full of joy, and immediately began to play and sport around him. To him they appealed as arbiter of their discussions:—"Is it not true, Sire, that my cup and ball goes best?"—"No, it is mine."—"It is mine," said a third: "I refer it to you—your Majesty shall decide." The Emperor laughed, gave his decision, laughed louder still, and the tumult went on as before. "You are too noisy, children; I shall not keep you to dinner."—"Yes, do! we will not make any more noise:" and they were quieter. Napoleon kept them, placed little Hortensia next to him, and ordered dinner to be served. But, their appetite satisfied, the discussions began again: each contended for the palm of victory,—each pretended to have been the most skilful. The Emperor was again established judge, and appealed to, right and left. "Is it not true, Sire? Your Majesty has seen;—have you not?" Napoleon, almost stunned with the noise, did not know whom to answer, and laughed more and more. "Hold your tongues," said he to them at last; "you are little chatter-boxes. True, but be quiet; you make too much noise." And they all began again, accusing each other mutually of crying out too loud, until, dinner being over, the Emperor sent them away. "You will send for us to-morrow, Sire;—will you not?"—"You are, then, very fond of playing with me?"—"Yes! yes!" exclaimed they all together, and withdrew in the hopes of coming again.

* * * * *

Napoleon had sent for the children of the Grand Marshal. He played and frolicked with them, and excited them himself to be noisy. Little Arthur got out of temper, and began to grumble. "What is the matter with you, little urchin? What do you say?" said the Emperor to him, making him jump and laugh at the same time in spite of himself.—"This little fellow," said Napoleon to me, "is as independent as I was at his age; but the fits of passion to which I often gave way proceeded from more excusable motives: I leave you to judge.—I had been placed in a school of young ladies, the mistress of which was known to our family; and, being a pretty boy, and the only one there, I was caressed by every one of my fair school-fellows. I might generally be seen with my stockings down, and covering half my shoes; and in our walks I constantly held the hand of a charming little girl, who was the cause of many broils and quarrels. My malicious comrades, jealous of my Giacomietta, combined these two circumstances together in a song which they made, and whenever I appeared

in the street they followed me, singing, '*Napoleone di mezza calzetta, fa l'amore a Giacomietta!*' I could not bear to be laughed at; and seizing sticks or stones, or any thing that came in my way, I rushed into the midst of the crowd: fortunately it always happened that somebody interfered, and got me out of the scrape; but the number opposed to me never stopped me—I never reckoned how many they were."

We are now arrived at that part of the work which we would most willingly pass over in silence—the treatment which Napoleon is represented as having endured at St. Helena. If true, it will affix an eternal stigma upon the name of England. We are unwilling, however, to trust ourselves with a remark upon it, because Sir Hudson Lowe may perhaps hereafter disprove it, and no man should be condemned without a hearing. For an exculpation from charges so boldly made, and so confidently persisted in, his own and his country's honour imperatively call. In order to prove the justness of these remarks we will present our readers with one or two extracts only on this hateful subject. On the 29th of March the state of the patient is thus reported—

At one A. M. paroxysm of fever—excessive coldness of the lower extremities—head-ache—swelling of the abdomen. At day break enema without effect. At nine A. M. renewed paroxysm of fever—violent pain in the head—somnia—abundant perspiration. The patient drank largely, and with pleasure, of some water sweetened with liquorice. Tongue covered with a white substance—mouth and throat lined with viscous matters.

Such was the melancholy state to which he was reduced at the foregoing date; he had been quite delirious with pain a day or two before. We find under the date of the 1st of April, that an English surgeon, Dr. Arnott, was called in, and we find under the same date the following extraordinary narrative:—

The orderly officer, whose duty it was to certify the presence of Napoleon, was obliged each day to make a report to the Governor, stating that he had seen him: but the Emperor having been confined to his bed ever since the 17th of March, he had been unable to fulfil that part of his instructions. Sir Hudson thought he was betrayed, and came to Longwood with his suite. He went all round the house; and seeing nothing, he grew angry, and threatened the officer with the severest punishment if he did not satisfy himself of the presence of *General Bonaparte*.

The officer was placed in a very embarrassing situation; for he was aware of the Emperor's intention, and had, besides, no expectation that he would ever go out of the house. He applied to General Montholon and Marchand, who, feeling for his perplexity, found means to relieve him from his anxiety, and to enable him to calm the anger of Sir Hudson. It was necessary to arrange matters in such a way as to prevent Napoleon from perceiving the agent of the Governor, or even suspecting his presence. This was not easy to accomplish; they, however, succeeded.

The Emperor's bed-room was on the ground floor, and the windows were low enough to permit a view of every thing that was going forward in the apartment. Napoleon, habitually costive, was obliged to resort to enemas; the seat for that purpose was, on this occasion, placed opposite the window, and whilst General Montholon and myself were near the patient, Marchand gently opened the curtains a little, as if to look out into the garden; and the officer, who was waiting aside, looked in, saw, and was enabled to make his report. This, however, did not satisfy the Governor; he dreamt but of flights and evasions, and not a day passed that he did not endeavour to pry into the habitation (*surprendre le senil*) of his prisoner. At last, on the 31st of March, he declared, that if in the course of that, or at latest the next day, his agent was not

enabled to see *General Bonaparte*, he would come to Longwood with his staff, and force his way into the house, without caring for the unpleasant consequences this step might produce. General Montholon endeavoured to induce him to abandon this intention: he represented to him the respect due to misfortune, and how much his unexpected appearance would discompose the Emperor and wound his feelings; but Sir Hudson turned a deaf ear to these arguments. It was of little concern to him, whether the prisoner lived or died; his duty was to secure his person, and that duty he would fulfil. I saw the tiger prowling round the house; I was suffocating with rage, and was going out, when he stopped me. "What is *General Bonaparte* doing?"—"I know not."—"Where is he?"—"I cannot say."—"He is not there?" (pointing to the cabin.)—"He is not."—"What! he has disappeared?"—"Quite."—"How? When?"—"I do not recollect precisely."—"Endeavour to collect your ideas: since what hour.?"—"What hour! The last battle he commanded was that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism: he defeated your allies, and threw them into the sea; his victory was complete: I have not heard of him since."—"Doctor!"—"Excellency!"—"All here. . . ."—"No!"—"Who?"—"I."—"You?"—"I."—"Soldiers!"—"Soldiers! hasten: fill up the measure of your indignities, by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence."—"The Emperor! what Emperor?"—"He who made England tremble; who showed France the way to Dover, and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the death-blow to your aristocracy."

One of the principal complaints made by Sir Hudson Lowe against Mr. O'Meara was that he represented Napoleon as designating him by odious appellations. The following is the account (one out of many) which Dr. Antommarchi says the Emperor gave him of the Governor and his treatment:—

I expressed to him my admiration of such uncommon temperance, and he resumed: "On our marches with the army of Italy I always had some wine, some bread, and a roasted-fowl, fastened to my saddle-bow, and that provision sufficed for the whole day: I may even say, that I often shared it with my suite. I thus saved time, and economised on the table for the field of battle. I eat fast and masticate very little; my meals therefore do not consume much of my time. This is not what you must approve, I know; but in the situation in which I am placed, what need have I to trouble myself about care and mastication? I am attacked with a *chronic hepatitis*, a disorder endemic in this horrible climate. I must fall a prey to it—I must expiate on this rock the glory I have shed over France, and the blows I have inflicted upon England. And see how they proceed! It is now more than a year since they have deprived me of all medical assistance. I have not been allowed to have a physician in whom I had confidence, and have been debarred from the right of trying the resources of art. * * *

* * * General Montholon was ill, and he refused to communicate with Bertrand, and wished to open a correspondence direct with me. He sent me his satellites twice a day: Reade, Wynyard, his confidential officers, beset these miserable cabins, and wanted to penetrate into my apartments; but I caused the door to be barricaded, loaded my guns and my pistols, and have kept them so ever since, and swore that I would blow out the brains of the first that violated my asylum. They then retired, vociferating that they wanted to see Napoleon Bonaparte, and that they should find means to oblige Bonaparte to appear. I then thought those disgraceful scenes at an end, but they were repeated every day with greater violence, and I was assailed with threats, vociferations, and letters full of abuse. My servants threw those papers into the fire; but exasperation had reached the highest pitch, and a catastrophe might ensue from one moment to another: never had I been so much exposed. It was the 16th of August, and these outrages had lasted ever since the 11th: I at last

sent to inform the Governor that my patience was exhausted, and my mind fully made up to dispatch the first of his people who should pass the threshold of my door. This warning had its due effect, and put an end to these insulting proceedings. It is an additional act of cruelty on the part of the English Government to have selected such a man; but iniquity seeks iniquity, and guesses where it is to be found; and Ministers never meditate any atrocity without meeting with some corsair ready to assist them in the execution. I freely and voluntarily abdicated in favour of my son and of the constitution; and freely and voluntarily bent my steps towards England, where I wished to live in retirement, and under the protection of its laws. Its laws! Does aristocracy know any law? Is there a crime it will hesitate to commit, or a right it will scruple to trample under foot? Its chiefs have all lain prostrate before my eagles; to some I gave crowns out of the fruit of my victories; I replaced others on their thrones, from which victory had hurled them; I shewed clemency, magnanimity towards all: and all have betrayed me, deserted me, and basely contributed to rivet my chains. I am at the mercy of a freebooter."

I endeavoured to calm the Emperor's agitation. He had not been out for eighteen months; I represented to him the dangers to which he exposed himself by so prolonged a state of inactivity, and requested him not to remain pent up in his apartment, but to come out and breathe the open air. "No," said he; "insults have long confined me to these cabins, and now want of strength prevents me from leaving them. Examine that leg; see whether you find any thing that ails it: I feel that it gives way under me." I looked, and having observed and examined the whole of the right side, I acquired the painful certainty that it was weaker than the left. "You feel too gently," said he; "press harder, and tell me whether nature is in league with this Calabrian, and whether the climate will soon yield up to the Minister the corpse he waits for!"—"Nothing, Sire, is to be seen or felt; it is only a temporary weakness which will soon be removed."

On the 5th of May, the day of his death, we find the following extract, the most interesting and the most powerfully affecting in parts of any thing we have ever read. Our readers must make on it their own comment.

The patient passed a night of extreme agitation.—General anxiety—breathing difficult, sometimes accompanied by a snoring noise—frequent hiccough—continual spasms in the epigastric region and the stomach—eructations giving issue to dark, acrid, nauseous liquid matters—constant expuition and vomiting of the same matters.

The clock struck half-past five, and Napoleon was still delirious, speaking with difficulty, and uttering words broken and inarticulate; amongst others, we heard the words, "Head" . . . "army," and these were the last he pronounced; for they had no sooner passed his lips than he lost the power of speech.—Violent pains in the abdomen—last stage of dyspnœa—body cold and convulsed, covered with clammy perspiration—trismus.*—The pulsations were scarcely felt in the carotid and axillary arteries. I thought the vital spark had fled, but by degrees the pulse rallied, the oppression decreased, deep sighs escaped from his breast. Napoleon was still alive.

And now occurred the most affecting, perhaps, of all the scenes that had taken place during the Emperor's long agony.—Madame Bertrand, who would not quit the bedside of the august patient, notwithstanding her own sufferings, sent first for her daughter Hortense, and afterwards for her three sons, to show them their benefactor for the last time. No words can express the emotion of these poor children on witnessing this spectacle of death. They had not seen Napoleon for about fifty days, and their eyes full of tears sought, with terror, upon his face, now pale and disfigured, the expression of greatness and goodness which they were accustomed to find in it. As if by common

* Convulsive closing of the jaw.

accord, they rushed towards the bed, seized the hands of the Emperor, kissed them, and, sobbing aloud, covered them with tears. Young Napoleon Bertrand could no longer bear this heart-rending scene; overcome by his emotion, he fell back and fainted. We were obliged to tear these youthful mourners in the midst of their grief from the Emperor's bedside, and to take them into the garden. No doubt the recollection of this scene is for ever engraven on their hearts, and their tears will flow more than once, when they recollect that they have contemplated the body of Napoleon at the moment when his great soul was on the point of leaving it: the impression also produced upon us all, on witnessing the moving adieu of these children to their august protector, is beyond the power of words to express: we all mixed our lamentations with theirs; we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated.

Ten A. M.—Pulse annihilated. I was following with anxiety its beatings, endeavouring to ascertain whether the vital principle was extinct, when I saw Noverraz enter the room, pale, his hair in disorder, and in the utmost agitation. The poor fellow, weakened by forty-eight days' sufferings of an acute hepatitis, accompanied by synocha,* was scarcely beginning to be convalescent; but having heard of the dangerous state in which the Emperor was, he had caused himself to be brought down, and entered the apartment bathed in tears, to see once more a master whom he had served so many years. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to withdraw, but his emotion increased as I spoke to him: he fancied that the Emperor was threatened, and was calling him to his assistance, and he would not leave him, but would fight and die for him. He was quite light-headed: I flattered his zeal, succeeded in calming him, and returned to the patient.

Eleven A. M.—Borborygmi—swelling and tension of the abdomen—icy coldness of the lower extremities, and, in a short time, of the whole body—eye fixed—lips closed and contracted—violent agitation of the nostrils—most complete adynamia†—pulse extremely weak and intermittent, varying from one hundred and two to one hundred and eight, one hundred and ten, and one hundred and twelve pulsations per minute—breathing slow, intermittent, and stertorous—spasmodic contraction of the epigastric region and of the stomach—deep sighs—piteous moans—convulsive movements, which ended by a loud and dismal shriek. I placed a blister on the chest, and one on each thigh; applied two large sinapisms on the soles of the feet, and fomentations on the abdomen, with a bottle filled with hot water: I also endeavoured to refresh the Emperor's lips and mouth by constantly moistening them with a mixture of common water, orange-flower water, and sugar; but the passage was spasmodically closed; nothing was swallowed: all was in vain. The intermittent breathing and mournful sound still continued, accompanied by a violent agitation of the abdominal muscles: the eyelids remained fixed, the eyes moved and fell back under the upper lids; the pulse sunk and rallied again.—It was eleven minutes before six o'clock—Napoleon was about to breathe his last!—a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—Such is the end of all human glory!

After having read this melancholy account, what will our readers say to what follows? The body of Napoleon had been dressed and laid in as much state by the poor mourners as the place and circumstances would permit of.

Exhausted with fatigue and grief, we were going to withdraw, when Hudson joined us. Ever humane, compassionate, and sincere, he deplored the loss we had sustained, and informed us that it was the more to be regretted, as his Government was beginning to be more favourably disposed, and had ordered him to announce to General Bonaparte that the moment approached when his liberty might possibly be restored to him; and

* Inflammatory fever.

† Powerlessness.

that his *Britannic Majesty* would not be the last to accelerate the term of his captivity. "He is now dead; all is over, and we shall to-morrow pay him the last honours. To-morrow, at daybreak, the troops have orders to be under arms, and in mourning."

One of Napoleon's last requests was that Doctor Antommarchi might preserve his heart after death in spirits of wine, and "*carry it to Parma to his dear Maria Louisa.*" The doctor did as he was desired, but Sir Hudson Lowe compelled him to deposit the sacred bequest in the coffin at St. Helena!!!—The governor declared that he acted in conformity with the orders he had received. If so, it would be unjust indeed to visit on him the blame.

Although there are many interesting passages still unalluded to by us, still our limits warn us that we can proceed no farther. With respect to the *immediate* cause of Napoleon's death posterity must remain in the dark. Antommarchi, who opened the body, gives a minute account of its appearances, which may perhaps enable medical men to judge. He did not sign the report presented to him by the English surgeons—"I," says he, "offered them a copy of my own report, but it did not answer the purpose desired, and was *therefore* rejected." The father of Napoleon certainly died of some disease in the stomach, and the report prevalent is that he inherited it. Antommarchi solemnly denies it, and declares that he died of a chronic-gastro-hepatitis (a liver affection) "*endemic in the latitude of St. Helena, and that had his climate been changed he would have been still alive.*"—Little more remains to be told. Napoleon died a Catholic, and after giving directions to the Abbé who attended him with respect to some religious offices after his death, he reproached the author for what he supposed to be an indication of levity on such sacred subjects. We shall conclude this article with the words of Napoleon to Antommarchi, too happy, if subsequent events shall utterly disprove the imputations here sought, falsely we hope, to be fixed upon our country. Whatever gratitude any continental monarch may have owed him, we clearly owed him none—we did however owe to Europe, the world, and our own character with posterity, a humane and honourable treatment of such a captive—that we have fulfilled that trust we hope and expect to see completely proved—we are not amongst those who are willing to take every charge against a British general officer for granted, and shall be one of the first to hail and circulate the complete vindication of one who has been most scandalously, *if unjustly*, assailed. Such a vindication will go far to exclude us from the melancholy bequest which Napoleon has consigned to us:

"When I am no more, (said he to Antommarchi) you will go to Rome; you will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you may have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death upon this dreary and miserable rock. You will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, deprived of every thing, abandoned to himself and to his glory, and that he bequeathed with his dying breath, to all the reigning families of Europe, the horror and opprobrium of his last moments."

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU HAUSSET.*

JUSTICE should be done to every one, even to kings. The writer who receives six hundred francs a month from M. Ronsin, Provincial of the Jesuits in Paris, for repeating and publishing that Chenier was accessory to the death of his brother, that Buonaparte ordered the sick in the hospitals at Jaffa to be poisoned, and such like calumnious turpitudes, and the *ultra* liberal or radical who refuses to give publicity to truth, because that truth may redound to the honour of the Bourbons, are equally deserving of contempt. In comparison with this race of rival rancour and mutual dishonesty, the progress of truth, pure, unalterable, and inflexible, is slow; but to make up for its tardy pace, it is never obliged to retrace its steps, and that is the most essential point. To this latter party we are proud to belong, and feel only contempt for those self-called liberal writers, who, employed under Buonaparte in his police, or in his censorship of the journals, now seize with avidity on the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, as affording them an opportunity to pour out the bile of their moral indignation on Louis XV. And yet what this monarch did, these pretended moralists would have done in his place. A king at five years of age, and poisoned by the flatteries of the infamous Duke de Villeroy, his governor, he firmly believed himself to be absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects, always excepting, however, two hundred families of the high noblesse. Surrounded by persons such as the Duke de Villeroy, Louis XV. heartily despised mankind; and you who condemn him why do you not also despise your fellow-men? It is because the private condition, in which you have had the good fortune to be born, has permitted you to know personally a Franklin, a Helvetius, a Lafayette, or a Dupont. If kings ever condescend to notice the existence of such men, their courtiers take care to represent them as infamous levellers thirsting for plunder and blood; whilst these same faithful guides, these gentlemen of the chamber, aids de camp, equerries, chamberlains, and almoners, point out to the royal notice, as excellent persons and well deserving of special grace and favour, such characters as the Labourdemonts, the Jefferies, the Oppedes, the Mangins, the Bellards, &c. Kings then are not personally so much to blame. It was their position, the place assigned to them by society, which in 1750 made them so ridiculous and hurtful to that society. It was as if the company in a stage-coach should put a bandage on the eyes of one of the passengers, lift him into the coachman's seat, and place the reins in his hands: if under the guidance of a man so admirably prepared for his functions, the coach, with its contents, should be quickly found at the bottom of a ditch, which of the company would

* Memoires de Madame du Hausset, Femme de Chambre de Madame de Pompadour, avec des Notes et des Eclaircissemens Historiques. 1 vol. 8vo. 1826.

have the right of upbraiding him? Louis XV. married, while yet a boy, to a princess devoid both of personal and mental charms, and whom he had never seen till his marriage, and being besides surrounded by the most beautiful and attractive women in France, whose coquetry and seductive arts were not spared on the occasion, sank under the temptation, and chose a mistress. And singularly gifted with the virtue of self-denial must be the man who could, under such circumstances, keep strictly to the golden path of propriety. But the liberal writer in 1825, who in 1814 threw himself at the feet of the Bourbons, and begged for a place or a cross of Saint Louis, and on being refused, proclaimed himself an apostle of liberty, what right has he to blame in the person of Louis XV. a weakness perhaps less reprehensible, and less degrading than the want of moral consistency, which led him (the liberal) to offer himself for sale for a ribbon or an income?

The Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, which have given rise to these reflections, are the most genuine Memoirs that have been published for the last twenty years; that is to say, that they bear upon them the impress of the most sincere *bonne foi*, and are written in the most natural and unpretending manner, exhibiting a total absence of all attempt at reasoning upon the events recounted. Unfortunately these excellent Memoirs occupy only two hundred pages, though the publisher, Baudoin, has had the perverse skill of swelling the book to four hundred and fifty, by the addition of stale dissertations, written in a heavy and inflated style, but which style is not their most objectionable quality. M. Barriere, who *does* these notices for Baudoin, is a man of intellect, but he has a place to preserve; and under the present government of France, any clever man so situated, if he wish to preserve integrity of mind, should throw his pen in the fire. The task of M. Barriere, in the notices he furnishes to the bookseller Baudoin, is to attenuate and palliate the truth. This was going too far; the publisher should have contented himself with the suppression of but too many passages in these Memoirs. This proves that Paris is not the fittest place for the publication of the memoirs relative to the French Revolution. The production of these documents, so interesting to all Europe, in an un mutilated shape, should have been undertaken by M. Darnat, a bookseller at Brussels, or, what would be still preferable, by some spirited publisher in England. But unfortunately, in this country, the high duty upon paper presents a serious obstacle. This impolitic and illiberal duty is probably the only measure of the wise government of England approved of by the Jesuits, and which they would so joyfully see imitated in France. As the great majority of those who read for instruction are persons of limited means, for the rich seek rather to enjoy than reflect, the putting a heavy duty on paper is a measure the most favourable to the views of the Jesuits and the Holy Alliance. A government which thinks that the spread of instruction conduces to the happiness of the people, should replace this duty on paper by one on some articles of luxury. But in saying this,

we forget that it is not men of letters who live from hand to mouth like Steele and Goldsmith, who make laws, but the *gens à voiture*. This last word brings us back to the memoirs of the *naïve femme de chambre* of Madame de Pompadour. For in 1760, every thing was done by and for these car or carriage-borne persons, whose ancestors had been to the Holy Land in the good old times of crusading; and which valuable quality in their escutcheon was evinced by their entering the king's coach (*monter dans les carrosses du roi*), and which privilege was not enjoyed until after solemn inquiry held before the genealogists of France, as may be seen fully detailed in the Dictionary of Etiquettes, by Madame de Genlis. There is no doubt that the charter, so unwillingly granted by Louis XVIII., and so ridiculously evaded at present, has removed the seat of power. The memoirs of this truth-telling *femme de chambre* show that in her time it resided altogether in the bed-chamber of the favourite mistress. Two or three *complaisantes* or spies, such as Madame de D'Es-trades, were the ordinary counsellors of Madame de Pompadour, who was shallow enough herself, and possessed scarcely sufficient intelligence to pronounce upon the beauty of a new equipage, or a novel article of furniture. At present the seat of power is in the closet of M. de Villele, a man of no mean understanding: the possession of which he owes to having been thirty years of his life a poor man, and obliged to depend for support on his personal exertions. He made a little farm, which in the hands of his father produced but four thousand francs a year, return eight thousand francs. This skilful and subtle person, and who besides is never the dupe of fine phrases, is aided by advisers still more subtle than himself. The people of the Court, properly so called, the most frivolous of whom, such as the Abbé de Bernis, were alone admitted to the councils of power in 1760, are at present charged with those things most within their capacity, that is to say, with *bagatelles*. They are named directors of the royal theatres of Paris, and even here, their insufficiency is but too evident; for these theatres are, generally speaking, empty, and cost the king's privy purse three hundred thousand francs each. Six months ago, there was a royal mistress; and what injury did she do to France? The worst that can be said is, that she cost the country some millions, and persuaded her royal lover to publish a bad *brochure* entitled *La Voyage à Coblentz*. France and the rest of Europe have then every reason to rejoice at the change that has taken place. There is henceforward no danger that the peaceful villages of Holstein or Hanover will be delivered up to pillage and conflagration, merely to satisfy the caprice of a king's concubine; and this because the charter of Louis XVIII. has removed the seat of power from the boudoir of a pretty woman, and placed it in the closet of a cardinal, or in that of any other adroit and subtle old statesman. France is so great a power, and so naturally fond of war, that even the memoirs of a *femme de chambre* of the king's mistress excite the interest of all Europe; for instance, M. d'Argenson, the only man of superior talent called to his council by Louis XV.,

was dismissed because Madame de Pompadour, or one of her friends, gave a hundred *Louis d'ors* to M. d'Argenson's courier, who delivered into their hands the following letter, written by that Minister. "L'indécis est enfin décidé. Le garde-des-sceaux est renvoyé; vous allez revenir, ma chère Comtesse, et nous serons les maîtres du tripot." The discovery of this little letter changed the fate of more than a million of men in Europe; so much for the advantages of despotic government.

The publication of these Memoirs is not a mere bookselling speculation, like that of the *Memoires Anecdotes* of Madame de Campan, the *Memoires* de Fouché and Condorcet, all which publications are liable to the charge of a certain species of *fripponerie*. M. Senac de Meilhan, one of the most acute persons of his time, had a difficult part to play at the court of Louis XV., where the first of merits, the merit *sine qua non*, was, to be descended from ancestors who had been to the Holy Land. M. de Senac, the son of a physician, added to his name *de Meilhan*, in the same manner as the non-noble members of the Chamber of Deputies at present add to theirs the denomination of some obscure burgh, hamlet, or farm. But this, on the part of M. Senac, was a kind of necessary self-defence against the humiliating jests of the *veritable noblesse*. It would clearly appear, if the subject were inquired into, that all the clever men of the age of Louis XV. owed, in a great measure, their intellectual superiority to the false and uncertain positions in which they were placed. They were rendered acute, and prompt in repartee, by the continual necessity they were under, like hump-backed persons, to repel ill-natured and insolent pleasantries. M. Senac de Meilhan called one day on M. de Marigny, brother of Madame Pompadour (a man of the same grain as himself, and whose position as brother, to the reigning favourite, embittered his whole life, from the fear he had of the courtier's jest), and found him employed in committing to the flames a heap of manuscripts. As he took up one large packet to throw into the fire, he said, "This is the journal of a *femme de chambre* of my deceased sister (Madame de Pompadour), who was a very estimable person; but this is all *rabachage*; to the fire with it;" and then stopping, he added, "Do not you find me here like the barber and curate in Don Quixote, burning the works upon chivalry?" "I must entreat mercy for this one," replied the other: "I like anecdote, and I shall no doubt find here something to interest me." "It is yours then," replied M. de Marigny, giving him the papers.

Much has been said of the predictions relative to the revolution, but I know none more remarkable than that contained in an anonymous letter addressed to Louis XV. This letter does not merely point out the naked and isolated fact of a revolution, which should wrest the power from the nobles, and place it in the hands of the populace, and afterwards in those of some adroit individuals of the industrious and enterprising classes of society, such as M. de Villèle, but it goes on minutely to show the *why* and the *wherefore*. Louis XV., who was not

devoid of understanding, and whose elevated station in the social order alarmed him, was much moved by this letter; that is to say, if he could have discovered the author, he would have thrown him into the Bastile, where he might have pined in oblivion, till the very revolution that he had predicted, should release him. The following is this remarkable letter :

Sire—It is a zealous servant who writes to your Majesty. Truth is always bitter, particularly to kings; habituated to flattery, they see objects only under those colours most likely to please them. I have reflected, and read much, and here is what my meditations have suggested to me to lay before your Majesty. They have accustomed you to be invisible, and inspired you with a timidity which prevents you from speaking; thus all direct communication is cut off between the master and his subjects. Shut up in the interior of your palace, you are becoming every day more like the emperors of the east; but see, Sire, their fate! “I have troops,” your Majesty will say: such also is their support; but when the only security of a king rests upon his troops—when he is only, as one may say, a king of the soldiers, these latter feel their own strength and abuse it. Your finances are in the greatest disorder, and the great majority of states have perished through this cause. A patriotic spirit sustained the ancient states, and united all classes for the safety of the country. In the present times, money has taken the place of this spirit, it has become the universal lever, and you are in want of it. A spirit of finance infects every department of the state, it reigns triumphant at Court, all have become venal, and all distinction of rank is broken up. Your ministers are without genius and capacity since the dismissal of MM. d’Argenson and de Machault. You alone cannot judge of their incapacity, because they lay before you what has been prepared by skilful clerks, but which they pass as their own. They provide only for the necessity of the day, but there is no spirit of government in their acts. The military changes that have taken place disgust the troops, and cause the most deserving officers to resign; a seditious flame has sprung up in the very bosom of the parliaments; you seek to corrupt them, and the remedy is worse than the disease. It is introducing vice into the sanctuary of justice, and gangrene into the vital parts of the commonwealth. Would a corrupted parliament have braved the fury of the league, in order to preserve the crown for the legitimate sovereign? Forgetting the maxims of Louis XIV. who well understood the danger of confiding the administration to noblemen, you have chosen M. de Choiseul, and even given him three departments; which is a much heavier burden than that which he would have to support as prime-minister, because the latter has only to oversee the details executed by the Secretaries of State. The public fully appreciate this dazzling Minister. He is nothing more than a *petit-maitre* without talents or information, who has a little phosphorus in his mind. There is a thing well worthy of remark, Sire; that is, the open war carried on against religion. Henceforward there can spring up no new sects, because the general belief has been so shaken, that no one feels inclined to occupy himself with difference of sentiment upon some of the articles. The Encyclopedists, under pretext of enlightening mankind, are sapping the foundations of religion. All the different kinds of liberty are connected; the philosophers and the protestants tend towards republicanism, as well as the journalists. The philosophers strike at the root, the others lop the branches, and their efforts without being concerted will one day lay the tree low. Add to these the economists, whose object is political liberty, as that of the others is liberty of worship, and the government may find itself in twenty or thirty years, undermined in every direction, and will then fall with a crash. If your Majesty, struck by this picture, but too true, should ask me for a remedy, I should say that it is necessary to bring back the government to its principles, and above all, to lose no time in restoring order to the state of the finances, because the embarrassments incident to a country in a state of debt, necessitate fresh taxes, which after grinding the people, induce them towards revolt.

After some further advice to his Majesty, which has nothing remarkable in it, the anonymous writer thus concludes—

A time will come, Sire, when the people shall be enlightened, and that time is probably approaching. Resume the reins of government, hold them with a firm hand, and act so, that it cannot be said of you : *Fæminas et scorta volvit animo et hac principatus præmia putat* :—Sire, if I see that my sincere advice should have produced any change, I shall continue it and enter into more details—if not, I shall remain silent.

We were obliged by circumstances at one time to read all the published memoirs relative to the reign of Louis XV. and had the opportunity of reading many others, which may not see the light for a long time yet to come, as their publication at present would materially militate against the interest of the descendants of the writers ; and we have no hesitation in saying that the memoirs of Madame du Hausset are the only perfectly sincere ones, amongst all those we know. Sometimes Madame du Hausset mistakes through ignorance, but never does she wilfully mislead, like Madame Campan, nor keep back a secret, like Madame Rolland, and MM. Bezenval and Ferreires ; nor is she ever betrayed by her vanity to invent, like the Duke de Lauzun, MM. Talleyrand, Bertrand de Molleville, Marmontel, Madame d'Epinay, &c. When Madame du Hausset is found in contradiction with other memoirs of the same period, we should never hesitate to give her account the preference. Whoever is desirous of accurately knowing the reign of Louis XV. should run over the very wretched history of Lacratelle merely for the dates, and afterwards read the two hundred pages of the *naïve* du Hausset, who in every half page overturns half a dozen misstatements of this hollow rhetorician. Madame du Hausset was often separated from the little and obscure chamber in the palace of Versailles, where resided the supreme power, only by a slight door or curtain which permitted her to hear all that was said there. She had for a *cher ami* the greatest practical philosopher of that period, Dr. Quesnay, the founder of political economy. He was physician to Madame de Pompadour, and one of the sincerest and most single-hearted of men probably in Paris at the time. He explained to Madame du Hausset many things that, but for his assistance, she would have witnessed without understanding.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from this work. The following passage shows what confidence Madame de Pompadour and her royal lover placed in this simple *femme de chambre*.

Madame, when I was alone with her, used to speak to me of several things that affected her, and once said to me :—" *The king and I reckon so strongly upon you, that we regard you as a cat or a dog, and continue our conversation.*"

There was a little place near the chamber of Madame Pompadour where she knew that Madame du Hausset used to sit when alone, and whence every thing that was said in her chamber above a whisper could be heard.

One day that I was speaking, before Quesnay and M. de Marigny, with contempt

devoid of understanding, and whose elevated station in the social order alarmed him, was much moved by this letter; that is to say, if he could have discovered the author, he would have thrown him into the Bastile, where he might have pined in oblivion, till the very revolution that he had predicted, should release him. The following is this remarkable letter :

Sire—It is a zealous servant who writes to your Majesty. Truth is always bitter, particularly to kings ; habituated to flattery, they see objects only under those colours most likely to please them. I have reflected, and read much, and here is what my meditations have suggested to me to lay before your Majesty. They have accustomed you to be invisible, and inspired you with a timidity which prevents you from speaking ; thus all direct communication is cut off between the master and his subjects. Shut up in the interior of your palace, you are becoming every day more like the emperors of the east ; but see, Sire, their fate ! “ I have troops,” your Majesty will say : such also is their support ; but when the only security of a king rests upon his troops—when he is only, as one may say, a king of the soldiers, these latter feel their own strength and abuse it. Your finances are in the greatest disorder, and the great majority of states have perished through this cause. A patriotic spirit sustained the ancient states, and united all classes for the safety of the country. In the present times, money has taken the place of this spirit, it has become the universal lever, and you are in want of it. A spirit of finance infects every department of the state, it reigns triumphant at Court, all have become venal, and all distinction of rank is broken up. Your ministers are without genius and capacity since the dismissal of MM. d'Argenson and de Machault. You alone cannot judge of their incapacity, because they lay before you what has been prepared by skilful clerks, but which they pass as their own. They provide only for the necessity of the day, but there is no spirit of government in their acts. The military changes that have taken place disgust the troops, and cause the most deserving officers to resign ; a seditious flame has sprung up in the very bosom of the parliaments ; you seek to corrupt them, and the remedy is worse than the disease. It is introducing vice into the sanctuary of justice, and gangrene into the vital parts of the commonwealth. Would a corrupted parliament have braved the fury of the league, in order to preserve the crown for the legitimate sovereign ? Forgetting the maxims of Louis XIV. who well understood the danger of confiding the administration to noblemen, you have chosen M. de Choiseul, and even given him three departments ; which is a much heavier burden than that which he would have to support as prime-minister, because the latter has only to oversee the details executed by the Secretaries of State. The public fully appreciate this dazzling Minister. He is nothing more than a *petit-maître* without talents or information, who has a little phosphorus in his mind. There is a thing well worthy of remark, Sire ; that is, the open war carried on against religion. Henceforward there can spring up no new sects, because the general belief has been so shaken, that no one feels inclined to occupy himself with difference of sentiment upon some of the articles. The Encyclopedists, under pretext of enlightening mankind, are sapping the foundations of religion. All the different kinds of liberty are connected ; the philosophers and the protestants tend towards republicanism, as well as the journalists. The philosophers strike at the root, the others lop the branches, and their efforts without being concerted will one day lay the tree low. Add to these the economists, whose object is political liberty, as that of the others is liberty of worship, and the government may find itself in twenty or thirty years, undermined in every direction, and will then fall with a crash. If your Majesty, struck by this picture, but too true, should ask me for a remedy, I should say that it is necessary to bring back the government to its principles, and above all, to lose no time in restoring order to the state of the finances, because the embarrassments incident to a country in a state of debt, necessitate fresh taxes, which after grinding the people, induce them towards revolt.

After some further advice to his Majesty, which has nothing remarkable in it, the anonymous writer thus concludes—

A time will come, Sire, when the people shall be enlightened, and that time is probably approaching. Resume the reins of government, hold them with a firm hand, and act so, that it cannot be said of you: *Fæminas et scorta volvit animo et hac principatus præmia putat*:—Sire, if I see that my sincere advice should have produced any change, I shall continue it and enter into more details—if not, I shall remain silent.

We were obliged by circumstances at one time to read all the published memoirs relative to the reign of Louis XV. and had the opportunity of reading many others, which may not see the light for a long time yet to come, as their publication at present would materially militate against the interest of the descendants of the writers; and we have no hesitation in saying that the memoirs of Madame du Hausset are the only perfectly sincere ones, amongst all those we know. Sometimes Madame du Hausset mistakes through ignorance, but never does she wilfully mislead, like Madame Campan, nor keep back a secret, like Madame Rolland, and MM. Bezenval and Ferreires; nor is she ever betrayed by her vanity to invent, like the Duke de Lauzun, MM. Talleyrand, Bertrand de Molleville, Marmontel, Madame d'Epinay, &c. When Madame du Hausset is found in contradiction with other memoirs of the same period, we should never hesitate to give her account the preference. Whoever is desirous of accurately knowing the reign of Louis XV. should run over the very wretched history of Lacratelle merely for the dates, and afterwards read the two hundred pages of the *naïve* du Hausset, who in every half page overturns half a dozen misstatements of this hollow rhetorician. Madame du Hausset was often separated from the little and obscure chamber in the palace of Versailles, where resided the supreme power, only by a slight door or curtain which permitted her to hear all that was said there. She had for a *cher ami* the greatest practical philosopher of that period, Dr. Quesnay, the founder of political economy. He was physician to Madame de Pompadour, and one of the sincerest and most single-hearted of men probably in Paris at the time. He explained to Madame du Hausset many things that, but for his assistance, she would have witnessed without understanding.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from this work. The following passage shows what confidence Madame de Pompadour and her royal lover placed in this simple *femme de chambre*.

Madame, when I was alone with her, used to speak to me of several things that affected her, and once said to me:—"The king and I reckon so strongly upon you, that we regard you as a cat or a dog, and continue our conversation."

There was a little place near the chamber of Madame Pompadour where she knew that Madame du Hausset used to sit when alone, and whence every thing that was said in her chamber above a whisper could be heard.

One day that I was speaking, before Quesnay and M. de Marigny, with contempt

of some one that loved money very much, the Doctor laughed and said, "I had a curious dream last night: I thought I was in the country of the ancient Germans, my house was vast, and I had great quantities of corn and cattle, and a great number of horses, and immense tuns of beer, but I was suffering from rheumatism, and was at a loss how to get to a fountain fifty leagues distant, the water of which would have cured me. It was necessary to pass through a foreign country. An enchanter appeared and said, 'I am moved by your suffering—here is a little packet of the powder of *prelinpinpin*: all those to whom you give some of it, will lodge you, entertain you, and show you all manner of politeness.' I took the powder, and thanked him very much. 'Ah! how I should love the powder of *prelinpinpin*,' said I, 'I should like to have my cupboard full of it.' 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'that powder is the money that you despise. Tell me of all those who come here, which is the one that produces the greatest effect?' 'I do not know,' said I, 'Well then, it is M. Montmartel (the Court banker, son of an aubergist) who comes here four or five times a year. Why is he held in so much consideration? because he has his coffers full of the powder of *prelinpinpin*.' He then took some *louis d'ors* from his pocket, saying, 'All that exists is contained in these little pieces, which may lead you commodiously to the end of the world. All mankind will obey those who possess this powder, and be anxious to serve them. To despise money, is to despise happiness, liberty, and all kind of enjoyment.' A blue ribbon just then passed by the window, and I remarked, 'This nobleman is much more satisfied with the ribbon than with thousands of your pieces.' 'When I ask a pension from the King,' replied Quenay, 'it is as if I said to him, give me the means of having a better dinner, a warmer coat, and a carriage to shelter me from the rain, and convey me to a distance without fatigue. But he who asks for a ribbon, if he should dare to express what he thinks, would say, 'I am full of vanity; and I wish that when I pass, the people may make way for me, and look upon me with an air of stupid admiration; I wish, on entering a room, to produce an effect, and fix the attention of those who will probably turn me into ridicule after my departure; I wish to be called *Monsieur* by the multitude.' Is not all this wind? In most countries the ribbon would not be of the slightest use to him; it gives him no powder; but my pieces give me in every country the means of succouring the unfortunate. Long live then the all powerful powder of *prelinpinpin*.' At these words, we heard from the next room, only separated from where we were by a door, a loud burst of laughter. The door soon opened, and the King came in, with Madame and M. de Gontaut. He said, "Long live the powder of *prelinpinpin*! Doctor, can you procure me some of it?" The King, it appears, had taken a fancy to listen to what we were saying. Madame said many friendly things to the Doctor, and the King, laughing and praising the powder, quitted the room.

The following gives some insight into the character of the King.

The sickness of the little Duke Bourgogne, whose intelligence was so much talked of, occupied the Court a long time. There were various conjectures as to its cause, one of which was maliciously directed against his nurse, who was well established at Versailles. It was said, that she had communicated to him an odious disease. The King showed to Madame the result of inquiries that he had caused to be made upon her conduct in her native province. A foolish Bishop thought proper to say, that she had been a libertine in her youth, which, coming to the ears of the poor nurse, she demanded that he should be made to explain himself. The Bishop then stated, that she had been several times to a ball in her native town, with her neck uncovered. To this poor man, this was the very acme of libertinism. The King, who had at first been alarmed, could not help exclaiming, *quelle bête!* The Duke, after having long kept the Court in a state of inquietude, died. Nothing produces such an effect in the palaces of princes, as the death-bed scenes of their equals. Every one is occupied with the event; but, from the moment of their death, not a word more is said about them. The King often spoke of death, burials, and church-yards. He was

naturally the most melancholy of men. Madame told me one day, that he felt a very disagreeable sensation when he was forced to laugh, and that he has often prevented her from finishing a comic story. He smiled, and nothing more. In general, the King entertained the most sombre ideas upon most subjects. After the presentation of a new Minister, he used to say: *He has displayed his merchandize like the others, and promised the finest things in the world, none of which will ever come to pass. He does not know how the land lies here; he will see.* When projects for increasing the naval force were laid before him, he used to remark—"This is the twentieth time I have heard speak of this—France will never have a proper naval force, I believe."

Madame du Hausset, the lady's maid, describes with great simplicity a very singular and awkward dilemma in which a sudden attack of illness in the King placed her mistress.

An event, which made me tremble, as well as Madame, procured me the familiarity of the King. In the middle of the night, Madame came into my chamber, *en chemise*, and, in a state of distraction—"Come," said she, "the King is dying." My alarm may be easily imagined. I put on a petticoat, and found the King in her bed, panting. What was to be done?—it was an indigestion. We threw water upon him, and he came to himself. I made him swallow some Hoffman's drops, and he said to me—"Do not make any noise, but go to Quesnay; say that your mistress is ill, and tell the Doctor's servants to say nothing about it." Quesnay, who lodged close by, came immediately, and was much astonished to see the King in that state. He felt his pulse, and said, "The crisis is over, but if the King were sixty years old, this might have been serious." He went to seek some drug; and on his return, set about inundating the King with perfumed water. I forget the name of the medicine that he made him take, but the effect was wonderful. I believe it was the *drops of General Lamotte*. I called up one of the girls of the *garde robe*, to make tea, as if for myself. The King took three cups, put on his robe de chambre, and his stockings, and went to his own room, leaning upon the Doctor. What a sight it was to see us all three half naked! Madame put on a robe as soon as possible, and I did the same, and the King changed his clothes behind the curtains, which were very decently closed. He afterwards spoke of this short attack, and expressed his sense of the attentions shown him. An hour after, I felt the greatest possible terror, in thinking that the King might have died in our hands. Happily, he quickly recovered himself, and none of the domestics perceived what had taken place. I merely told the girl of the *garde robe* to put every thing to rights, and she thought that it was Madame who had been indisposed. The King, the next morning, gave secretly to Quesnay a little note for Madame, in which he said, *Ma chere amie must have had a great fright, but let her reassure herself—I am now well, which the doctor will certify to you.* From that moment the King became accustomed to me, and, touched by the interest I had shown for him, he often gave me *des mines gracieuses à sa manière*, and made me little presents, and on every New Year's Day sent me portelain to the amount of twenty *louis d'ors*. He told Madame that he looked upon me in the apartment as a picture or statue, and never put any constraint upon himself on account of my presence. Doctor Quesnay received a pension of a thousand crowns for his attention and silence, and the promise of a place for his son. The King gave me an order upon the Treasury for four thousand francs, and Madame had presented to her a very handsome chiming-clock, and the King's portrait in a snuff-box.

The anecdote of General Crillon will convey some notion of the manners of a court.

One evening, towards midnight, a bat flew into the apartment where the Count was; the King immediately cried out, "Where is General Crillon? He is the General to command against the bats." This gave rise to the expression, *où étais tu, Crillon?* M. Crillon soon after came in, and was told where the enemy was. He immediately

throw off his coat, drew his sword, and commenced an attack upon the bar, which flew into the closet where I was fast asleep. I started out of sleep at the noise, and saw the King and all the company around me. This furnished amusement for the rest of the evening. M. de Crillon was a very excellent and amiable man, but he was wrong to indulge in buffooneries of this kind, which, however, were the result of his natural gaiety, and not of any subserviency of character. Such, however, was not the same case with another high nobleman, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, whom Madame saw one day shaking hands with her *valet de chambre*. As he was one of the vainest men at Court, Madame could not refrain from telling the circumstance to the King; and as he had no employment at Court, the King scarcely ever after named him on the *Supper List*.

In the midst of the veneration for nobility, which was the supreme law at the Court of Louis XV, it is curious to see a man of very noble extraction amongst the menials of Madame de Pompadour.

"What sir," said my relation, "the equerry of Madame la Marquise belongs to a princely house?" "Yes," replied he, "to the family of Chimay, which has taken the name of Alsace; witness the Cardinal of that name." "I cannot get over my surprise, at what I have heard," said my relation. "It is, nevertheless, very true," replied I; "you may see the Chevalier d'Henin (that is the family name of the Princes de Chimay), with the cloak of Madame upon his arm, and walking alongside her sedan-chair, in order that he may be ready, on her getting in, to cover her shoulders with her cloak, and then remain in the anti-chamber till her return."

The fear of displeasing the noblesse, in 1825, has made the publisher suppress many anecdotes of this kind, in the memoirs that he has published. Some of the stories let us in to the mysteries of the pleasures of Louis XV. and betray the springs by which Madame Pompadour was enabled to govern him absolutely for so long a time.

Madame called me one day into her closet, where the King was walking up and down in a very serious mood—"You must," said she, "pass some days in a house in the *avenue de St. Cloud*, whither I shall send you. You will there find a young lady about to lie in." The King said nothing, and I was mute from astonishment. "You will be mistress of the house, and preside, like one of the fabulous goddesses, at the *accouchement*. Your presence is necessary, in order that every thing may pass secretly, and according to the King's wish.—You will be present at the baptism, and name the father and mother." The King began to laugh, and said, "The father is a very honest man;" Madame added, "beloved by every one, and adored by those who know him." Madame then took from a little cupboard, a small box, and drew from it an aigrette of diamonds, at the same time saying to the King, "I have my reasons for it not being handsomer." "It is but too much so," said the King; "how kind you are;" and he then embraced Madame, who wept with emotion, and putting her hand upon the King's heart, said, "This is what I wish to secure." The King's eyes then filled with tears, and I also began weeping, without very well knowing why. Afterwards, the King said, "Guimard will call upon you every day to assist you with his advice, and *au grand moment* you will send for him. You will say that you expect the sponsors, and a moment afterwards you will pretend to have received a letter, stating, that they cannot come. You will, of course, affect to be very much embarrassed; and Guimard will then say, that there is nothing for it, but to take the first comers. You will then appoint as godfather and godmother some beggar or chairman, and the servant girl of the house, and to whom you will give but twelve francs, in order not to attract attention." "A louis," added Madame, "to obviate any thing singular on the other hand." "Guimard," continued the King, "will tell you the names of the father and mother; he will be

present at the ceremony, and make the usual presents. It is but fair that you also should receive yours ; " and as he said this he gave me fifty *louis*, with that gracious air that he could so well assume upon certain occasions, and which no person in the kingdom had but himself. I kissed his hand, and wept. " You will take care of the *accouchée*, will you not ? She is a good creature, who has not invented gunpowder, and I confide her entirely to your direction ; my Chancellor will tell you the rest," he said, turning to Madame, and then quitted the room. " Well, what think you of the part I am playing ? " asked Madame. " It is that of a superior woman, and an excellent friend," I replied. " It is his heart that I wish to secure," said she ; " and all those young girls who have no education will not run away with it from me. I should not be equally confident were I to see some fine woman belonging to the Court, or the city, attempt his conquest."

The whole of Madame Pompadour's life was employed in vigilantly watching the affections of the King, and, in case of their setting upon any one, even for a moment, in dexterous intrigues, either to draw him away from the object of attraction, or to prevent any consequences, from the indulgence of his passion, fatal to her power.

Besides the little mistresses of the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, the King had sometimes intrigues with ladies of the Court, or from Paris, who wrote to him. There was a Madame de L —, who, though married to a young and amiable man with two hundred thousand francs a year, wished absolutely to become his mistress. She contrived to have a meeting with him ; and the King, who knew who she was, was persuaded that she was really mad in love with him. There is no knowing what might have happened, had she not died. Madame was very much alarmed, and was only relieved by her death from inquietude. A circumstance took place at this time, which doubled Madame's friendship for me. A rich man, who had a situation in the *Sous Fermes*, called on me one day very secretly, and told me that he had something of importance to communicate to Madame la Marquise, but that he should find himself very much embarrassed in communicating it to her personally, and that he should prefer acquainting me with it. He then told me, what I already knew, that he had a very beautiful wife, of whom he was passionately fond ; that having on one occasion perceived her kissing a little *portefeuille*, he endeavoured to get possession of it, supposing there was some mystery attached to it. One day that she suddenly left her room to go up stairs to see her sister, who had been brought to bed, he took the opportunity of opening the *portefeuille*, and was very much surprised to find in it a portrait of the King, and a very tender letter written by His Majesty. Of the latter he took a copy, as also of an unfinished letter of his wife, in which she vehemently entreated the King to allow her to have the pleasure of an interview—the means she pointed out. She was to go masked to the public ball at Versailles, where His Majesty could meet her under favour of a mask. I assured M. de — that I should acquaint Madame with the affair, who would, no doubt, feel very grateful for the communication. He then added, " Tell Madame la Marquise that my wife is very clever, and very intriguing. I adore her, and should run distracted were she to be taken from me." I lost not a moment in acquainting Madame with the affair, and gave her the letter. She became serious and pensive, and I since learned that she consulted M. Berrier, Lieutenant of Police, who, by a very simple but ingeniously conceived plan, put an end to the designs of this lady. He demanded an audience of the King, and told him that there was a lady in Paris who was making free with His Majesty's name ; that he had been given the copy of a letter, supposed to have been written by His Majesty to the lady in question. The copy he put into the King's hands, who read it in great confusion, and then tore it furiously to pieces. M. Berrier added, that it was rumoured that this lady was to meet His Majesty at the public ball, and, at this very moment, it so happened that a letter was put into the King's hand, which proved to be from the lady, appointing the meeting ; at least M. Berrier judged so, as

the King appeared very much surprised on reading it, and said, "It must be allowed, M. le Lieutenant of Police, that you are well informed." M. Berrier added, "I think it my duty to tell your Majesty that this lady passes for a very intriguing person." "I believe," replied the King, "that it is not without deserving it that she has got that character."

The following passage appears so applicable to the present aspect of affairs in France that we cannot resist giving it.

One day I was at the house of Doctor Quesnay, when the Marquis de Mirabeau came in: The conversation was for some time tiresome for me, as it turned entirely upon the *produit net*, but at length they talked of other things. Mirabeau said, "I found the King looking very ill; he is getting old." "So much the worse, and a thousand times so much the worse," said Quesnay; "his death would be a great loss to France;" and as he said this he raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed profoundly. "I know that you love the King," said Mirabeau, "and are right in doing so; I love him myself, but I never before saw you so moved." "Ah!" said Quesnay, "I am thinking of what will follow; but the Dauphin is virtuous." "Oh! certainly, and has understanding, and is full of good intentions; but the bigotted hypocrites, whom he looks upon as oracles, will have absolute power over this Prince. The Jesuits will govern the state as they did at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. and you shall see the fanatic bishop of Verdun Prime Minister, and La Vaugusson all-powerful under some other title. The parliaments must then look to themselves, for they will not be better treated than my friends the philosophers." "But they go too far," said Mirabeau; "why openly attack religion?" "I allow that," replied the Doctor; "but how is it possible not to be rendered indignant by the fanaticism of the others, and by recollecting all the blood that has flowed during the last two hundred years? You must not then again irritate them, and revive in France the time of Mary in England. But what is done is done, and I often exhort them to be moderate; I wish they would follow the example of our friend Duclos." "You are right," replied Mirabeau; "he said to me a few days ago, these philosophers are going on at such a rate, that they will force me to go to vespers and high mass; but, in fine, the Dauphin is virtuous, well informed, and intellectual." "It is the commencement of his reign, I fear," said Quesnay, "when the imprudent proceedings of our friends will be represented to him in the most unfavourable point of view, when the Jansenists and Molinists will make common cause, and be strongly supported by the Dauphiness. I thought that M. du Muy was moderate, and that he would temper the headlong fury of the others, but I heard him say that Voltaire merited condign punishment. Be assured, Sir, that the times of *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague* will return; but I hope not to live to see it. I approve of Voltaire having hunted down the Pompignans; were it not for the ridicule with which he covered them, that *bourgeois* Marquis would have been preceptor to the young Princes, and, aided by his brother, would have succeeded in again lighting the faggots of persecution. "What ought to give you confidence in the Dauphin," said Mirabeau, "is, that, notwithstanding the devotion of Pompignan, he turns him into ridicule. A short time back, seeing him strutting about with an air of inflated pride, he said to a person who told it to me, '*Our friend Pompignan thinks that he is something.*'" On returning home I wrote down this conversation.

Voltaire having betrayed a want of tact in a compliment which he addressed to Madame de Pompadour, was from that moment lost in her good opinion and that of the King.

The King, who admired every thing of the age of Louis XIV, and recollecting that the Boileaus and Racines had been protected by that monarch, who was indebted to them in part for the lustre of his reign, was flattered at having such a man as Voltaire among his subjects. But still he feared him, and had but little esteem for him. He once could not help saying, "Moreover, I have treated him as well as

Louis XIV treated Racine and Boileau. I have given him, as Louis XIV gave to Racine, some pensions, and a place of *gentilhomme ordinaire*. It is not my fault if *il a fait des sottises*, and has had the pretension to become a chamberlain, to wear an order, and sup with a King. It is not the fashion in France; and as there are here a few more men of wit and noblemen than in Prussia, it would require that I should have a very large table to assemble them all at it." And then he reckoned upon his fingers, Maupertuis, Fontenelle, La Mothe, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, the Cardinal Polignac.—"Your Majesty forgets," said some one, "d'Alembert and Clairaut;" "And Crébillon," said he. "And la Chaussée, and the younger Crébillon," said some one. "He ought to be more agreeable than his father." "And there is also the Abbés Prévôt and d'Olivet." "Pretty well," said the King, "and for the last twenty years *all that (tout cela)* would have dined and supped at my table."

We have seen for what slight cause (as in the case of M. d'Argenson) Ministers were dismissed: the following passage will show the singular considerations which sometimes motived political alliances.

The King disliked the King of Prussia, because he knew that the latter was in the habit of jesting upon his mistress, and the kind of life he led. It was Frederick's fault, as I have heard it said, that the King was not his most steadfast ally and friend, as much as sovereigns can be towards each other; but the jestings of Frederick had stung him, and made him conclude the treaty of Versailles. One day he entered Madame's apartment with a paper in his hand, and said, "The King of Prussia is certainly a great man; he loves men of talent, and like Louis XIV, he wishes to make Europe ring with his favours towards foreign *savans*. There is a letter from him, addressed to my Lord Mareschal, ordering him to acquaint a *superiour* man of my kingdom (d'Alembert) that he has granted him a pension;" and looking at the letter, he read the following words. "You must know that there is in Paris a man of the greatest merit, whose fortune is not proportionate to his talents and character; I may serve as eyes to the blind goddess, and repair in some measure the injustice, and I beg you to offer on that account. I flatter myself that he will accept this pension, because of the pleasure I shall feel in obliging a man who joins beauty of character to the most *sublime* intellectual talents." The King here stopped, on seeing MM. d'Agen and de Gontant enter, and then recommenced reading the letter to them, and added, "It was given me by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to whom it was confided by Milord Mareschal for the purpose of obtaining my permission for this *Sublime Genius* to accept the favour. But," said the King, "what do you think is the amount?" Some said, *six, eight, ten* thousand livres. "You have not guessed," said the King; "It is twelve hundred livres." "For sublime talents," said the Duke d'Agen, "it is not much. But the *Beaux Esprits* will make Europe resound with this letter, and the King of Prussia will have the pleasure of making a great noise at little expense."

Whenever the King spoke of Damiens, which was but seldom, and only during his trial, he never called him any thing but *Ce Monsieur qui a voulu me tuer*. Madame du Hausset says:

I have heard it said that he proposed having him shut up in a dungeon for life, but that the horrible nature of the crime made the judges insist upon his suffering all the tortures inflicted upon like occasions. Great numbers, many of them women, had the barbarous curiosity to witness the execution; amongst others, Madame de P——, a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a former general. She hired two places at a window for twelve louis, and played a game of cards in the room whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the King, he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed, *Fi la Vilainie!* I have been told that she and others thought to pay their court in this way, and signalize their attachment to the King's person.

This most amusing *femme de chambre* relates the following anecdotes on the authority of Duclos.

The first, relative to the Count de Sponheim, who was Duke de Deux Ponts, and next in succession to the Palatinate and Electoral of Bavaria. He was thought to be a great friend to the King, and had made several long sojourns in France. M. Duclos told us that the Duke de Deux Ponts having learned at Deux Ponts the attempt on the King's life, immediately set out in a carriage for Versailles; "But remark," said he, "the spirit of *courtisanerie* of the prince, who might have become the next morning Elector of Bavaria and the Palatinate. When he arrived within ten leagues of Paris, he put on a pair of enormous jack-boots, mounted a post-horse, and arrived in the court of the chateau cracking his whip. If this were not charlatanism, but real impatience, he would have taken horse twenty leagues from Paris."—The other anecdote was of M. de C——. The first day the King reviewed after the attempt of Damiens, M. de C—— pushed so vigorously through the crowd that he was one of the first to come into the King's presence; but he had on so shabby a black coat that it caught the King's attention, who burst out laughing, and said, "Look at C——, he has had the skirt of his coat torn off." M. de C—— looked as if he was only then first conscious of his loss, and said, "Sire, there is such a multitude hurrying to see your Majesty, that I was obliged to fight my way through them, and in the effort my coat has been torn." "Fortunately it was not worth much," said the Marquis de Souvray, "and you could not have chosen a worse one to sacrifice on the occasion."

The circumstance narrated in the following paragraph represents Madame Pompadour in a favourable point of view.

A man in immediate attendance on the King's person, and who had the care of his clothes, came to me one day, and told me that as he was very much attached to Madame because she was good and useful to the King, he wished to inform me that a letter having fallen out of the pocket of a coat which his Majesty had taken off, he had had the curiosity to read it, and found it to be from the Countess de ——, who had already yielded to the King's desires. In this letter she required the King to give her fifty thousand crowns in money, a regiment for one of her relations, and a bishopric for another, and to dismiss Madame in the space of fifteen days, &c. I acquainted Madame with what this man told me, and she acted with singular greatness of mind. She said to me, "I ought to inform the King of this breach of trust of his servant, who may by the same means come to the knowledge of, and make a bad use of, important secrets; but I feel a repugnance to ruin the man; however, I cannot permit him to remain near the King's person, and here is what I shall do—Tell him that there is a place of ten thousand francs a year vacant in one of the provinces; let him solicit the Minister of Finance for it; and it shall be granted to him; but if he should ever disclose through what interest he has obtained it, the King shall be made acquainted with his conduct. By this means I think I shall have done all that my attachment and duty prescribe. I rid the King of a faithless domestic, without ruining the individual." I did as Madame ordered me: her delicacy and address inspired me with admiration. She was not alarmed on account of the lady, seeing what her pretensions were. "She drives too quick," remarked Madame, "and will certainly be overturned on the road." The lady died. "See what the Court is; all is corruption there from the highest to the lowest," said I to Madame one day, when she was speaking to me of some facts that had come to my knowledge. "I could tell you many others," replied Madame; "but the little chamber where you often remain must furnish you with a sufficient number." This was a little nook from whence I could hear a great part of what passed in Madame's apartment.

There are many other anecdotes of the Court of Louis XV, which we much regret that our space does not permit us to quote, both because they are very instructive as to the nature of Courts, and the character of kings and courtiers, as well as particularly amusing.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, 17th of February.

DEAR SIR,—The transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris are not published at such short intervals, or with the same regularity, as those of the London Royal Society, nor are they composed of the same materials. The memoirs of the Academy contain no papers but such as are written by its members. But they likewise publish another series under the title of *Memoires des Savans Etrangers*, which you might be apt to consider as the production of the foreign members. Many have been under this mistake. The *Savans Etrangers* are not foreigners, but strangers, a term which merely serves to denote that they are not members. Any one may read a paper to the Academy, without any other previous formality than having his name put down on the list and waiting his turn. The report afterwards made by a commission of two or more members, according to the nature of the subject, which sometimes requires the association of judges skilled in different departments of science, serves as a check, when the author deviates from the line of philosophical research, or as an encouragement, when he seems possessed of promising abilities, or has acknowledged merit. It is rather in this light, than as giving a stamp of certainty to the facts and opinions in the approved papers, that you are to consider the favourable reports. Those only who have read two papers that have met with a similar reception have a right to be present at the private meetings held every Monday. All other strangers are supposed to be excluded; but all are suffered to attend; and this has been the case for twenty years back, from a liberal feeling towards the public, in whom the love of science is excited or heightened by being thus allowed to enter the sanctuary, and who are taught by the example before them how to proceed in the investigation of truth. The beneficial influence of the measure is so evident, that when a stranger reads a paper for the first time, nothing is easier than to judge, upon hearing a few sentences, whether he has been in the habit of attending. If he begin in a high-flown style, if he come forward with vague and abstract principles, if, as he proceeds, he reason upon known facts without adducing and establishing such as are new, you may set him down as never having come near the Academy. It has another advantage—that of rapidly diffusing scientific intelligence, which is one of the most powerful means of multiplying discoveries; for the knowledge of one fact generally leads to many more.

This in some measure compensates the slow and irregular publication of their *Memoires* by means of the press. A volume ought to appear every year, but none had seen the light for four years, when a single volume came out lately. As to the *Memoires des Savans Etrangers*, which is a collection of such papers as have received the highest approbation, a

volume has appeared since 1811. Whatever other impediments may have retarded or prevented the publication of the transactions of the Academy, there is one that has considerable and general influence. The progress of science is so rapid, so many press on in the same direction in all parts of the civilized world, that the delay occasioned by the annual publication of important discoveries, supposing it to be carried on with the greatest punctuality, is detrimental both to their authors and to the public. On the one hand, discussions arise concerning priority of discovery ; on the other, leading facts, pregnant with useful and extensive applications, are too long withheld from circulation. So that most of the members and strangers prefer publishing their papers in a respectable journal.

Of this description are the *Annales de Physique de Chimie*, edited by two academicians of the first rate abilities, Gay-Lussac, and Arago ; a periodical work which I need only name, its character being long established. But there is another, which, as it is of recent date, has not yet had time enough to be generally known ; and as it bids fair greatly to promote the sciences to which it is dedicated, I shall particularly recommend to your notice, *Les Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, are relative to Physiology and Natural History, and are conducted by young men of approved abilities ; Dumas, assistant to the Professor of Chemistry at the Polytechnal School, and author of interesting experiments in Physiology ; Adolphe Brogniart, who having particularly attended to fossil plants, has in a manner created a new branch of Geology ; Audouin, Under Librarian to the Institute, who ranks high among the zoologists of this country, and will probably succeed Latreille at the Museum of Natural History. Their character and connections alone would give a favourable opinion of their journal ; but as it is of a year's standing, it speaks for itself, and proves them to be adequate to the task. The numbers appear monthly, and consist chiefly of original communications, papers read to the Academy, and others inserted in foreign collections, when they contain important acquisitions to science. Each number is accompanied by a set of well designed lithographic plates in quarto ; and such is the liberality with which this work is prosecuted, that instead of fifty plates, which the editors promised to publish in the course of the year, they have given eighty-three. The last number comprises twelve ; four of which are of unusual magnitude, and exhibit most distinctly in colours the lymphatics in birds, at least such as they are in the goose.

This subject has lately attracted the attention of naturalists and physiologists, from the controversy to which it had given rise, and the decided manner in which it has been settled. A. Monro and Hewson are considered as the first who gave satisfactory proofs of the existence of lymphatics in birds, of which, however, they had only a partial view. Tiedman, in his *Anatomy and Natural History of Birds* (1810), gave a good description of the system. No one, since the first account of them, had entertained the slightest doubt of their existence ; but as doubts easily rise in

the mind of Magendie, when he first takes a subject in hand, he soon thought he had some reason to question the accuracy of former anatomists. As he proceeded, he found additional motives to confirm him in his way of thinking, and availed himself of this opportunity of indulging a favourite propensity to overthrow received opinions; a contest in which it must be acknowledged that he has often met with great success. He recognized lymphatics in the neck of a few species of birds, but found them nowhere else; and being himself an expert anatomist, he saw no reason for admitting them where no scrutinizing process could enable him to perceive them. This at any time would have appeared a curious fact, but in the present instance it was of much higher import. Besides giving a blow to *anatomical analogy*, against which he now and then makes a sally, it was a striking confirmation of what indeed he had established by experiment, that the veins were the chief agents of absorption. He prosecuted his inquiry on the lower orders of vertebrated animals, and meeting with the same result, he stript all the tribes of birds, reptiles, and fishes, of their lymphatic system, and left them to carry on absorption merely by means of their veins. So they continued till Lauth, a young anatomist from Strasbourg, taught by Fahman, I believe, at Heidelberg, to distinguish and inject the lymphatics of birds, came to Paris, and read a paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences, who named a commission composed of Cuvier, Dumeril, and even Magendie, to make a report. Lauth performed various injections expertly, and exhibited the whole system to the commissioners, who of course made a favourable return. The report was signed only by the two former, but the latter candidly declared that he was satisfied with regard to the existence of the system in birds; but not with respect to the function ascribed to the lymphatics of the mesentery, which he did not consider as lacteal vessels. Lauth's paper, and the report, are both inserted in the last number of the journal I have mentioned, and which is just come out. From what I have said, you may easily judge of the respectability of this periodical work, and that it highly deserves the attention of those who are interested in the progress of the *natural sciences*.

Mathematicians have also a journal open to their papers; but as it does not bear so high a character as those I have already mentioned, they are more at a loss for the speedy publication of their discoveries than other men of science.—They have, however, the advantage of being able to insert short abstracts in the *Bulletin de la Société Philomatique*. This society, formed upwards of twenty years ago, is composed of members of the Academy of Sciences, and others most likely to meet with the same promotion. There is hardly a member of the latter elected within these twenty years who has not previously been admitted into the former. Their number is equally limited; the subjects treated are the same, but their institution differs. The chief object of the meetings of the Philomathic is to be acquainted with every thing new in science. They

consequently appoint several commissaries belonging to the principal societies in Paris, who report their transactions. Comparatively little is read, and much is said, but greatly to the purpose. These reports, together with short and concise papers, generally give rise to interesting discussions. All strangers are admitted, and any one may hear; every Saturday evening, at Paris, the newest and most important topics in science discussed in a masterly manner, by the most enlightened men in France, such as Poisson, Fourier, Thenard, Frenel, &c. They ought to publish monthly short abstracts of scientific translations, but their Bulletin comes out very irregularly; measures will, I believe, be shortly taken to make them appear with sufficient regularity to answer the purpose.

The periodical works I have mentioned may seem, at first sight, fully adequate to all the purposes of recording and propagating science as it rises and proceeds. But they cannot supersede the necessity of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy. For there are papers containing a complete exposition of fundamental principles, especially in mathematics, too extensive to be comprised in the periodical productions I have mentioned. Besides, these are in a manner temporary and transient, depending chiefly for their duration on the perseverance and life of individuals, while academic collections are as lasting as the learned corporations that form them, and which, composed of individuals that always succeed each other, may endure for ever. The Academy, aware of these advantages, has resolved to pay particular attention to the publication of their transactions; and the commission appointed for this purpose have given a proof of their activity in the volume that has lately appeared, and the forward state in which they have two others.

In the meeting before last, M. de la Place presented, in his son's name, a supplement to his *Theorie Mathematique des Probabilités*. This eminent man, at the head of the mathematicians of the age, on the verge of his seventy-sixth year, yet retaining all the vigor of his mind, continues to publish his supplement to a work, the title of which is known even to all those who are strangers to science, but which only the chosen few are able to comprehend. It contains most valuable additions to his *Mecanique Celeste*. He has at the same time given his fourth edition of his *Essai Philosophique des Probabilités*, intended for those who are not skilled in mathematics, and written with the perspicuity and elegance of style for which he was elected member of the French Academy, a distinction conferred on no one of the Academy of Science but on him and Cuvier. When a man of his genius descends from the highest regions of science to communicate his philosophic views in a language adapted to the general capacity of readers, I need say nothing to recommend to your attention a work of this description. It might gratify your curiosity to give you a slight sketch of the new edition, but this letter has already run to a sufficient length, and I must take my leave. A.

SURREY QUAY.

WE have heard, with great satisfaction, that considerable exertions have been made to carry into execution the design of a Quay on the *south* side of the Thames, which was first developed in the first article of our New Series ; and that such encouragement has been given to the projector of the plan and his supporters, that there is a great probability that this magnificent work will be finally accomplished. We understand that one of the first ministerial authorities of the country has signified his approbation of the scheme, and given reason to expect that it will meet with his warm support. Judging from the sensation which, we learn, the publication of our design made, and from the numerous testimonies in favour of it, which have been conveyed directly to us, we have no doubt that the activity and well directed skill of the architect, to whom the public is indebted for the design, will be finally rewarded by the realization of his views. We understand that it is clearly made out, by his arrangements and calculations, that a very handsome return for the money to be expended in shares upon this great work may be expected from the uses to which the building itself and the edifices upon it may be applied, without the *erection of any toll upon the QUAY* itself. If the Surrey Quay be adopted, the Thames Quay must be abandoned ; which, indeed, will eventually be the case from the nature of the opposition made to it, and from the impracticability and uselessness of the design itself. Every praise, however, is due to Col. Trench for the zeal and activity with which he followed up a scheme which appeared to him useful and ornamental to the metropolis ; the fault has been in his professional advisers, who ought to have at once pointed out to him that he was about to choke the bed of the river, and to utterly ruin a most important quarter of the town. As the Colonel's motives have undoubtedly been of the purest kind, and as his only object can be the improvement of the Capital, we recommend him to lend his important aid to the project of Mr. Savage ; he will then have the satisfaction of seeing a great work grow up under his eye, which will produce a great public benefit, and inflict no private injury.

 CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON WITH CANOVA, IN 1810.

NAPOLEON was very desirous that Canova should take up his residence in Paris, and made several attempts to induce him to do so. During the time that Canova was at work upon his *Venus* he received a formal invitation to go there, transmitted to him at the desire of Napoleon, who was then in Holland, by the Steward of the Imperial Household. The most flattering prospects were held out to him as the probable consequences of his acquiescence. Canova excused himself politely, alleging, among other reasons, that if he made any material change in his manner of

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living, he should be lost to himself and to that art to which he devoted his whole existence. He entreated Cardinal Fesch and the Chevalier Denon to use their influence, that he might be spared from farther importunity. At last he took the resolution of going himself to explain his sentiments to the Emperor. His arrival at Paris was solemnly announced. The 11th of October, 1810, he arrived at Fontainebleau, and on the following day he was presented to Napoleon. The Emperor at that time engrossed the attention of all Europe; every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited universal interest. This induced Canova, who had many very familiar conversations with him, to take notes of them, imagining that, perhaps, they would hereafter be of value; he also hoped, as he confessed, that they would remain as proofs of his firmness, and would show that, neither seduced by brilliant offers, nor intimidated by dangers, he had ventured to speak the truth to a powerful monarch.

These notes have been found among Canova's papers, and were published a few days ago in French at Paris, in a little pamphlet. Discussions upon subjects connected with Art between two such men as Canova and Napoleon cannot fail to be interesting to our readers; we therefore give them entire.

CONVERSATION I.

On the 12th of October, about noon, Marshal Duroc presented me to Napoleon. The Emperor was just beginning breakfast. Nobody but the Empress was present. "You are a little thinner than when I saw you last, M. Canova," were the first words he addressed to me. I replied, that this was the consequence of my incessant labours. I then thanked him respectfully for the honour he did me, in inviting me to cultivate my art near his person, and in desiring my opinion on whatever was connected with it; at the same time I did not, from the first moment, disguise that it would be impossible for me to fix my residence out of Rome; and I told him my reasons. "This," said he, "is the capital of the world—you must remain here—you shall be well provided for." "My life, Sire, is at your disposal; but if your Majesty wishes that it should be devoted to your service, you must permit me to return to Rome, after the completion of the works I am come to execute." At these words he smiled and answered, "You would be in the centre of all that interests you here—here are all the chefs d'œuvres of the masters of your art; we want only the Farnese Hercules; but we shall have that too." "Your Majesty," replied I, "will surely leave Italy something. These ancient specimens of art form a chain or connection with an infinity of others, which cannot be removed from Rome or Naples." "Italy may replace them by excavations," said he; "I will have some made at Rome. Tell me, has the Pope expended much in excavations?" I told him, that the Pope had expended little for that object, because he was at that time poor; but that his heart was generous, and inclined to great enterprises; that by his ardent love for the arts, and by great economy, he had been enabled to form a new museum.

He then asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations. I replied, that they had spent but little, because they usually undertook them in company with others, and afterwards bought their part. I here

took occasion to explain to him, that the Roman people had a sacred right to all the monuments of art discovered in their territories; that they were a sort of produce of the soil, and that neither the great families, nor the Pope himself, could alienate these remains from the Romans, to whom they belonged as the heritage of their ancestors, bought by so many victories. "I paid fourteen millions of francs for the Borghese statues," said he. "How much does the Pope spend a year on the fine arts? A hundred thousand crowns?" "Not so much; he is extremely poor." "Then much good may be done with even less than that?" "Certainly."

He then fell to speaking of the colossal statue of himself, which was my work; he seemed to wish it had been clad. "It was not in the power of God himself," replied I, "to have produced a fine statue, if he had chosen to represent your Majesty as you now are, in breeches, boots, in short, dressed à la Française. In sculpture, as in all the other arts, there is a certain standard of sublimity. Our conceptions of the sublime are attached to the naked figure, and to a sort of drapery appropriate to the art. I then quoted several examples taken from the poets, and from ancient monuments of art. The Emperor seemed convinced; but proceeding to speak of the other equestrian statue of him, which I was about to model, and which he knew was to be draped, he said, "And why is not that to be naked also?" "It is to be habited in the heroic costume," replied I; "the naked figure would be inappropriate to the character in which I am to represent your Majesty—that of a general commanding an army." I added, that this was warranted by the authority of the ancients as well as of the moderns; that the equestrian statues of the old kings of France were represented in the same manner, as was also that of Joseph II at Vienna." "Have you seen the bronze statue of General Desaix?" said he; "it appears to me badly done. The waistband is ridiculous." I was going to reply; but he resumed, "Do you intend to cast my statue, the one on foot?" "It is already cast, Sire, and very successfully. An engraving of it is also executed, and the engraver wished to have the honour of dedicating it to your Majesty. He is a fine young man, and it would accord with your usual munificence to encourage young artists in times so unfortunate for them."

"I will go to Rome," said he. "It is worthy your Majesty's attention," said I; "you will find there many objects which will powerfully excite your imagination. The Capitol, Trajan's Forum, the Via Sacra, the Columns, the Triumphal Arches," &c. I then described to him some magnificent remains, particularly the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi, each side of which, as of the other consular ways, is bordered with tombs. "What is there surprising in that?" said he; "the Romans were masters of the world." "It was not the power of the Italians alone," replied I; "but their genius, their love of what is great, which produced so many magnificent works. Your Majesty will reflect how much was done by the Florentines alone, masters of so small a territory, compared with what the Venetians produced. The Florentines built their magnificent cathedral, by adding only a penny in the pound to the duty on the manufacture of woollens: this increase of the tax furnished the sole means of constructing an edifice, the cost of which would exceed the powers of any modern state."

"They paid Ghiberti 40,000 sequins for executing in bronze the gates of

St. John, a sum equivalent to several millions of francs now. Your Majesty must reflect on the industry and the magnanimity of these people."

This is the substance of our first conversation, after which I received the necessary orders for beginning a statue of the Empress.

CONVERSATION II.

On the 15th of October I began my work, and continued it for many sittings, during which I had constant opportunities of talking to the Emperor on various subjects. These sittings being at his breakfast time, he was not attending to business. The following are some of the principal subjects of our conversations.

"Was the air of Rome," said he, "as bad and unhealthy in ancient times, as it is now?"

"It appears that it was," said I; "according to the Roman historians, the ancients preserved the woods and forests they called *sacred*, as barriers against the bad air; besides, the immense population which covered the country diminished the effects of this scourge. I recollect to have read in Tacitus, in the part where he treats of the return of Vitellius from Germany, that his soldiers fell ill from sleeping on the Vatican Mount." He instantly rang for his librarian to bring him Tacitus. He could not find the passage. I afterwards found it and sent it to him. They proceeded to tell me that the soldiers who go from distant parts of the country to Rome always fall ill the first year, but that afterwards they enjoy very good health. I then described to him the desolation of Rome; I represented to him that the imperial city could never raise her head without the aid of his mighty power; that since the loss of the Pope, all the foreign ministers, forty cardinals, and more than four hundred prelates, besides a vast number of canons, and other ecclesiastics, had abandoned the city; that, in consequence of this emigration, the grass was growing in the streets; that my zeal for his glory gave me a right to speak frankly to him, and to entreat him to find some remedy for the total obstruction put to that stream of wealth which formerly flowed into Rome through so many channels. "This wealth had not been considerable of late years," said he; "and the cultivation of cotton ought to be productive of some revenue." "Very little," replied I; "Prince Lucien is the only person who has attempted this sort of cultivation. Rome is, indeed, in a state of total destitution; nothing remains for her but the protection of your Majesty." "We will make her the capital of Italy," said he, smiling; "and will unite Naples to her: what say you? would this satisfy you?" "The arts," said I, "might be made a great source of prosperity to Rome; but the arts languish, and, with the exception of your Majesty and the Imperial family, no one employs her artists. Religion, which contributed so much to foster the arts, is herself become cool and languid." I proceeded to show, by examples drawn from the histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that religion had been the sole nurse of the arts; that immense sums had been dedicated by the Greeks to the construction of the Parthenon, to the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, to that of Minerva, &c.; that conquerors offered their busts, and courtizans their statues, to the gods; that the Romans followed the example of the Greeks; that they had impressed a character of religion on all their works, in order to render them more august and venerable: I adduced instances—their tombs, statues, theatres, &c. &c. I recalled to him the *chefs d'œuvres*

of modern art, executed for the service of religion ; the church of St. Mark at Venice, the cathedrals of Pisa and of Orvieto, the Campo Santo of Pisa, and innumerable other wonders of architecture, filled with the finest marbles and pictures. I concluded by observing that all religions were favourable to the arts, and our Roman Catholic religion above all others. Protestants content themselves with a simple chapel and a cross, and consequently give no employment to the arts. The Emperor, turning to Maria Louisa, said, "It is true, religion always furnishes occupation for the arts ; the Protestants have produced nothing fine."

CONVERSATION III.

Another day the conversation fell upon a more delicate subject—upon the government of the Sovereign Pontiff—upon the succession of Popes, and the manner in which they had used their power. On this occasion I ventured to say rather strong things to him. I was much surprised that Napoleon listened to me with patience ; and it seemed to me that he was not originally of a tyrannical temper, but that he was spoiled by flatterers who concealed the truth from him.

The conversation having fallen on my benefactor, Pius VII. I thought it my duty to say, "Why does not your Majesty attempt some sort of reconciliation with the Pope?" "Because priests always want to govern," replied he: "they will meddle in every thing, and be masters of every thing, like Gregory VII." "It appears to me that there is no danger of that, since your Majesty is in possession of the supreme power." "The Popes," added he, "have always prevented the regeneration of the Italian nation, even before they were absolute masters of Rome. They effected this by means of the factions of the houses of Colonna and Orsini." "Certainly," replied I, "if the Popes had possessed the courage of your Majesty, they might have availed themselves of many very favourable opportunities of becoming masters of all Italy." "For that," cried he, placing his hand on his sword, "this, this is the necessary thing." "It is true," I replied ; "we have seen that if Alexander VI. had lived, Duke Valentino, with the help of his sword, would probably have succeeded in subduing it: the attempts of Julius II. and of Leo X. were not wholly unsuccessful ; but the Popes were most frequently chosen at too advanced an age ; and if one of them was enterprising, another was pacific and tranquil." "The sword is the only thing," replied he. "Not the sword alone," said I, "but the crosier also. Machiavel could not decide whether the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome ; so true is it that these two means ought to co-operate. If the Pontiffs have not distinguished themselves by arms, they have, nevertheless, achieved so many other brilliant things, that they will always excite universal admiration."

"The Romans were a great people," said he. "Certainly they were a great people up to the second Punic war," replied I. "Cæsar—Cæsar was the great man. Not Cæsar only," continued he, "but some other Emperors, such as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. The Romans never ceased to be great until Constantine. The Popes were wrong to foment discord in Italy, and to be always the first to call in the French and the Germans. They could not be warriors, and they therefore played a losing game." "Since we are in such a state," I resumed, "your Majesty will not permit that our evils should be increased. I can nevertheless assure you, that if

you do not come to the assistance of Rome, that city will become what it was at the time when the Popes transferred their seat to Avignon. Before that time it was supplied with an immense quantity of water and of fountains; but the aqueducts fell into ruins, and the water of the Tiber was sold in the streets. The city was a desert." At these words he appeared a little moved. Then he added with vivacity, "Resistance is opposed to me. Why is this? I am master of France, of Italy, and of three parts of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the present Pope was like his predecessor of those days, every thing could be arranged. Have not the Venetians also broken with him?" "Not in the same manner as your Majesty," replied I. "You, Sire, are so great, that you could afford to grant the Pontiff a place where he might be seen to be independent, and where he might freely exercise his ministry."

"What," said he, "do I not let him do as he likes, when he commands only in matters relating to religion?" "Yes, but your Ministers do not act so. As soon as the Pope publishes a decree which does not please the French Government, it is instantly torn." "How?" cried he. "Do I not permit the Bishops to govern the Church according to their opinions? Is there no religion here? Who rebuilt the altars? Who protected the clergy?" "If the subjects of your Majesty," said I, "are religious, they will be the more affectionate and obedient to your person." "That's what I wish," replied he; "but the Pope is quite German." In saying this he looked at the Empress. She then said, "I can assure you that when I was in Germany, it was said that the Pope was quite French." "He has not chosen," added Napoleon, "to expel from his states either the Russians or the English; this is the subject of our quarrel."

I was emboldened to say, that I had read the papers, and the justifications printed by the Pope, with the official documents; and that he appeared to me to have strong reasons. At that instant Marshal Duroc entered, but Napoleon interrupting me went on to say, "He even pretended to excommunicate me; does he not know, that if he goes on thus, we may, perhaps, become like the English and the Russians?" "I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon, but the zeal by which I am animated inspires me with confidence to speak freely. You must acknowledge, Sire, that such a schism could not be for your interest. May Heaven grant you many years; but if hereafter any misfortune were to happen to you, it is to be feared, that some ambitious man might suddenly arise, who, espousing the party of the Pope for his own interest, might occasion great troubles in the state. In a short time, Sire, you will be a father, you must think of establishing affairs on a solid basis. I entreat of you to accommodate affairs with the Pope in any manner you can." "You wish, then, to see us reconciled—I wish it too; but consider what the Romans were before they had Popes." "Let your Majesty consider also, how religious the Romans were during the time of their greatness. Cæsar, whom you admire so much, ascended the steps of the Capitol on his knees, to go to the temple of Jupiter. They never engaged in battle unless the auspices were propitious; and, if a battle was fought, and even gained, without these auspices, the general was punished. It is known what Marcellus did for the affairs of religion; and how a Consul was condemned to death, for having taken off the tiles of the temple of Jupiter, in Magna Græcia;

in God's name, I implore your Majesty to protect religion and its head ; and to preserve the beautiful temples of Italy and of Rome ; it is much better to be adored than to be feared." " That's what I wish," said he, and he broke off the conversation.

CONVERSATION IV.

Another day we happened to speak of Venice, of its artists, and of their works. Napoleon said, that he had found good geographical maps in Italy. He asked me the names of the architects of Venice. I mentioned the principal ; at the same time giving to each the praises he deserved. I then spoke of Soli, the architect, who was directing the new operations at Venice, and who had prevented the intended destruction of some beautiful works. I mentioned Palladio, and the engravings with which he had illustrated Cæsar's Commentaries ; I reminded him likewise of the superb edifices he had built, and which are to be seen scattered throughout the Venetian state. I recommended Venice to his protection with so much warmth, that the emotion I felt brought tears into my eyes,* and I added, " I assure your Majesty the Venetians are good people." " It is true—I believe they are good." " But they are not happy, Sire ; their commerce is destroyed ; their taxes are heavy ; in some of the departments the people have no means of subsistence ; as, for instance, in Passereano, in favour of which a celebrated paper has been circulated, which perhaps has not reached your Majesty." " No," said he. I took courage, and added, " I have a copy of it, which your Majesty may see if you desire it." I opened my portfolio and presented it to him.

Napoleon looking at this paper said, " It is short ;" and, interrupting his breakfast, he added, " I will speak to Aldini about it." He laid it by him, and took it away when he left the room. When we resumed the conversation concerning Venice, I enlarged a little on the form and spirit of its government ; and I remarked to him, that Machiavel appeared to think it impossible that Venice could ever fall. That great politician, going, in the quality of minister from Florence to the court of the Emperor of Germany, wrote to Vettore Vettorito, *My dear friend, it appears to me, that the Venetians have at last determined upon the right course, since they have had St. Mark painted with a sword in his hand,† indeed the book alone is not sufficient.*

I added, that the Venetians, from the fear lest any Cæsar should arise among them, had never suffered any general of their nation to remain on terra-firma ; ‡ and that if they had had one (imposing limits to the duration of his functions) they would have performed much more brilliant exploits. " Certainly," replied the Emperor, " the continuance of a military authority is a very dangerous thing ; I told the Directory myself, that if they would always have war, some man would arise who would seize the reins of government."

* Canova was a Venetian.

† The Lion was the emblem of Venice, and as this animal was also one of the four which, according to the Apocalypæ, were the symbols of the Evangelists, he held in his paw the Gospel of St. Mark ; but it appears from this letter of Machiavel, that the Venetians had exchanged the Gospel for the Sword.

‡ The Venetians called all the countries subject to their domination on the mainland of Italy, Terra-firma ; such as Padua, Verona, Brescia, &c. &c. in order to distinguish them from Venice, surrounded by the sea, and from their other islands.

At another time we talked of the Florentines, and it was on this occasion that he asked me, where I had placed the monument of Alfieri? "In the church of Santa-Croce," replied I, "in which are also to be seen those of Michael Angelo and of Machiavel."

"Who paid for it?"—"The Countess of Albany."—"Who paid for the monument of Machiavel?"—"A society, I believe."—"And who for that of Galileo?"—"His descendants, if I mistake not. The church of Santa Croce," continued I, "is in a very bad condition; the water penetrates through the roof, and repairs are wanted throughout; it will be to your Majesty's honour to preserve these fine monuments; if the government takes the endowments, it is but just that it should leave funds for the maintenance of the buildings. The same may be said of the cathedral of Florence; it begins to decay for want of funds, appropriated to keeping it in repair. *Apropos* of churches filled with interesting objects, I am charged with a petition praying of your Majesty not to permit the monuments of art they contain to be sold to the Jews." "How! sold?" cried he. "Whatever is good shall be transported hither." "I entreat your Majesty to leave to Florence all her antiquities; they are a necessary accompaniment to the paintings in fresco, which cannot be removed. It is desirable that the president of the academy of Florence should be empowered to take the necessary measures for the preservation of the beautiful works of architecture, and of the frescos." "Well, it shall be so," said he. "It would be extremely honourable to your Majesty; the more so, as I have heard you are of Florentine extraction." At these words, the Empress turned round, and said, "How! are you not a Corsican?" "Yes," replied he, "but of Florentine origin." I added, that the president of the academy of Florence, who so zealously interested himself in the preservation of the antiquities of the city, was the Senator Alexandri, descended from one of the most illustrious houses of Florence, one of the daughters of which was formerly married to an ancestor of the Buonaparte family.* "You are, consequently, Sire, an Italian, of which we are very proud." "I am so, certainly," replied he. I thus lost no time in recommending to him the academy of Florence.

CONVERSATION VI.

Another day, I spoke to him for a long time in favour of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was without a school, without revenues, and without resources. I represented to him that it was necessary to establish it upon the same footing as that of Milan. I renewed this conversation at another time, and said, "Let your Majesty suppose for a moment, that you have a musician or a singer the less, and that you give an endowment to the academy of St. Luke." I said this, because I knew that he gave Crescentini about 1500*l.* a year. I found him very favourably inclined; in consequence of which, I wrote a letter to M. Menneval, the Emperor's

* It is true, that in very remote times, the family of Buonaparte was known in Florence; but it appears that, in consequence of the lapse of time and of the revolutions by which that state was constantly agitated, one branch passed to San Miniato, a small town between Florence and Pisa, and that this branch has existed there in recent times; other branches afterwards fixed themselves at Sarzana, in Genovefatto, and at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica.

private secretary, to inform him that his Majesty was much disposed to encourage the arts at Rome, and that he had promised an order, of which I was very desirous of being the bearer. On the 8th of November, M. Menneval transmitted to me, through the minister Marescalchi, a letter which contained his Majesty's instructions in favour of the Roman academy.

In the course of our conversation on the subject of the academy and the Roman artists, the Emperor said, "Italy is poor in painters; we have better in France." I replied, that I had not seen the works of the French painters for several years, and I could not therefore make the comparison, but that we had some very distinguished men—that Cammuccini and Landi at Rome, Benvenuti at Florence, Appiani and Bossi at Milan, were very excellent artists. He said that the French were rather deficient in colouring, but that in drawing they surpassed ours. I took care to observe that ours also drew well; that, putting aside Cammuccini, whose extraordinary merit is well known, Bossi had produced some divine figures, and that Appiani has painted the saloon of his Majesty's palace at Milan in fresco in a manner which I thought it impossible to excel. "Yes, as to painting in fresco, you are right, but not in oil," replied he. I defended our painters, and said that he must observe that the French artists received greater encouragement; that they were more numerous; that, if he would count them, he would find that they exceeded in number all the artists of the rest of Europe.

He interrogated me concerning the saloon and other architectural works, which were going on at Paris; and I paid the compliments they so well deserved to the eminent French architects, and to their works. "Have you seen the bronze column?" "Yes, Sire, I think it very beautiful." "I don't like those eagles at the corners. The same ornament, however, is to be found on the Trajan column, of which this is a copy."

"Will the arch, which is now constructing in the Bois de Boulogne, be beautiful?" "Very beautiful. Many of your Majesty's works are truly worthy of the ancient Romans, particularly your magnificent roads." "Next year," said he, "the road of La Cornice will be finished, by which you may go from Paris to Genoa without crossing the snows. I shall cut another from Parma to the Gulf of Spezzia, where I mean to make a great port." "These are grand projects," replied I, "worthy of your Majesty's comprehensive genius; but it is also desirable to provide for the preservation of the exquisite remains of antiquity."

CONVERSATION VII.

On the evening of the 4th of November, I went to the apartment of the Empress with her bust in plaster. She put herself in the same attitude in which it is taken, to enable the ladies who were with her to judge more accurately of the resemblance. They all agreed that it was very like. Napoleon was not there. The Empress therefore said, that she wished to show it him the next morning at breakfast time; she added, "Is it really true, M. Canova, that you will not remain here?" "I wish to return to Rome immediately," replied I, "in order that your Majesty, on your arrival there, which I hope will take place soon, may find the model of your statue of the size of life completed." The Empress here asked me many questions as to the manner of moulding the model, and of executing it in marble. Some one mentioned my statue of the Princess Leopoldine Lichtenstein, when the Empress said to me, "There, indeed, we see ideal beauty."

CONVERSATION VIII.

Some days afterwards, the Emperor saw the bust ; he begged the Empress to place herself in the attitude ; he made her smile, and was pleased with my work. I told him that I thought a rather gay physiognomy was best suited to the character of Concord, in which I intended to represent the Empress, since it was to her we were indebted for peace. The Empress had a cold, and I took the liberty of telling her, that she seemed to me to take too little care of her health ; that she rode out in an open carriage, which was dangerous, particularly in her situation. " You see how she acts," said Napoleon ; " every body is astonished at it ; but women, (striking his forehead with his fore-finger)—women will have every thing done according to their fancy. Would you believe it, she wants now to go with me to Cherbourg, which is so many leagues off. I am always telling her to take care of herself. Are you married too ? " " No, Sire," replied I ; " I have been several times on the eve of marriage, but many accidents have contributed to keep me free, and the fear of not finding a woman who could love me as I should have loved her deterred me from changing my condition. Another motive was, that I wished to be free, and to devote myself entirely to my art." " Ah women, women !" said Napoleon, and continuing to eat. As I frequently expressed to him my earnest wish to return to Rome, as soon as I had modelled the bust of the Empress, and distinctly told him that I had nothing to ask for myself, it appeared to me that my refusals displeased him, and at that moment recurring to the subject of my departure, he dismissed me, saying, " Go, since you desire it."

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Mr. Ebers has again obtained possession of the King's Theatre, and has appointed Mr. Ayrton to direct the stage business. Mr. A., if not the only, has been, at least, the most successful *impresario* that has stood at the head of affairs for a period scarcely to be computed. He is unquestionably a man of ability, a good judge of music, well educated, and possessing the habits and manners of a gentleman, with a solidity of character that ensures a steadfast perseverance in his duties, both as the proprietor, the public, and the performers, are concerned. To place such a person in this difficult office is far more creditable to the theatre than the engagement of shifty foreigners, and far more likely to ensure its prosperity. But it can scarcely be necessary to enforce the lesson of sad experience which the events of the last season must have given, both to the tradesmen connected with the establishment, and to the proprietor. An insolvency of 15,000*l.*, actions established for the deficit of transferred engagements by the principal singers and dancers, together with the delays and dangers incident to such a state of confusion, will teach all parties how far they may trust the man of straw, though propped by men of another stamp, viz. the men of law, who, in almost every hurricane that has hitherto assailed this noble subject of legal strife, have contrived to " ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." In the good old times of honest Mr. Taylor's management, one of these worthies, it has long since been stated in print, obtained the slight but snug compensation of no less than 3000*l.* per annum, for seven

years' advice and service in the courts. Such times, it is to be hoped, are almost over.

The theatre was announced to open on the 12th of February with *Il Don Giovanni*, by the introduction of which Mr. Ayrton gained such vast reputation, when he first entered upon the management some years ago in the reign of Mr. Waters. The piece could not, however, be got ready, and indeed we have heard that some difficulty existed concerning the engagement of two principal performers, which threatened to make a substitution of *Il Barbiere* necessary. Whether the dispute has been arranged seems yet doubtful; for, though the advertisements on Friday announced that the Opera would "positively" open on Saturday the 19th, those of Saturday postponed the representation, on account of circumstances "not to be foreseen, and admitting of no immediate remedy." In the state of protracted entanglement in which every thing has been kept, it is only surprising that the *disjecta membra* of so complicated a machine could be collected and set in motion in any thing like so short a period. As it is, there will be far more difficulty to encounter than can be understood by the public at large, who probably, after the improvident engagement of the five great *Prime Donne* last year, will be apt to think even a really good company but a meagre corps. In truth, though the Catalani and the Colbran, the Pasta, and De Begnis, and Carradori, were all here at one and the same instant, the stage business was mismanaged with such felicitous ingenuity, that not a single piece was strongly or successfully brought forward. Rossini came and was seen to bow to the audience, and to sit at the piano-forte for three nights. He was even called to the front of the stage; but not an opera did he superintend, not a note did he write. In short, never was promise greater, never was performance less. Such was the reign of Signor Benelli. Another cause of the delay has been assigned, which is, an unsuspected failure of the building; this is probably the real one, as we observe the Haymarket Theatre is to be used in the interval while the repairs are going on at the King's Theatre.

Under the delays and doubts which up to so very late a period have rested upon the opening of the King's Theatre, we ought then rather to feel surprise at the names the circular contains, than regret at their paucity. Indeed the list enumerates performers of high, if not of the highest, excellence; and, judiciously employed, they are capable of supporting an opera in great perfection. The list is as follows:—

For the Opera:—Mesdames Ronzi De Begnis, Vestris, and Caradori; Signors Garcia, Curioni, Begrez (to whom an engagement has been sent), Remorini, Porto, Crivelli, Di Giovanni, Rubbi, and De Begnis.

The Chorus will consist of thirty-six voices:—Leader of the Band, Signor Spagnoletti; Composer and Conductor, Signor Coccia; Poet, Signor Stefano Vestris.

For the Ballet:—Monsieur Charles Vestris, Madame Ronzi Vestris, Monsieur Coulon Fils, Mademoiselle Légres (to whom engagements have been sent), Monsieur Le Blond, Mademoiselle Julie Aumer, Messrs Boisgerard, Venafrà, Bertrand; Mademoiselles M. Gladston, Le Court, O'Brien, L. Colson, Laura; Madame Spitalier; with an improved and augmented Corps de Ballet. Principal Ballet-Master, Monsieur Aumer; second Ballet-Master, Monsieur Boisgerard; Leader of the Ballet, Mr. Rophino Lacy.

Principal Scene-Painter, Signor Zara ; Superintendant of the Wardrobe, Signor Sestini ; Stage Manager, Mr. Kelly ; Assistant Stage Manager, Mr. Di Giovanni ; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Allan. Mr. Ebers is in treaty with Mademoiselle La Croix, for the Ballet. A treaty is also nearly concluded with Madame Pasta.

The enormous sum which is paid by the public for the support of this establishment does unquestionably entitle this country to the finest opera that can be drawn together from the elite of Europe ; the receipts have commonly been said to fluctuate from 60,000*l.* to 70,000*l.* per annum ; last year they were reduced (so unaccountably that the statement is scarcely credible) to the comparatively small sum of 45,000*l.* When it is considered that the House is opened not more than from sixty to seventy nights at the utmost, this will seem a tolerably expensive amusement. But when it has been also shown that the best foreign theatres are splendidly appointed for little more than half the sum, rich John Bull must be content to hear and see, as poor John Bull eats his bread, namely, at double the price of his neighbours of the Continent. Law and equity (very dear commodities) stand, we suppose, to the lessees of the Opera House in the place of taxes and tithes to the farmer.

We are, however, very desirous to enjoy both bread and operas at a cheaper rate. After this season the property boxes, sixty-eight in number, will fall in, which will add an income of about 17,000*l.* per annum to the receipts—a pretty little item ; but one from which we fear the public will reap small advantage. At present the theatre is in a great bustle ; there will be rehearsals twice a-day next week, every day except those of playing.

The abandonment of the Oratorios by Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop, and the ruin they entailed upon their latest proprietor, Mr. Bochsa, might well seem to cast a doubt upon the continuation of this popular species of musical entertainment. It is, however, said to be determined that Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane shall both be opened for Oratorios on alternate nights. Mr. Samuel Wesley is to be the conductor at the one, Mr. Bishop at the other house. Both these gentlemen are considered as conductors only, the pecuniary responsibility resting on other shoulders. In the latter period of his reign, Mr. Bochsa (to render him no more than justice) used great exertions for the public satisfaction, and he endeavoured strenuously to bring back the general taste to the pristine character of these performances. He separated, as far as he was able, the sacred from the secular parts, and he gave to the former their just predominance in such an entertainment. He sought and procured much foreign novelty in composition ; and there appears upon the surface no visible reason for the want of success, but the superabundant singers he engaged. We hope the present proprietors, if they retrench in the latter respect, will not abandon the reformation he was effecting in the former. Not that we do not relish Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, as well as his *Requiem-in loco*. We have not the slightest objection to hear the one as well as the other, even in the solemn season of Lent. But there is a revolting degree of mockery in insisting upon the close of the theatres for plays, on the score of a pious necessity, and in allowing them to open for an amusement which only pretends to be of a religious cast. At present no other concert is on foot. The City Amateur Concert, which it was

said to be the intention of the directors to reanimate, the Vocal, and the British, are all extinct. We do not hear of any thing even at the Argyll Rooms. The Philharmonic Society has been much engaged in the trial of a new work of Beethoven's, which is a nondescript in music, partaking at one and the same time of the Sinfonia and Ode. It has been rehearsed, and has excited a great deal of discussion: it will try the purses of the Society, and the patience of the audience; for it will cost (up to the first performance) not less than two hundred guineas, and will last nearly one hour and a half. Having heard it only in its infant state, we do not deem it fair to estimate or pronounce in any manner upon its merits from such a specimen. It has been reported that Madame Catalani intends to give one concert in March; and we see it is announced in the Bath Subscription Concert Bills that her last appearance at Bath (*positively* her last) took place on Tuesday the 15th of February. This brings us back to a circumstance to which we alluded in the commencement of our February report, namely, the temporary suspension of the customary series of concerts given during this season of the year at that polite city. We have stronger reason than ever to suspect that the cause we assigned was the true one, namely, the exorbitant demands of some of the principal singers. These demands, however, seem to have been brought down, for a series of four concerts was soon after announced; at the two first of which, on the 1st and the 8th of February, were Signor De Begnis and Madame Ronzi De Begnis assisted by Messrs. Stansbury and Rolle, and Miss George. M. Labarre, the harp-player, also made his first appearance at Bath. These concerts were marked by no peculiar novelty, except the production of an effective ballad, the composition of Mr. Stansbury, and sung by himself, and a duet of Mosca's by the De Begnis. Mr. Loder led, and Mr. Windsor conducted. Intermediately the party gave a concert on Thursday the 3d of February, at Bristol. To that place, however, Madame Catalani had engaged to come in the succeeding week, and to sing between the acts at the theatre. Her appearance was announced for the Monday (February 7), and she was also to have sung on the Wednesday and Friday, and the succeeding Monday and Tuesday. The first two nights she was unfortunately seized with one of those sudden indispositions to which this poor lady is so unhappily subject. The Bristol Mercury, speaking of her malady, says, "We have already expressed our perfect conviction on the subject of these sudden indispositions, the only doubt we have permitted ourselves to entertain, is at the sudden recovery of the invalid: who, for instance, that heard Madame Catalani on Friday last could imagine that she had been so recently the victim of a cruel indisposition. Yet we have no doubt of the fact, though there has been some mistake as to the name of the disorder. It was not, we believe, a cold; but a slight *return of yellow fever, or yellow jaundice, or something else yellow*, about which her friends had some misgivings previous to her present engagement, and which had created some doubts as to its propriety. Our information is not sufficiently authentic to enable us to state positively that she received the infection through the medium of some *box* which had been transmitted to her, and which communicated the morbid poison through a *poudre subtile*; but such is the report. On Friday evening, however, she was perfectly restored to health, and it gave us unfeigned pleasure to observe so little trace of her recent

indisposition. Madame Catalani sung as Madame Catalani always sings, and in a way in which no one need ever hope to compete with her. She was repeatedly encored, and she complied with the requisitions of the audience, with all that grace and affability for which she has always been so distinguished."

Rumour thus interprets this allusion. Madame Catalani had presented a gold snuff box to a professor in the neighbourhood; who, having reason to consider himself injuriously treated by her visit to Bristol, returned, it is said, the box with rather a strongly worded explanation to the Chevalier, her husband. Peace, however, was made between the parties by a counter explanation from M. De Vallebrequé, and Madame was announced for the last of the Bath concerts. It is deeply to be regretted that so charming a woman, and so commanding a singer, should be continually plunged into strife, alike to the loss of peace, reputation, and profit. She is very ill-advised.

The third Concert was a choral night, as it is termed at Bath. Miss Goodall and Miss Wood, with Mr. Pyne, Mr. Garbett, and Mr. Phillips, were the principal vocalists. Mr. Vaughan and Madame Catalani are to be "the Stars" on the last night of the series, the 22d of February. Messrs. Labarre and Lindley have been the solo instrumentalists at the three first, and Mr. Nicholson is to play at the last.

Such as we have related are the arrangements for the musical entertainments of the season in London, so far as they are yet promulgated. Some light perhaps is reflected upon them from the transactions in the country just narrated. It should seem as if the necessity to check the tendency to excess, both in the demand of the singers and the appetite of the public, has prompted the several *entrepreneurs*, who either are embarked, or have the courage to venture, upon great and dangerous musical undertakings, to make an endeavour to reduce the scale of their engagements and operations. The effect upon the public is yet to be seen; we can but think there will be a pause in the progression of things musical, if not a considerable change.

NEW MUSIC.

Trio for the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, by J. N. Hummel.—This trio declares forcibly the hand of the master. In one respect Mr. H. has departed from his usual style in a slight degree, for his lesson contains no *great* difficulties for any of the instruments. But perhaps this will more strongly recommend it to the notice of the generality of performers. The usual strength and spirit of the composer pervades the whole piece, the *andante* is very original, and the *rondo* extremely elegant and lively.

"Amicitia," Sonata for the piano-forte, with an accompaniment for flute or violin (*ad lib.*) by J. B. Cramer. N. B. The quintetto from which this is adapted, will be published early in 1825. This piece of information almost induces us to be silent upon the qualities of the adaptation until we see the original; but our readers will expect some notice of such a composition as this. It is by Mr. Cramer, and this is saying much for it, we fear almost all we may venture upon. It is more difficult than Mr. C's works of this kind generally are; there is a smoothness and ease about it, which indicate that it is from the pen of one long accustomed to create melody at his pleasure, and it contains passages of such elegance, as few but its composer could write; there is, however, a want of vigour and originality, which proves that Mr. Cramer draws largely from the stores of amusement he has already furnished to the public, to eke out the still beautiful, though little novelty with which he presents them.

Spanish Divertissement for the piano-forte with accompaniments for the flute by F. J.

Klose.—An excessively easy lesson, but very pretty, and containing much to tempt young beginners on both instruments.

“*Partant pour la Syrie*,” with variations for the piano-forte, by T. Valentine.—Rather more difficult than the last lesson, and not so original, but containing better practice for the learner. The arrangements are as follow: No. 8. of “*Les Bells Fleurs*” by Sola and Bruguier. No. 4. of “*L’Amusement des Soeurs*.” Bruguier.

Twelfth Dramatic Divertimento. Bruguier.

Book sixteen of Rossini’s favourite air, from “*Ricciardo e Laraida*,” for harp and piano-forte, with flute and violoncello (ad. lib.) by Bochsa.

No. 1. of Select Airs, from *Der Freyschutz*, for piano-forte and violoncello, by Crouch.

Book 1, of Select Italian Airs, for ditto, by Crouch.

Bochsa’s favourite Notturmo for harp and violoncello, arranged for the piano-forte by G. Kiallmark.

Two more numbers of the new edition of Cramer’s Works for the piano-forte, are published, containing his *Crazy Jane*, with variations; and the *Overture to Lodoiska*, arranged as a sonata for the piano-forte.

Mr. Bruguier has published Book 1. of a new edition of his *Preparatory Exercises* for the piano-forte.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month has been unusually barren of all foreign intelligence. The principal subject of curiosity was the effect which our recognition of the South American States was likely to produce upon the Continental Cabinets. To none of them could it have been very palatable, considering the principles of Legitimacy on which the Holy Alliance is founded; and, perhaps, least of all to France, connected as her reigning family is with that of Spain. Accordingly, though we do not find that any open official remonstrance has been made by the cabinet of the Thuilleries, still the tone of the ministerial papers in Paris sufficiently indicates the temper in which the communication has been received. Indeed, the rumour goes that Charles the Tenth himself has not shown the best temper on the occasion, and that, when speaking on the subject to the Russian Ambassador, he declared that he cordially went with Alexander to the full extent of the Holy Alliance principles, and that so long as France and Russia agreed, revolutionary opinions could not prosper. M. Villele had the good sense, however, to keep this observation out of the *Moniteur*. Alexander himself is said to have been seized with a very serious and delicate malady, and the beloved Ferdinand’s gout immediately took such a direction towards the stomach, that he has been unable to transact any business for some time. He is said to have declared that he was always betrayed and deserted by his ministers, and even to have lamented the hard fate which ever doomed him to wear a crown; a lamentation in which, with a great many others, we most cordially concur. As this is the only sentiment which was ever attributed to Ferdinand; in which we feel disposed to join, it is only fair and impartial in us to confess that, for once, we agree with him. Some of the French ultra journals cannot conceal their spleen against Mr. Canning; and the *Etoile* laughs very much at the idea of awaking with his eloquence the drowsy Bristol aldermen after dinner. It also attacks England on the

subject of the Irish Catholics, declaring, "that no government, not excepting even that of Rome, ever more perseveringly exercised religious persecution." India too is not forgotten; "There never," says the editor, "existed a more absolute government in the world, than that of the English in India." After all this, there is a hint given that a Continental Confederation is not quite impossible. On this subject, however, we are inclined to think that the ultra journal rather flatters the prejudices, and speaks the wishes of its patrons, than founds itself on any credible authority. On the contrary, if report speaks true, both Sweden and the Netherlands are inclined to follow our example, and Prussia has actually appointed a consul for Buenos Ayres; a circumstance, considering the time at which the appointment has taken place, not a little remarkable. It is curious enough that some of the liberal journals, and even the one through which Chateaubriand is supposed to speak, takes an opposite course, and lauds the policy of Mr. Canning as wise and statesman-like! The *Constitutionnel* states that this measure proves that the English ministry are well aware of the position of the continental powers, who, in separating their interest from that of their people, have, so to speak, morally disavowed themselves, and could not undertake a hostile movement against England, without hastening their ruin and even compromising their own existence. Though we firmly believe that this paper speaks the truth, yet still the truth spoken by a Frenchman against a Frenchman, and in an Englishman's favour, is an incident for which we were not perfectly prepared. Verily, a Whig in England, and a Liberal in France, are very like each other when out of place.

Most undoubtedly true it is, however, that France does not partake of the inability to go to war, at least in a financial point of view, ascribed by the *Constitutionnel* to the other continental powers. M. de Villele, in opening the French Budget, took a review of the receipts and expenditure of France for some years. In 1823, the year of the Spanish war, the receipts were about 45,000,000*l.* and the expenditure was beneath that sum by about 200,000*l.* In the years 1824 and 1825, the receipts (calculated), also by some small surplus exceed the expenditure; and, according to the Minister's estimate for the year 1826, there will be a further excess amounting to about 400,000*l.* The expense of the Spanish war is stated to have been defrayed by the issue of four millions of rentes, the balance of the last loan, and the excess of the ordinary income over the ordinary expenditure of the state. In the meantime a great sensation has been created at Paris by the arrest and detention of the great commissary and contractor, Ouvrard, on charges of speculation. The report of the commissioners concerning his department in the late Spanish war has been ordered by the Minister to be distributed to the members of the Chamber of Deputies. It occupies no less than five quarto volumes. The French papers are filled with violent debates upon the proposed indemnification to the emigrants; neither party seem to relish the plan, but as yet nothing definite has been determined on. The law of sacrilege also has given rise to very violent discussions. It has, however, been finally carried, with all its odious and bigoted enactments. In the House of Peers, the Count de Bastard proposed, and Chateaubriand seconded the following amendment, mitigating, in some degree, its religious folly: "That the profanation of the sacred vessels should be punished by

hard labour for a limited time," and that "the profanation of the sacred elements should be punished by hard labour for life." These propositions, quite severe enough in themselves, were, however, disclaimed by the House of Peers, as being too lenient, and the savage punishment originally proposed was carried by a majority of 108 votes against 104! The coronation has been postponed until May. On the part of England, His Majesty has appointed His Grace the Duke of Northumberland as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent him on this occasion. It is said that the appointment was solicited, and that the Duke means to support it at considerable expense. The Newcastle Chronicle says that forty of his principal lessees have offered, as a mark of respect, to accompany him at their own cost, and that his suite will be augmented by a very numerous portion of his tenantry. There is a rumour, very generally credited, that Prince Metternich is about to visit the French capital immediately, and that his journey has some high political object; speculation, of course, points to our recognition of South America.

From Spain there is no news of any interest. The country seems in a most turbulent and unsettled state, and the King is so ill that his life was considered in danger. The official intelligence of our recognition of South America had, as might have been expected, created considerable alarm. The Cabinet of Madrid immediately presented a protest to the British Charge d'Affaires against all steps which England either had taken or might take, tending to recognise, directly or indirectly, in the Spanish American possessions, any authority save that of his legitimate Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh. Our Ambassador had, for the fortnight preceding, absented himself when the diplomatic body went to pay their respects to the King. It was, perhaps, prudent enough to avoid a direct personal interview with Ferdinand, immediately after such a communication. His serious illness is said to have been occasioned by a violent fit of passion at the receipt of the intelligence. The dissatisfaction at Madrid was much increased by news having reached that Capital of the overthrow of the Administration at Lisbon, and the appointment of a very liberal one, including M. Pinheiro-Ferreira, who had been in office under the Cortes. This last nomination had given especial umbrage. The change was understood to have been brought about by the interference of our Minister, Sir W. A'Court, and the recognition by Portugal of the independence of Brazil was expected to follow at no distant period. We do not much wonder that Spain, situated as she now is, should deprecate such an example. The French have taken almost complete ownership of Cadix; they have dismissed all the Spanish political authorities in that city, allowing none to remain except the municipal ones. They have also appointed, in conjunction with the Spanish, French controllers over the customs, who are to keep a register of the funds of every sort, and a French cashier and receiver are appointed to take charge of such funds. In the meantime, Algerine Corsairs and pirates of all descriptions are making daily and unpunished depredations on their coasts.

The cause of the Greeks presents no new feature. The journal published at Missolonghi enters into a triumphant review of the national successes during the late campaign, and predicts confidently a similar termination to the next.

The accounts from South America, are, we are rejoiced to say, as pros-

perous as the most ardent friends of freedom could desire. Without entering into details, we may briefly state, that in all probability at the moment we write there is not a Spanish soldier in arms in Peru. Bolivar had beaten Canterac in a number of engagements, and was proceeding with all the confidence which success could inspire over an enemy broken down by defeat, and dispirited in a bad cause. There has been a letter from him to M. Santamaria, the Colombian Minister, resident at Mexico, assuring him of the speedy termination of the campaign, as a Chilian army was marching from Africa to join that of Peru and Buenos Ayres. The reinforcements from Carthagena, Santa Martha, and Puerto Cabello, had arrived at Guacho from Panama, whence also had been shipped a million and a half of dollars for the army of Peru. Lima was occupied by the patriots, and Callao was blockaded, by sea and land, by the combined land and naval forces; the latter under the command of Commodore Blanco, of the Chilian service.

It is not improbable but that for the bold and prompt interference of Lord Cochrane at Maranham, we should have to detail in that quarter a renewal of the scenes which lately occurred at Pernambuco. Bruce, the governor of Maranham, was long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with Carvalho, the governor of Pernambuco, during the resistance made in that province to the Emperor's authority; and it was fully expected that had Carvalho succeeded, Maranham would have instantly risen, and a contest ensued, which, however unsuccessful in its results, must have caused much bloodshed, and impeded all commercial intercourse for a time. His Lordship perceiving, notwithstanding Carvalho's overthrow, that Bruce continued his ambitious projects, did not wait for any Imperial order, but had him arrested on his own authority, and instantly sent off a prisoner to Rio, appointing his own chief secretary governor pro tempore. The consequence of this step had been the perfect restoration of tranquillity, and the annihilation of the hopes of the republican party. All that now seems wanting perfectly to restore confidence and ensure security is, the recognition of Brazil by the mother country, an event, as we before stated, of very probable contingency.

Our domestic intelligence is of course almost totally confined to the proceedings in Parliament. His Majesty having had a slight affection of the gout, it was not considered prudent by his physicians that he should expose himself to cold, and the Session was accordingly opened by commission. On the 3d of February, about half-past two o'clock, the House of Lords met, and the Lords Commissioners being robed, took their seats on the woolsack. The Commons were summoned to hear his Majesty's commission for opening the Session read. A considerable number of the Members, preceded by the Speaker, soon after appeared at the bar, and the commission being read, the Lord Chancellor read his Majesty's speech, of which the following is a copy:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,—We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you the gratification which his Majesty derives from the continuance and progressive increase of that public prosperity upon which his Majesty congratulated you at the opening of the last Session of Parliament.—There never was a period in the history of this country, when all the great interests of the nation were at the same time in so thriving a condition, or when a feeling of content and satisfaction was more widely diffused through all classes of the British people.—It is no small addition to the gratification of his Majesty, that Ireland is participating in the general prosperity.

The outrages, for the suppression of which extraordinary powers were confided to his Majesty, have so far ceased, as to warrant the suspension of the exercise of those powers in most of the districts heretofore disturbed.—Industry and Commercial enterprise are extending themselves in that part of the United Kingdom. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted, that associations should exist in Ireland, which have adopted proceedings irreconcilable with the spirit of the Constitution, and calculated, by exciting alarm, and by exasperating animosities, to endanger the peace of Society, and to retard the course of National Improvement.—His Majesty relies upon your wisdom to consider, without delay, the means of applying a remedy to this evil.—His Majesty further recommends the renewal of the inquiries instituted last Session into the state of Ireland.—His Majesty has seen, with regret, the interruption of tranquillity in India, by the unprovoked aggression and extravagant pretensions of the Burmese Government, which rendered hostile operations against that state unavoidable.—It is, however, satisfactory to find that none of the other Native Powers have manifested any unfriendly disposition, and that the bravery and conduct displayed by the forces already employed against the enemy afford the most favourable prospect of a successful termination of the contest.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons.—His Majesty has directed us to inform you that the estimates of the year will be forthwith laid before you.—The state of India, and circumstances connected with other parts of his Majesty's foreign possessions, will render some augmentation in his military establishments indispensable.—His Majesty has, however, the sincere gratification of believing, that notwithstanding the increase of expense arising out of this augmentation, such is the flourishing condition and progressive improvement of the revenue, that it will still be in your power, without affecting public credit, to give additional facilities to the national industry, and to make a further reduction in the burdens of his people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen.—His Majesty commands us to inform you, that his Majesty continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, assurances of their unabated desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of peace with his Majesty and with each other; and that it is his Majesty's constant endeavour to preserve the general tranquillity.—The negotiations which have been so long carried on through his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, between the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte, have been brought to an amicable issue.—His Majesty has directed to be laid before you copies of arrangements which have been entered into with the kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover, for improving the commercial intercourse between those States and the United Kingdom.—A treaty, having for its object the more effectual suppression of the Slave Trade, has been concluded between his Majesty and the King of Sweden, a copy of which treaty (as soon as the ratifications thereof shall have been exchanged) his Majesty has directed to be laid before you.—Some difficulties have arisen with respect to the ratification of the treaty for the same object which was negotiated last year between his Majesty and the United States of America.—These difficulties, however, his Majesty trusts, will not finally impede the conclusion of so beneficial an arrangement.—In conformity with the declarations which have been repeatedly made by his Majesty, his Majesty has taken measures for confirming by treaties the commercial relations already subsisting between this kingdom and those countries of America which appear to have established their separation from Spain.—So soon as these treaties shall be completed, his Majesty will direct copies to be laid before you.—His Majesty commands us not to conclude without congratulating you upon the continued improvement in the state of the agricultural interest, the solid foundation of our national prosperity; nor without informing you, that evident advantage has been derived from the relief which you have recently given to commerce by the removal of inconvenient restrictions.—His Majesty recommends to you to persevere (as circumstances may allow) in the removal of similar restrictions; and his Majesty directs us to assure you, that you may rely upon his Majesty's cordial co-operation in fostering and extending that commerce, which, whilst it is, under the blessing of Providence, a main source of strength and power to this country, contributes in no less a degree to the happiness and civilization of mankind.

The Address in answer to the Speech was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Dudley and Ward, and seconded by Lord Gort. It was moved in the House of Commons by Lord Levison Gower, and seconded by Mr. Alderman Thompson, the first instance within our memory of such a task having been imposed on an Alderman; it was, however, very creditably performed by him, and perhaps the choice of a person on such an occasion who must be supposed to be the personal representative of so many commercial men, was peculiarly appropriate, when so important a commercial measure as the recognition of South America was for the first time communicated officially to the country. Our readers cannot fail to observe the strong allusion made in the Speech to the tranquil state of Ireland, accompanied by a recommendation to put down the Catholic Association. Although the plural phrase *associations* is used in the Speech, there can be no doubt that the association we have named is especially, if not solely, meant. Indeed the entire debate proves and confirms this, because not a single Orange Member ever once thought of complaining of the blow affected to be aimed conjointly at their favourite assemblages. We cannot help thinking that it would have been much more manly in Ministers at once to have openly avowed a peculiar object, into which every one must at once see. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in saying, that we go with them quite as far as they go, and we would go still farther on such a subject, had they proposed it. It was quite impossible for any constitutional Minister farther to have brooked the impudence of this permanent body; they assumed to be a House of Commons, to all intents and purposes; and we must say, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland desired that a House of Commons should remain in their country, they should not have slunk back in venal or bigotted silence at the period of the Union. It is not our intention to fatigue our readers with any repetition of a debate which lasted for four nights by adjournment. The speakers who particularly distinguished themselves on the side of administration were Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunkett; the latter made a speech which fully confirmed his high character for eloquence. He was placed in a most difficult and delicate situation, and acquitted himself in a manner which produced a very powerful impression on the House. On the part of the opposition Mr. Denman, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett, made admirable speeches; nor can we with justice omit Sir James Macintosh, who, however, dabbled a little too much in very eloquent and subtle metaphysics. There are some questions which must be met openly and boldly, without any casuistry or evasion whatever; and this was manifestly one of them. The speech on the part of the opponents of the measure which appeared to us to produce the greatest impression, (and we heard the whole debate) and which deserved to do so, was that of Sir Francis Burdett. He was a perfect model of an English country gentleman—plain, straightforward, manly and earnest. What he said he seemed heartily to feel; and the language in which he expressed those feelings was that of an educated and able man. The speech of Mr. Canning (admirable certainly in point of humour and eloquence, as he always is) we confess we did not like, because we thought we saw throughout it a much too manifest dexterity. In plain English, we thought we saw a lurking desire to back out of the Catholic question altogether. The direct lunge which he made at the re-

presentation of the University of Oxford, and his declaration that if the measure were now proposed England would rise "comparatively as one man against it," carry to our minds complete conviction. No advocate of the Catholic claims ever can represent Oxford University with its present principles. Mr. Canning knows this; and as to the obstacle which he affects to raise in the present disposition of the English people, there never was less ground for an English Statesman declaring so than at present, as would appear by a reference to the table of the House of Commons. Scarcely a single petition lies on it against the claims of the Catholics, either from England or Ireland, though the approaching discussion of the subject has been long notorious. Leave was finally given (on the motion of Mr. Goulburn, Secretary for Ireland) to bring in the bill. On a division the numbers appeared to be—For the bill 278; Against it 123. Subsequently Mr. Brougham presented a petition from the Catholic Association, praying to be heard by Counsel against the bill. His motion, after a long debate, was rejected by a majority of 222 to 89. The bill is proceeding in its various stages through the House of Commons, not without much debate, but still advancing with considerable majorities. There can be no doubt that it will pass into a law.

Mr. Serjeant Onslow again brought forward his bill for the repeal of the usury laws, which was unsuccessful last session. Leave was given to bring in the bill, but it was subsequently thrown out by a majority of forty-five to forty.

A select committee was appointed, on the motion of Lord Lowther, to inquire into the abuses of the turnpike trusts within ten miles of the metropolis, (inclusive.) The extension to ten miles around London was an amendment proposed by Mr. Hume.

A motion has been made on the subject of the game laws by Mr. S. Wortley, which will, we hope, lead to some amelioration of the present scandalous and inhuman system. The abolition of the murderous setting of traps and spring guns will, we sincerely hope, be finally effected, though it does not seem to have entered into Mr. Wortley's mind as objectionable. Indeed, on the contrary, the worthy member seems to have defended the practice as humane and politic! Leave was given to bring in the bill but not without much opposition.

In consequence of some observations made in both Houses on the dry rot in our ships, those immediately connected with the Admiralty declared that in no former time was the navy in so perfect a state of soundness and efficiency.

In the House of Lords, no debate of any consequence has hitherto taken place; the discussions have, as in the House of Commons, arisen chiefly on the passage in his Majesty's speech relative to Ireland, and the same arguments have been on both sides resorted to.

In the Court of King's Bench, the Chief Justice, supported by the other Judges, declared that all Joint-Stock Companies requiring and not having a charter or act of parliament, and having transferrable shares, were illegal. This decision has had a considerable and beneficial effect upon many of the ruinous speculations now afloat. The Lord Chancellor has intimated his intention of introducing a still more restrictive law upon this subject.

The army is to be very considerably increased. The amount is variously

specified. Our actual situation in India, to which country large reinforcements have already gone, and our possible situation in Ireland, are assigned as reasons in justification of this most extraordinary measure in the midst of profound peace.

It is said to be in contemplation, to apply to parliament for powers to dispose of Waterloo Bridge by lottery—an immense depreciation has taken place in the shares; those which originally cost 100*l.* are now selling at 6*l.* 10*s.*

According to accounts published by the Bank of England, it appears that among the public balances in the hands of the Company, there are unclaimed lottery prizes to the amount of 41,415*l.* and unclaimed dividends due, amounting to 1,200,000*l.* !!

The Catholic Association in Ireland have sent over a deputation from their body, to give information with respect to their views to such as may require it.

Mr. Wilberforce and Sir William Curtis are both, it is said, about to retire from parliamentary life, in consequence of their advanced age. The former gentleman has now sat for forty-five years.

Amongst the speculations of the present day, we observe it announced, that a steam-boat has been launched at Deptford, for the purpose of a voyage to India. She is very appropriately called the *Enterprise*.

THE COLONIES.

THE attention of our fellow subjects in Canada seems much occupied with a grievance for which it is not difficult, we should imagine, for the parent country to provide a remedy; namely, the encroachments of the Americans upon the fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the neighbouring coast of Labrador. This enterprising people, taking advantage of the supineness of the Canadians, are now eagerly following up this contraband trade, which robs the British colonists of the staple material of their commerce. A New York paper announces the arrival of several vessels from this quarter, one with 75,000 fish, another with 61,000, a third with 65,000, a fourth with 48,000, a fifth with 52,000, a sixth with 60,000, and seventh with 62,000. The Canadians are endeavouring to set on foot an association to expel these illicit traders, and to secure the valuable benefits which the fishing yields—benefit beyond all comparison more secure than those which tempt British capital to other parts of that continent.

A subscription is raising in Quebec for the purpose of ascertaining by experiment the practicability of ascending the rapids of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Kingston, by means similar to those used on the navigable rivers of the United States. Vessels not drawing more than the depth of water in the rapids of those rivers are towed up in boats constructed with paddle-wheels, which are turned by the descending current, and wind round a windlass, rope, or other fastening, one end of which is fixed at the head of the current: thus obtaining from the current a power against itself, which can be augmented to any extent within the strength of the materials employed. If the St. Lawrence could be made convenient for ascending navigation, no canal, or artificial water will ever be able to compete with it.

Affairs seem tolerably tranquil in the West Indies. The planters of Demerara feel no apprehensions now except from the Order in Council in prospect. In Trinidad, dis-

content and lamentation amongst the proprietors seem to have changed, through the necessity of the case, into acquiescence, and a disposition to aid the ameliorating process. In St. Vincent's, some alarm has been created through the assassination of the commander of the garrison by a private soldier. Reports of a terrifying nature were engendered by this event; and the governor, who had embarked for Canouan, was obliged to return in a few days. The colonial newspaper complains of his departure as evincing little respect for the feelings of the public.

In Jamaica, the proceedings of the House of Assembly (which has been prorogued by the Duke of Manchester, after an expression of disappointment, qualified by a compliment as to the future intention of the House) constitute the only topic worthy of observation. The Loan Bill, referred to before, has passed, after much opposition: one member declaring that there existed a precedent in 1796, which justified him in stating that the bill would be nugatory, unless the Bank of England became surety for them. The bill appoints commissioners to negotiate a loan or loans in Great Britain, to the amount of 500,000*l.*, on the credit of the island. The preamble states the necessity of aiding the ordinary funds for *building churches*. The loan is to be effected at a rate of interest not exceeding *six* per cent., and to be reimbursable at the Bank of England. The interest to be paid half-yearly, and the principal periodically, at seven annual instalments: the first not to be made earlier than ten years after the loan is effected.

A report made (December 7) by the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the rise, progress, and means used to suppress the late disturbances in the island, enters into a copious detail of the revolt and its circumstances, in which it is remarkable that no allusion is made to Messrs. Lecesne and Escoffery, the two coloured persons, who were apprehended and sent to Hayti, by the government, charged with being the fomenters of that disturbance.

The report alleges as the cause of the revolt, a notion among the negroes that the King and Wilberforce had made them free.

"This idea," it is observed, "is not confined to any one particular parish, but appears to have pervaded the whole island, and has taken such full possession of the negro's mind, that it forms the constant theme of his conversation, and its effects are too lamentably shown by the altered demeanour and reluctance exhibited in discharging his ordinary duties. All notions of dependance and subjection to the authority of his master are now excluded; and so far from regarding the latter with his wonted feelings of respect and affection, he looks upon him as his bitterest enemy, in withholding from him the enjoyment of those privileges which the Mother Country is supposed to have conceded."

The report states, that the expences which the island has had to sustain, in consequence of the late disturbance, amount to 15,270*l.* 12*s.* 11½*d.*; and it deprecates any discussion of the Slave Code, at the present period.

The Council of Jamaica display a very different spirit from that which is manifested in the House. In their answer to the communication from the Governor of the Trinidad Order in Council, they say:—"We always feel the strongest desire to meet the wishes and satisfy the expectations of his Majesty's government; and we can with perfect sincerity assure your Grace, that the same considerate regard for the improvement of the slaves, which your Grace is pleased to recognise in our proceedings of 1816, remains still undiminished. Your Grace may confidently rely upon our cheerful concurrence in all measures which may tend to promote the gradual improvement of the condition of the slave population."

A measure has been adopted by the legislature of this island, whereby public officers paid out of the revenue of the island are to be subjected to an effective tax of five per cent. upon their income.

COMMERCE.

BRITISH MARKETS.

City, Feb. 23.

The hypothesis we ventured in our last report, respecting the causes of the vicissitudes experienced in our commercial markets, has been singularly confirmed by the transactions of the present month. The panic felt at the Stock Exchange, followed by the depression of the marketable value of foreign funds, shares, &c. has occasioned large sums to be withdrawn from thence, which have been invested in merchandize. A great change has consequently been produced in commercial affairs; the transactions have been most extensive; and the staple articles have greatly advanced. The rise has been so sudden, as to leave large profits in the hands of the original purchasers; who, it is known, have, in some cases, repurchased their own goods, and sold them again at a premium. During the last week, the briskness in the colonial market has been unprecedented: within a few days, coffee has advanced 8s. per cwt. Sugars are also in great demand; saltpetre 5s. per cwt. higher; mace, which a few weeks back fetched about 4s. per lb. has been sold at 13s., and attained yesterday to 15s. and 16s. The other articles which have been objects of speculation, namely, indigo, nutmegs, tobacco, camphire, cloves, cinnamon, pepper, ginger, turmeric, logwood and rice, have been extremely profitable. The improvement is not, however, confined to these articles, or the chief branches of merchandize, but extends to all colonial and foreign productions. Increased consumption, and reduction of stock, abroad as well as at home, are assigned as causes of this beneficial change in mercantile affairs; but the real operative cause is that which we have already explained. The following comparison between the prices of several commodities at the beginning of the year, and those they bear at present, will show the advantages which must have accrued to speculators.

| | Former prices. | Present prices. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Indigo.....lb. | 6s. to 15s. | 6s. 6d. to 16s. |
| Nutmegs.....lb. | 5s. 3d. to 5s. 6d. | 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. |
| Tobacco.....lb. | 2d. to 7d. | 3d. to 9d. |
| Camphire.....cwt. | 7l. 10s. to 8l. 5s. | 9l. 10s. to 10l. 10s. |
| Cinnamon.....lb. | 4s. 9d. to 7s. | 4s. 10d. to 7s. 6d. |
| Pepper.....lb. | 5½d. to 6½d. | 6½d. to 8d. |
| Cloves.....lb. | 2s. 5d. to 3s. | 3s. 1d. to 3s. 3d. |
| East India ginger.....cwt. | 24s. to 65s. | 45s. to 75s. |
| Turmeric.....cwt. | 22s. to 45s. | 36s. to 65s. |
| Logwood.....ton | 7l. to 9l. 10s. | 9l. 9s. to 10l. 10s. |
| Sugar.....cwt. | 52s. to 70s. | 55s. to 75s. |
| Rum.....gallon | 1s. 10d. to 2s. | 2s. to 2s. 6d. |
| Whale Oil.....tun | 25l. | 30l. |

The foregoing comparison is between the *highest* of the former, and the *lowest* of the existing prices.

Let us now proceed to a brief detail of the state of the markets in respect to the chief articles.

Cotton.—The activity in this branch of trade has been much accelerated. The sales have been gradually increasing during the month; and although the largest portion of the transfers has been to speculators, yet, as the trade has likewise purchased freely, the prices, especially of East India cotton, have advanced to the full extent of 1d. per lb. In the last three weeks, the sales have increased in the following ratio: 10,000, 15,000, 30,000 bales. Yesterday the market was extremely brisk, and extensive purchases were made towards the close of the day. It is now apparent that the consumption of cotton throughout Europe has not only increased, but exceeds the pro-

sent import of the article. In France the consumption of 1823 was 172,312 bags; in 1824, 243,958 bags; difference no less than 71,646 bags.

Sugar.—British plantation sugars have gradually risen, which is partly attributable to the diminution of stock (the weekly deliveries continuing to be very extensive), and partly to the expectation that this year's supply will be late, in consequence of the outward-bound ships being so long detained on our coast. There is every appearance of improvement in this market; the supplies are small; the sales are considerable; and the holders yesterday exhibited no *unwillingness* to sell, which occasions what, in mercantile phraseology, is called *firmness*. No brown Jamaica sugars were offered under 61s. per cwt.; and generally, the prices are 1s. per cwt. higher than previously.

On the 17th instant, a deputation of persons in the West India interest had an interview with ministers, concerning the alterations in the duties on colonial produce. The result is represented to be by no means satisfactory to that body; after a long discussion, no hope was held out that the duty on Muscovadoes would be reduced, or that Mauritius sugar would be excluded from the home market. It was understood that the duty on coffee would be diminished 6d. per lb.; and the proposition of permitting distillers to use sugar was favourably entertained. A much surer, more beneficial, and legitimate kind of relief will be derived, by West India merchants and planters, from the great enhancement of the prices of colonial produce.

Coffee.—The coffee market has been a good deal operated upon during the month, from various causes. The consumption of this article on the Continent is found to have increased; and the supply in the foreign markets (as will be seen hereafter) is very limited. The prospect of an increase in the home consumption, through the expected reduction of duty, is another motive to purchase upon speculation. The grocers have likewise purchased rather largely. These considerations would induce us to calculate upon a considerable rise in prices; but the arrivals of coffee have been large; and speculators have caused much fluctuation by occasionally discharging their stocks on the market, in order to realise a profit. During the last two or three days, however, much coffee (not less than 20,000 packages) has changed hands, some of it three or four times, and considerable profit has been realised. The general advance, during the last week, is from 7s. to 10s. per cwt.; but there have been few or no public sales, which afford the best criterion of prices.

Tea has advanced during the month: Bohea and common Congou $\frac{1}{2}$ per lb.; fine Congou $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to 1d.; Hyson Id.; Twankay 2d. to 3d. on the last sale prices.

Tobacco has been an object of great speculation, and the transfers have been immense. Of a stock of 14,000 hogsheads, no less than 10,000 are said to have changed hands, since the beginning of the month, at an advance of from 1d. to 2d. per lb. The avidity to purchase has been increased by observing the trade entering the market, and buying at the advanced prices, owing to a great reduction in the duty being expected.

Spices have been, and continue to be, favourite articles of speculation. Cinnamon, mace, cloves, and cassia lignea, have much advanced. Much fluctuation has happened in pepper and nutmegs, but in the end all have turned out well for holders. The briskness in the demand for all kinds of spices yesterday was indescribable.

Oils.—Both fish and seed oils have been steady, or rather improving. Latterly, rape oil has advanced about 1l. per tun, owing to the news from Holland of the mischief occasioned to the seed-lands by the inundation.

Silks.—The great rise in Italian silks has advanced the prices of those from the east. At the sale of the East India Company, which commenced the 21st instant, China silks were selling 6s. to 7s. per lb.; Bengals, 7s. to 9s. per lb. higher than the last sale prices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The markets for these articles have settled into tranquillity, or rather dullness. Letters from Petersburg, of 22d January, represent the prices of tallow to have fallen.

The provincial markets exhibit the same complexion as those of London. At Liverpool, the demand for cotton has been extremely animated, especially during the last week, and the transactions have been unusually extensive. The private and public sales on the 19th amounted to no less than 37,850 bags. Logwood is in request among speculators, and the price has rather advanced. The stock of East India sugar is said to be exhausted. At Glasgow, cotton is in good demand, and is taken off by the spinners, who are all at work. A speculation in logwood prevails here.

Upon a former occasion, we adverted to the alteration in the law respecting the exportation of British wool. So far as regards the grower, the policy of that measure is already apparent. A letter from Yorkshire, dated January 30, states that "the current price at which most of the wool (for combing purposes) was sold in this neighbourhood, till within a few weeks, was 13*d.* per lb.; when an advance of 1*d.* per lb. took place. About three weeks since, 15*d.* was offered; a week after, 16*d.*, and now 18*d.* is the general price; one or two individuals have obtained 19*d.*" We perceive by the parliamentary votes that this subject is to be again canvassed.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

Hamburgh.—The sugar market is animated; large purchases have been made lately, and they would have been larger, had there been more to purchase. Coffee and cotton are far from being languid; indigo is brisk, and in some demand.

Antwerp.—The demand for coffee is lively, and the arrivals have not kept pace with it; so that there is little left in the market for sale. A want of supply of cotton is equally felt. Rice is likewise in continued demand, and at the last arrival (18th February) the stock was quite exhausted. A fresh supply of sugar is also required; and higher prices are accordingly offered by the Dutch refiners, who have been working freely. Nutmegs have been an article of speculation; but there appears no effectual demand for them. Indigo and dyewood are firm, and somewhat improving.

Trieste.—Coffee is in request, in consequence of a demand from the interior, and the stock is consequently reduced. The stock of pepper and that of ginger are small; the price of the former has advanced. Indigo sells at advanced prices, and other dye stuffs are rising: there is no madder in the market.

Malta.—The cotton market is bare; no East India can be met with. Silk is in great demand. Cocoa is dull of sale; East India cotton goods (muslins and calicoes) extremely so. Sugar is in great abundance.

Gibraltar.—Large quantities of sugar, coffee and cocoa have been imported here lately (we observe during the last week a considerable export of cocoa from London to Gibraltar); the demand is consequently a little checked. The saleable articles are indigo, saffron, brandy, and provisions, Irish beef excepted.

AGRICULTURE.

The land is becoming freed from the great quantity of wet which has fallen during the winter, and the farmers are now beginning to prepare for barley sowing. They have set a few peas, and the mildness of the season has been most propitious to the wheat plant, which, although it has suffered in some places from the grub, still looks exceedingly well. The want of frost and wetness of the land, have much hindered the carting manure; but upon the driest soils this is now going on rapidly. There are great complaints in some counties of the rot in sheep, occasioned by the rains, and some individuals have suffered great losses. The turnips have held out, as might be supposed, in the absence of frost—the Swedes are particularly good; but the beasts have not, in general, fatted well. Meat is much raised in price, particularly mutton; and Lincolns and Leicesters now fetch nearly as much as Downs, in consequence of the

rise in the price of wool, for which article there is a great demand from America. Pigs are also very dear. Horses still hold up. The hop market remains in a very stagnant state. The average arrivals during the last four weeks have been, of—Wheat, 7,717 qrs.; barley, 15,991 qrs.; oats, 23,710 qrs.; English flour, 13,882 sacks; foreign flour, 234 barrels;—while the average price of the fifth week which govern importation is, for wheat, 66s. 7d.; barley, 34s. 11d.; oats, 23s. 3d.

The subject of the corn laws will soon come before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Whitmore. This gentleman, justly apprehensive of the consequences of great fluctuation, should it be proved that the country needed an importation, proposed, during the time of moderate prices, an open trade with a small fixed duty.

There must be great difficulty in legislating upon this subject, particularly since the principle of free trade is now acknowledged and accepted by administration, as the basis of true commercial policy. The farmer says, under his present rents, tithe, and taxation, he cannot exist if wheat be not from 30s. to 40s. per coomb; indeed, some have gone so far as to insist on a duty to that amount, as indispensable to their carrying on business. The manufacturer, on the contrary, asks why he is to pay thrice the amount for his bread-corn, paid by the inhabitants of all the rest of the world? The truth probably lies between both. The high taxation does lay both the landlord, the clergyman, and the farmer, under a necessity of increasing *proportionally* their demands. But, we are persuaded, the effect of this cause is greatly exaggerated. The pressure of taxation must always have a relation to the total income of a country. That income is greatly increased. The abatement of the property, and other taxes, has diminished (since the war—the period of high prices) the burdens of the people about one-third. Eighty shillings per quarter for wheat was then esteemed a fair remunerating price. From these premises, 60s. per quarter would now be a sufficient rate; and, if we take the augmented income of the country, even a lower rate.

We doubt, however, not only the justice, but the efficacy of any fixed duty that the country would bear, or Ministers think it right to impose. They have, indeed, made so positive a declaration on this head, in the famous Agricultural Report drawn up by Mr. Huskisson, that there can be little fear of their assenting to a high duty, for they declare in this instrument that no such duty can be tolerated. At this moment, the best wheats are to be bought at Hamburg for 26s. to 28s. per quarter; and it is a well ascertained fact that the English markets being thrown open, would be an encouragement to an indefinite growth of corn in Poland, and other neighbouring countries. If it were even permitted to lay a duty of 20s. per quarter on wheat (which would be an intolerable injustice), the English grower could not then, other things remaining as they are, compete with the foreign produce. Foreign wheat, better in value by 6s. or 8s. per quarter than our own, would probably, ere long, be brought into the English market at 45s. per quarter.

Instead then of endeavouring to inspire the farmer with the hope of legislative protection, as it is called, it would be far more honest to teach him the necessity of making his contracts with the landlord and the parson at such a rate as to enable him to compete with the foreign grower; at most, to smooth his way to this, which must be the ultimate level of things, by some temporary provision.

In the present state of knowledge, and of the intercourses of mankind, it is quite clear that nothing can be upheld by artificial means. Every article of commerce must, ere long, stand upon its intrinsic value in the markets of the world. We already see the evil of legislating upon corn. This year, this country has paid nearly thrice what the Continent pays for bread, solely by the artifices of the corn trade, aided by the preventive laws, and the abundance of money.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.

Proper Motion of Stars.—Dr. Brinkley has, by a series of observations with the circle, at Dublin, discovered that there are two stars which have *no proper motion*. It has been hitherto thought that every star had a proper motion, and this occasioned much confusion in observations requiring great precision; for there was no fixed point by which the place of any celestial object could be determined. The computed quantities of precision, and other inequalities, were hence liable to a small error which will now be corrected.

Deal Pendulum.—Since all metals expand with heat and contract with cold, the simple pendulum, when constructed wholly of such materials, is found to be useless where great accuracy is required. Hence, for the purpose of counteracting the effects arising from these causes, have been invented the angular, the conical, the lever, the gridiron, and the mercurial pendulum. The two last are principally used in our best astronomical clocks; but they are too expensive for general use. As wood is liable to very little expansion from these causes, it has been recommended for this purpose, fitted up with a leaden bob; it forms the cheapest pendulum that I know of, and if placed in a room where there is an uniformity in the atmosphere, it might answer every useful purpose for an economical observatory. At all events, it would form an excellent appendage and improvement to the common household clock, and would be far superior to, and be much cheaper than the usual and absurd mode of hanging a leaden bob to the end of an iron wire. The lower end of the rod should be formed into a screw, to which a wooden nut may be fitted, in order to adjust the pendulum nearly to the given rate; and the final adjustment may be made by means of a slider. A pendulum of this kind will cost but a few shillings, and will answer many useful purposes, as I have found by experience.—*Memoirs of the Astron. Soc.*

MECHANICS.

Rope Bridges in India.—These bridges are called Portable Rustic Rope Bridges of Tension and Suspension. A few hackeries will carry the whole materials, and the appearance of the bridge is rustic and picturesque. They are distinctly bridges of tension and suspension, having no support whatever between the extreme points of suspension, independent of the standard piles, which are placed about fifteen feet from the banks of the nullah, or river, except what they derive from the tension, which is obtained by means of purchases, applied to a most ingenious combination of tarred coir ropes of various sizes, lessening as they approach the centre; these form the foundation for the pathway, and are overlaid with a light split bamboo frame-work. The whole of this part of the fabric is a fine specimen of ingenuity and mathematical application. One great advantage is, that if by any accident one of the ropes should break, it might be replaced in a quarter of an hour, without any injury to the bridge. The main principle of its construction is the perpendicular action of its weight, a principle obviously of paramount necessity in this country, where the soil is so loose and offers so little resistance, and more particularly in relation to the specific purpose for which they were invented; the whole weight of the bridge, therefore, resting on two single points so far separated and unassisted either by pier-head or abutment, renders their construction a matter of extreme delicacy. The bridge which was placed during the last rains over the Betal torrent was one hundred and sixty feet between the points of suspension, with a road-way of nine feet, and was opened for unrestricted use, except for heavy loaded carts. The combination of lightness with security, and the adaptation, to the utmost nicety, of the required proportionate strength to the parts, form its chief characteristics. The tension power is wholly independent of the suspension.—*Calcutta John Bull.*

Chain Bridge.—A chain-bridge, the first of its kind in Russia, is about to be con-

structed over the canal at Moska. It will be executed after the design of Colonel Dufour of Geneva, who has sent to St. Petersburg a correct model of one which he erected in his own country last year.—*Phil. Mag.*

CHEMISTRY.

Boron.—The readiest method of obtaining boron, without losing too much potassium, is to heat the potassium with fluo-borate of potash. Boron and silicium resemble each other in their properties nearly as sulphur and silicium, or as phosphorus and arsenic. I have produced sulphuret of boron; a white and pulverulent substance, which dissolves in water, yielding sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Boron burns in chlorine, the chloride of boron is a permanent gas, which is decomposed in moist air, producing a dense vapour, and in water giving muriatic and boracic acids. It condenses one and a half times its volume of ammoniacal gas.—*Herzelius, Bib. Unin.*

Selenium.—Professor Scholtz of Vienna some time ago succeeded in extracting selenium from the residuum of the sulphuric acid works at Lukawitz in Bohemia, where the sulphur employed is obtained from pyrites found in the vicinity of the place, till then unknown locality of selenium. Mr. E. P. Thomson, a chemical manufacturer of Manchester, in making muriatic acid, uses sulphuric acid prepared from the pyrites of the Paris mountain in Anglesea, and has also discovered that selenium distils over with the muriatic acid into the receivers, and in the course of two or three days falls to the bottom of the vessels in the form of a reddish brown substance, which does not appear to deteriorate the acid in the least. The quantity yielded by the acid is very small.—*Annal. of Phil.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Crocodile of the Ganges.—Dr. G. Abel of Calcutta has investigated the structure and character of the *cummeer*, or Ganges crocodile, and compared it with its described congeners from an individual of great size, measuring eighteen feet from the extremity of the nose to the end of the tail. It had been destroyed by a spear, driven into the neck at the junction of the head with the cervical vertebra. In most of its external characters it agreed with the *crocodilus bifurcatus*, except that the toes of the latter are represented by Cuvier and Lacepede as more or less united by membranes or webs; the hind feet of the crocodile proper, according to Cuvier, are palmated to the extremity of the toes. This character is wanting in the *cummeer*, in which the inner toe of the hind and two inner toes of the forefeet are perfectly free, not being connected by any membrane. If this peculiarity be of constant occurrence, it makes the *cummeer* not only a new and undescribed species, but it also vitiates the description of the family and of the genus of crocodile heretofore given. Although the putrescency of the body of the animal prevented any deliberate examination of its internal structure, the contents of its stomach were exposed, and found to consist of the remains of a woman, of a whole cat, of the remains of a dog and sheep, of several rings, and of the separated parts of the common bangles worn by the native women.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Unicorn.—Among the curiosities sent by Mr. Hodgson, assistant to the resident at Katmandoo, to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, is a large spiral horn, and with it drawings of the animal, made by a Bhootea peasant: the drawings are said to convey the true image of a living animal of the deer kind, out of the centre of whose forehead grows a horn of the description transmitted. The animal is described as gregarious, graminivorous, and its flesh good to eat. Its name is *chiro*, its colour bright bay, and its dwelling place the plains of B'hoote, beyond the Himalayah. The Bhooteans, whom trade and religion bring down annually to Nepaul, appear to concur in testimony as to the existence of this animal, but they hesitate about procuring it, though urged by the promise of a liberal reward. They declare that the *chiro* is too large and fierce to be taken alive, or fall under their simple weapons; but they sometimes find the horns shed by the living, or left after the decay of the dead animal.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Fossil Bones.—An immense assemblage of fossil bones has recently been discovered in Somersetshire, in a cavern of the lime-stone rock at Banwell, near the West extremity

of the Mendip Hills, on the property of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The circumstances which led to this discovery are as follows:—Some miners, engaged in sinking a shaft in search of calamine, intersected a steep and narrow fissure, which, after descending eighty feet, opened into a spacious cavern, one hundred and fifty feet long, and about thirty feet wide, and from twenty to thirty feet high. From the difficulty of descending by this fissure, it was lately judged desirable to make an opening in the side of the hill, a little below, in a line which might lead directly to the interior of the cave. This gallery had been conducted but a few feet, when the workmen suddenly penetrated another cavern, of inferior dimensions to that which they were in search of, and found its floor to be covered to a depth which has not yet been ascertained with a bed of sand, mud, and fragments of lime-stone, through which were dispersed an enormous quantity of bones, horns, and teeth. The thickness of this mass has been ascertained, by a shaft sunk into it, to be in one place nearly forty feet. Many large baskets full of bones have been already extracted, belonging chiefly to the ox and deer tribes; of the latter there are several varieties, including the elk. There are also a few portions of the skeleton of a wolf and of a gigantic bear. The bones are mostly in a state of preservation equal to that of common grave bones, although it is clear, from the fact of some of them belonging to the great extinct species of bear, that they are of antediluvian origin.

In the roof of the cave there is a large chimney-like opening, which appears to have had communication formerly with the surface, but which is choked up with fragments of lime-stone, interspersed with mud and sand, and adhering together imperfectly by a stalagmitic incrustation. Through this aperture it is probable the animals fell into the cave, and perished in the period preceding the inundation, by which it was filled up. The immense quantity of the bones shows the number of individuals that were lost in this natural pitfall to have been very great. In this manner cattle are now continually lost by falling into similar apertures in the lime-stone hills of Derbyshire.—*Phil. Mag.*

MEDICINE.

Sarsaparilla.—M. Galileo Paliotta, an Italian physician, has recently discovered what he conceives to be the active principle of Sarsaparilla, to which he has given the name of *parigline*. It is obtained by an elaborate process. Its characters are as follows:—it is white, pulverulent, light, unalterable on exposure to atmospheric air, of a bitter austere taste, slightly astringent and nauseating, and of a peculiar odour. Concentrated sulphuric acid decomposes it, but diluted sulphuric acid is neutralized by it, by which it forms a sulphate. All the acids unite with parigline, forming various salts. It has a sedative, and more particularly a diaphoretic property; it exerts its influence principally on the lymphatic system, and therefore answers all the indications of the sarsaparilla.—*Gazette de Santé*.

PHYSIOLOGY.

The Human Voice.—It is well known that those who study physiology and acoustics have always been and are even still puzzled to explain the natural laws by which the throat produces the tones of song. One party maintains that the upper part of the throat acts after the manner of a wind-instrument; while others represent the folds of the larynx as strings. It never appears to have been supposed, that any other manner of explanation was possible. However, in the first number of the new periodical "*Cecilia*," which is published at Mainz, there is an article by Gotfred Weber, in which he proves, that the throat neither acts like a wind nor like a stringed instrument. That both these kinds of explanation are evidently in opposition to the best known acoustic principles, while the most striking analogy exists between the vibratory motion of the strings of the throat and the oscillation of sounding *lamella*, as for example, the tongues of the reed quaver, or tongue-pipes in the organ, and particularly with that register of the organ which has been called for centuries the *vox humana*.

OXFORD.

Feb. 1.—THE University Seal was affixed in full convocation to an instrument releasing the mayor and citizens of Oxford from the performance of certain acts required of them on the feast of the Virgin St. Scolastica, viz. the 10th of February. The ceremonies now abolished originated in a quarrel between the students of the university and the citizens of Oxford, which took place in 1354—55, when several of the scholars were killed, and many of their hostels or places of residence ransacked or destroyed. In consequence of this outrage, a sentence of excommunication was passed upon the citizens, by John, Bishop of Lincoln, which sentence, after many hearings before the King's Judges, and an appeal to the Bishop, was abrogated upon condition that the mayor and bailiffs, and sixty other citizens, with a deacon and subdeacon, should celebrate an anniversary mass on St. Scholastica's day, in St. Mary's Church, and there singly offer up one penny each at the high altar. To ensure the due performance of this duty, the citizens of Oxford executed an instrument under the common seal, dated May 15, 1357, binding themselves and their successors, in case of non-fulfilment of the duty, to the payment of 100 marks. A deed of defeazance, dated the 16th of the same month, was also given by the university, under the common seal, wherein they agreed to forego the yearly payment of 100 marks for every year, and no more, in which the city should procure a mass to be said yearly, on the 10th of February for the souls of the scholars slain. These instruments were confirmed by Edward III. in a Charter of Inspeximus, dated June 1, 1357, which, with the other charters granted to the university, was confirmed by an Act of Parliament, 13th of Eliz. cap. 29. In the 17th year of the reign of the same Queen, the ceremony having been now omitted for fifteen years, the university asserted their claim upon the city of Oxford for the sum of 1,500 marks, being the amount of the arrears of the sum stipulated to be paid annually upon the intermission of the mass. This claim was, with several other points of controversy between the university and the city, laid before the Queen in Council on the 12th of May, 1575, and after a hearing of the deputies appointed by each body, who by mutual consent agreed to submit to the decision of the privy council, it was determined, *That the mass being now contrary to law, the arrears of 1,500 marks for the fifteen years should not be paid by the city, but that they should yearly procure a communion or sermon to be made at St. Mary's Church on the day mentioned in the bond of defeazance, and then and there, with such number of their city as in the said bond of defeazance are mentioned, make their oblation yearly of a penny a-piece at the least for the use of the said university, for a perpetual memory of the slaughter and misdemeanour by them committed as aforesaid, and not for the souls of the parties then slain, or for any other superstitious use.*

This decision of the Queen in Council has ever since been, with very few exceptions, regularly observed. The Litany indeed has been substituted for the sermon or communion; and the attendance of the full number of citizens required by the order of the privy council has, in consequence of an application from the city in the year 1793, not been enforced.

During the last (Michaelmas) Term, a representation having been made by the Council of the city to the Vice-Chancellor, that the mayor, as chief magistrate of the city of Oxford, could not, without a painful sacrifice of personal feeling, take part in the ceremony usually observed on Dies Scholastica, and a resolution having unanimously passed the Council, "That the proper authorities of the university be respectfully requested to take into their consideration the resolution of the last council; in the anxious hope, that the result of their deliberations will be a forbearance from any further claim, either to the performance of the accustomed ceremony, or to any penalty for the non-observance—declaring also, with one voice, that it will consider the acquiescence of that body in the discontinuance of the ceremony as an especial mark of attention and

regard to the wishes and feelings of this corporation, and as an act to be held in grateful remembrance by the citizens of Oxford."—It was agreed, by a considerable majority of the members of convocation, that an instrument of release should be granted to the city, seeing that such concession would in no wise endanger, or infringe upon, the privileges of the university.

The proceedings of the Common Council on the receipt of this release follow :

The mayor having laid before the house a deed, dated the 1st instant, whereby the university have released and discharged this corporation from their obligation of the 15th of May, 31st of Edward III. and from all payments under it, and from all services and offerings on the day of *St. Scholastica* in lieu thereof, and have cancelled and annulled the said obligation for ever—

Resolved unanimously, that the warmest acknowledgments of this house are due to the university for this act of grace and favour, important in itself, and rendered doubly acceptable by the manner in which it has been conferred.

The mayor having also laid before the house a note from the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor, wherein, after noticing the pleasure with which he transmitted the above instrument to the mayor, he repeats his cordial wish that the most perfect harmony may ever subsist between the university and city—

Resolved further, that, highly sensible of the kind and conciliatory disposition shown by the Vice-Chancellor personally, and by the whole university collectively, towards the city upon this occasion, this house, whilst it testifies its hearty concurrence in the wish expressed by the Vice-Chancellor, records with sincere satisfaction its firm conviction, that the prevailing good understanding between the two bodies cannot but be permanently strengthened by the issue of the late communication, calculated as it is to confirm and perpetuate in the citizens of Oxford the sentiments of respect and attachment to the university.

Feb. 9.—The sum of 200*l.* granted from the university chest towards building a new church in the parish of *St. Clement's*. The city have since given 100*l.* for the same purpose.

Feb. 23.—The new statute relating to the examinations passed the House of Convocation by a very large majority. The principal alterations are the substitution of *nine* instead of *four* examining masters, of whom *six* are to be appointed for the theological, classical, and ethical departments; and *three* for the mathematical sciences. The classes, instead of being, as before, divided into *two* only, and the second part of the second distinguished by a line passing between the two, are now to consist of *four*: of these, the three first will be printed, the fourth consisting of those candidates who, although judged worthy of their degrees, are not considered as sufficiently meritorious to be included in either of the preceding classes, will not be published, the total number of persons attaining their testimoniums only being recorded. The statute is to be in force in the Easter Term ensuing.

Public Lectures during the present Term.

The Regius-Professor of Medicine, on Anatomy.

The Regius-Professor of Hebrew.

The Sedleian-Reader in Natural Philosophy, in *Newton's Principia*, and the Principles of Mechanics.

The Professor of Chemistry, on the chemical and geological phenomena of volcanoes.

The Savilian-Professor of Geometry on plane and spherical trigonometry.

The Laudian-Professor of Arabic.

The Reader in Mineralogy on the Elements of Mineralogy, introductory to a Course of Geology in Easter and Act Terms, and to be illustrated by the collection recently bequeathed to the university by the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, formerly Student of Christ Church, and late Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry.

The Aldrichian-Professor of the Practice of Physic.

Admission.

Jan. 27.—Thomas Clutton, Fellow of New College, Founder's Kindred.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctor in Medicine.

Francis Bisset Hawkins, Exeter.

Bachelors in Divinity.

Feb. 3.—Edward Eliot, Exeter.

12.—Herbert Oakeley, Oriel (Grand Compounder.)

23.—Edward Philip Cooper, Fellow of St. John's.

Masters of Arts.

Jan. 27. J. Drummond, Ch. Ch. (G. C.)

R. Wrotesley, Christ Church.

C. Alleyne Anstey, Trinity.

E. P. New, Fellow of St. John's.

F. E. Pegasus, St. John's.

G. Norwood, Oriel.

T. Hetling, Wadham.

Feb. 3. F. Quarrington, Pembroke.

R. Shepherd, Queen's.

Hugh Bold, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.

Jan. 27. W. Bleek, Magdalen Hall.

R. Antram, Queen's.

W. Legge, Student of Ch. Ch.

J. T. Mansel, Stud. of Ch. Ch.

F. A. Sterky, Stud. of Ch. Ch.

T. Leigh, Brasenose.

J. Jackson, Brasenose.

E. Higgins, Brasenose.

G. Jeans, Pembroke.

T. Hope, University.

Feb. 3. J. Childers, Ch. Ch. (Grand Compounder.)

T. Penton, Pembroke.

F. Bowman, Exeter.

E. Strong, Exeter.

E. J. Wingfield, Stud. of Ch. Ch.

J. Brooke, Brasenose.

E. Morgan, St. Alban Hall.

C. T. Plumptre, University.

C. A. St. John Mildmay, Oriel.

J. Nelson, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, admitted *ad eundem*.

12. R. Perfect, Queen's.

T. H. Wilkinson, Exeter.

J. H. Dyer, Trinity.

W. H. Everard, Balliol.

23. E. Dighton, Exeter (G. C.)

P. Nouaille, St. John's

J. Mayew, University.

H. W. Plumptre, University.

C. G. Buller, Oriel.

P. J. Ferrers, Oriel.

C. T. Tyrell, Oriel.

H. D. Ryder, Oriel.

C. M. Wigley, Balliol.

W. B. Pole, Balliol.

12. R. Sherson, St. Mary Hall.

T. A. Bewes, Exeter.

W. Polwhiele, Exeter.

E. V. Vernon, Christ Church.

F. Basset, Trinity.

B. G. Bridges, Oriel.

E. Harbin, Wadham.

17. J. De Saumarez, Pembroke.

CAMBRIDGE.

Jan. 23.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjudged to Mr. James Challis, of Trinity College, and Mr. William Williamson, of Clare Hall, the first and second Wranglers. The subject of the Senior prize for the present year is, "The building and dedication of the Second Temple."

Feb. 18.—The subjects for the present year are, for the senior Bachelors—*De statu futuro, quædam hæc Veterum in Oratore Romano degnata?* Middle Bachelors—*Quantopere sibi invicem prosint populi libere mutatis inter se moribus.*

The Rev. John Wood, B.A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall, is the Vicar of St. Andrew, the county of Norfolk.—The Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A. Woodwardian Professor

and Fellow of Trinity College, to the Vicarage of Shudy Camps.—The Rev. W. C. Madden, BA. of Queen's College, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ's Church et Woodhouse, in the parish of Huddersfield.—The Rev. William Corbett Wilson, jun. MA. of Trinity College, to the Vicarage of Bozeat-cum-Stripton, Northamptonshire.—The Rev. Charles J. Orman, MA. of Sohan, to be Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Suffolk (Sir Henry E. Bunbury, Bart.)

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

MERCURY passes from the tail of Capricornus into Pisces, and will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th day, at 18 hours 15 minutes; of course he is invisible to us throughout the month. Venus will be at her greatest elongation on the 8th day, and then only half of her illumined side is turned towards us, like the Moon in its first quarter. This beautiful planet is hourly increasing in brilliancy, and toward the close of the month, in clear weather, may be distinguished in the day time while passing the meridian, about three quarters of an hour after two. Her situation at this time, near the Pleiades, and forming a pleasing combination with Saturn and Aldebaran will be found very beautiful and interesting after sun-set. On the 10th day, Venus will form an isosceles triangle with the 1st and 2d of Aries. On the 23d day, at 7 hours 20 minutes, she will appear one degree to the northward of the Moon; this will be well worthy of observation. Venus passes during the month from the eastern boundary of constellation Pisces, through Aries into Taurus, setting between the hours of ten and eleven. Mars continues in the constellation Pisces throughout the month, and on the 18th will appear between two small stars. His time of setting, about half-past seven, from W. to W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Jupiter, still in constellation Cancer, has regressive motion till the 30th day, when he becomes stationary near a small star of the 7th magnitude, after which his motion will be progressive. Jupiter passes the meridian at the commencement of the month, about half-past nine, and at the close at eight o'clock. The eclipses of his satellites visible to us, are—

| 1st Satellite. | | | 2d Satellite. | | | 3d Satellite. | | | 4th Satellite. | | |
|----------------|------|------------------|---------------|------|------------------|---------------|------|------------------|----------------|------|------------------|
| Emersions. | | | Emersions. | | | | | | | | |
| Days. | Hrs. | Min. | Days. | Hrs. | Min. | Days. | Hrs. | Min. | Days. | Hrs. | Min. |
| 2 | 14 | 41 | 4 | 12 | 36 | 17 | 7 | 56 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 | 8 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 4 | 9 | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 11 | 15 | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 24 | 8 | 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 | 12 | 51 |
| 11 | 11 | 4 | 22 | 7 | 10 | 24 | 11 | 56 | | | |
| 18 | 12 | 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 29 | 9 | 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 31 | 12 | 22 | | | |
| 20 | 7 | 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | | | | |
| 25 | 14 | 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | | | | |
| 27 | 9 | 22 | | | | | | | | | |

Saturn is in the constellation Taurus, between Heiades and Pleiades, with a small progressive motion. The Moon and Saturn will appear at setting between three and four degrees apart. At the commencement of the month Saturn passes the meridian about five o'clock, and at the close this planet will set NW. by W. at half an hour past eleven o'clock. The Georgium still retains his situation in constellation Sagittarius, with scarcely any variation; indeed, so very distant is this planet from the Sun, and so slow is his motion, compared with the other planetary bodies, that very few individuals live long enough to observe a single revolution. At the commencement of the month the Georgian rises at 16 hours 30 minutes, and at the close about 15 hours, SE. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. On the 7th day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the constellations will be thus situated—On and near the meridian are Canis Major, and the prow of Argo

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

January 26.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 27.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 28.—Othello.
Othello, Kean.—Iago, Wallack.—Desdemona,
Mrs. W. West.
The Pantomime.

January 29.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 31.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
Sir Giles Overreach, Kean.—Wellborn, Archer.
—Lady Allworth, Mrs. Knight.—Margaret, Miss
Smithson.

Old and Young.
The Pantomime.

February 1.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 2.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Rossignol, or the Bird in the Bush.
The Pantomime.

February 3.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 4.—Macbeth.
Macbeth, Kean.—Macduff, Wallack.—Lady
Macbeth, Mrs. Bunn.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 5.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 7.—Macbeth.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 8.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 9.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

February 10.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 11.—Merchant of Venice.
Shylock, Kean.—Bassanio, Wallack.—Portia,
Mrs. West.

The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 12.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

February 14.—Merchant of Venice.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 15.—Der Freischutz.
The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

February 17.—Massaniello, the Fisherman of
Naples. (*A failure.*)
Massaniello, Kean.—Manfred, Wallack.—
Olympia, Mrs. Bunn.
The Pantomime.

February 19.—Fall of Algiers.
My Uncle Gabriel.

February 21.—Richard the Third.
Gloster, Kean.—Richmond, Wallack.—Eliza-
beth, Mrs. W. West.

COVENT GARDEN.

January 26.—Clari.
Animal Magnetism.
The Pantomime.

January 27.—Much Ado about Nothing.
Benedick, Kemble.—Dogberry, Farren.—Bea-
trice, Miss Chester.
The Pantomime.

January 28.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 29.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 31.—First Part of King Henry the
Fourth.
Prince of Wales, Cooper.—Falstaff, Kemble.—
Hotspur, Bennet.—Lady Percy, Miss F. H.
Kelly.

February 1.—Native Land.
Montalto, Sinclair.—Peregrino, Fawcett.—
Guiseppe, Farren.—Clymante, Miss Paton.—
Blondina, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

February 2.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
The Pantomime.

February 3.—The School for Scandal,
Sir Peter Teazle, Farren.—Charles Surface,
Kemble.—Lady Teazle, Miss Chester.
The Pantomime.

February 4.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 5.—The Belles Stratagem.
Doricourt, Kemble.—Letitia Hardy, Miss
Foote.

The Duel.

February 7.—King Henry IV., First Part.
The Pantomime.

February 8.—Belles Stratagem.
The Pantomime.

February 9.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
The Pantomime.

February 10.—Native Land.
The Pantomime.

February 11.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

February 12.—The Inconstant.
Young Mirabel, C. Kemble.—Durutete, Jones.
—Oriana, Miss Foote.
The Pantomime.

February 14.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 15.—The Belles Stratagem.
The Miller and his Men.

February 17.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 19.—The Inconstant.
The Irish Tutor.
Tale of Mystery.

February 21.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

- Aids to Reflection, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq.
 History of the Life and Works of Raphael. From the French of M. Quatremere de Quincy.
 A Work on the Astronomy of the Egyptians.
 A Catalogue Raisonné of Oil Paintings.
 Quintus Curtius. A new Edition by Professor Zumpt. 2 vols. 8vo.
 A Narrative of a Second Journey to Greece. By Mr. Blaquier.
 Sermons, Expositions, &c. By the late Rev. A. Waugh, AM.
 An Account of the Disease lately prevalent in the Penitentiary. By Dr. Latham. O'Hara ; or 1798. In 3 vols.
 Annulosa Javanica. By W. S. Macleay, Esq. MA. FLS. No. I. 4to.
 Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. post 8vo.
 Travels amongst the Arab Tribes. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 4to.
 History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham. By William Coxe, FRS. FAS. 2 vols. 4to.
 A Voyage performed in the Years 1822-23-24. By James Weddell, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.
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 A Treatise on the Steam Engine. By John Farey, jun. Engineer. 4to.
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 Songs of the Greeks. In 2 vols.
 The Songs of Scotland, with Notes, and an Historical Introduction. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols. Post 8vo.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

- Recollections of Foreign Travels. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 12mo 18s.
 Memoirs of John Philip Kemble, Esq. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s.
 History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Wells. By John Britton, FSA. Medium 4to. 2l. 10s. ; imperial 4to. 4l. 4s. ; royal folio, 8l. 8s.
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BIRTHS.

- Jan. 22. The lady of William Holborn, Esq. of Grove Cottage, Peckham Grove, a daughter.
 23. At the house of her father, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russel, Bart. in Wimpole-street, the lady of Thomas Green, Esq. a daughter.
 25. At his house, Grosvenor-street, the lady of Dr. Drever, a daughter.
 26. In Saville Row, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Henry E. Bridgeman, a son.
 — At Carlshalton, the lady of John Plummer, Esq. M. P. a son.
 27. At the Hermitage, Stamford Hill, the lady of Samuel Philip Rickman, Esq. a son.
 — The lady of Alexander Dobie, Esq. a son.
 29. At his house in Chapel-street, West May-fair, the lady of Edward W. Lake, Esq. a son.
 — The lady of Abraham Tozer, Esq. a son.
 — In Belgrave Place, Mrs. Berresford Eyton, a son.
 30. At Kensington, the lady of Thomas Robinson, Esq. a daughter.
 31. In Conduit-street, the lady of Wm. Gilpin, Esq. a son.
 — At Hampstead, the lady of Edward Toller, jun. Esq. a son.
 — At Dulwich, the lady of Robert Wagner, Esq. a son.
 Feb. 1. At Bloomsbury-square, the lady of Wm. Ward, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Calais, the lady of Roderick Rickandes, Esq. of Penglais, Aberyswith, a son.
 — At his Majesty's Victualling Yard, Deptford, the lady of James Marr Brydone, Esq. a daughter.
 2. At Brighton, the lady of J. Newton Wigney, Esq. of Regency Square, a daughter.
 4. At Brentford Butts, the lady of Dr. Ronalds, a daughter.
 5. In Hertford-street, May-fair, the lady of Sir G. F. Hampson, a daughter.
 6. In Chancery-lane, the lady of H. A. Merewether, Esq. a son.
 8. In Harley-street, the lady of R. W. Hall Dare, Esq. a son.
 — The lady of James Window, Esq. of Upper Bedford-place, of a son.
 10. In Portland-place, the lady of His Excellency M. Hurtado, the Envoy from Colombia for London, a son.
 11. The lady of Thomas Hudson, Esq. of Camilla Lacy, near Dorking, a son.
 13. Mrs. Skinner, of Great Portland-street, a son.
 14. The lady of Cuthbert Rippon, Esq. of a son.
 15. In Bernard-street, the lady of Nathaniel Bowden Smith, Esq. a daughter.
 18. The lady of T. R. Kemp, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
 19. At Gloucester Place, the lady of George Simpson, jun. Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Sept. 4. At St. Thomas's Mount, Madras, Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry Stilles Foord, of the Horse Artillery, to Myra Ann, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Taynton, of the Hon. Company's Artillery at that Presidency.
 Jan. 20. At St. Nicholas Church, Worcester, Capt. C. O. Aveline, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Eliza, eldest daughter of A. Maund, Esq. of Worcester.
 24. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Philip Thomas Wykeham, Esq. of Tythrop House, Oxfordshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of F. Wykeham Martin, Esq. of Leeds Castle, Kent.
 — At Lewisham, Capt. J. C. Docwra, late of the 31st regiment, to Miss Susannah Finch, of Sydenham, Kent.

25. At Tynemouth Church, Northumberland, Wm. Clark Wright, Esq. eldest son of John Wright, Esq. of Walls End, in that county, to Charlotte Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Joshua Parr, of Pentre Park, Carmarthenshire.
26. At Norfolk, Charles Loftus, Esq. third son of General and Lady Elizabeth Loftus, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Colonel John Dixon.
- At Litchfield, Bructon Gibbons, Esq. of Birches Green, near Birmingham, to Eliza Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Charles Leonard, Esq. of Hampstead, Staffordshire.
27. Francis Frederick Rougemont, Esq. of Dulwich, to Marianne, youngest daughter of Alexander Glennie, Esq. of Great James-street.
- The Rev. William Hutton Wilkinson, B. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and of Nether Hall, Suffolk, to Eliza Caroline, daughter of G. B. Tyndale, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields.
31. At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Capt. the Hon. Walter Forbes, Coldstream Guards, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Forbes, to Horatia, daughter of Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart. of Kenward, in the county of Kent.
- Feb. 1. At St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Major Holtwell, R. A. to Amelia, daughter of the late Capt. Elphinstone, R. N. of Belliar.
2. At Greenham Chapel, Berks, Major Henry Bowyer Lane, of the Royal Artillery, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Thomson, of Jamaica, Esq.
- John Edward Fordham, of Melbourne Bury, in the county of Cambridge, Esq. to Harriet, the second daughter of John Gurney, Esq. King's Counsel.
5. At Framfield, Robert Dodgson, Esq. of Upper Clapton, to Miss Smith, of Taunton.
- Philip Watier, Esq. to Anne, second daughter of the late Wm. Slimes, Esq. of College Hill, Shrewsbury.
8. At Hurley, Berks, Capt. the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, R. N. fourth son of Lord Bestou, to Frances, second daughter of John Mangles, Esq.
- At Lewisham, Kent, Lieut. Charles Goulet, R. N. youngest son of the late Peter Goulet, of Heavitree, Devon, Esq. to Emma, fifth daughter of the late Thomas Britten of Forest Hill in the county of Kent, Esq.
12. At the Tower Chapel, F. E. Bryant, Esq. of Kennington, to Frances Jemima, second daughter of J. B. King, Esq. of the Office of Ordnance.
15. At Earl's Colne, Essex, J. P. Burrows, Esq. of Austinfriars, London, to Henrietta, second daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Carwardine, of Colne Priory.
- John Bridges, Esq. of Purbroke Cottage, Hants, to Anne, youngest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield, Lanarkshire, N. B.
16. John Ward, Esq. of Air-street, Picadilly, to Sophia, daughter of John Warren, Esq. of Compton Terrace, Islington.
19. At Ashford, Middlesex, J. E. Todd, Esq. of Bedford-place, to Jane, only daughter of A. Downes, Esq.

DEATHS.

- Aug. 3.—At Barrackpore, in the 18th year of her age, Eliza Helen, eldest daughter of Lieut-Commandant Innes, C. B. of the 39th Reg. Bengal Native Infantry.
15. At Hambantote, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Twisleton, Archdeacon of Ceylon.
- Sept. 7.—At Madras, aged 73, Lieut-General Carey Laladne.
- Jan. 5.—Aged 100 years, Ann Paul, of Skipsea, near Brough.
16. At Banff, Bathia, wife of George Robinson, Esq. late Provost of Banff.
17. Aged 29, the Rev. Peter Walthall, M. A. Rector of Wistaston, Cheshire, eldest son of Peter Walthall, Esq. of Darley Dale.
- At Tort Pitt, Chatham, Captain John Pollock, 5th Reg. aged 28.
19. In the 77th year of his age, Nathan Salamons, Esq. of Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury-square.
20. At Lavenham, Suffolk, in his 78th year, the Rev. James Buck, M. A.
21. At Bruges, Thomas Roger Palmer, second son of Sir William Henry Palmer, Bart.
22. In his 49th year the very Rev. William Magenis, D. D.
- In Regent-street, John Woodmeston, Esq. of the Royal Marines, in the 52d year of his age.
23. At his house, in Park-row, Bristol, Benjamin Charlery, Esq.
24. At Lower Edmonton, Middlesex, Captain Ebenezer Clark, aged 51.
- At Chalons, aged 56, the Right Hon. Earl Thanet.
- At Gravesend, John Brown, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
25. At her house in Park-street, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Harriot Bagot, last surviving daughter of Sir Walter Bagot, Bart. of Blothfield, Staffordshire.
26. At Pentonville, Alexander Tilloch, Esq. proprietor and conductor of the Star Evening Paper.
- At Bath, John Burnett, Esq. formerly of the British Factory at St. Petersburg, aged 72.
27. At Spring-bank, Worcestershire, Lady Mostyn, wife of Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, Bart.
29. At Cornwall-Terrace, Regent's Park, Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.
- In Marlborough-place, Brighton, aged 63, the Rev. Pakington George Tomkyns, L. L. D.
- At Kensington, Amelia, widow of Captain John Warburton.
30. At Grosvenor-place, Bath, Richard Bendyshe, Esq.
31. At Great Baddow, Essex, in the 81st year of his age, Walter Urquhart, Esq.
- At her house in Beaumont-street, Miss F. Doveton.
- Feb. 1.—At Bromley, Middlesex, John Shuttleworth, Esq. in his 74th year.
- At Kells, County of Meath, aged 109 years, Mark Begg, Esq.